

INDICATIONS.  
GENERALLY FAIR TONIGHT AND  
SUNDAY; WARMER TONIGHT.

# The Fort Wayne Sentinel

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A SUGGESTION.

"It is not just as we take it.  
This mystical world of ours;  
Life's field will yield as we make it  
A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY EVENING,

FORT WAYNE'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

SEPT. 17, 1910.

28 PAGES—5 CENTS.

## MAKES OLD ARMY STRATEGY FUTILE

Air Machines Are Certain  
to Revolutionize Plans  
of Warfare.

## FRENCH EXPERTS HIGHLY PLEASED

Enthusiastic Over Showing  
of Airships at Army  
Maneuvers.

Grandvilliers, France, Sept. 17.—Gen. Brun, French minister of war, and the entire army are enthusiastic over the achievement of the aeroplanes and dirigible balloons during the military maneuvers which ended today. The military experts are unanimous in the opinion that the air machines are destined not only to play an important role in future wars, but greatly to modify if not revolutionize army strategy. Henceforth, it will be almost impossible to conceal the position and movements of troops.

Regarding the relative merits of the aeroplane and the dirigible opinions differ but the consensus of opinion appears to be that as each supplants the other a combination of both is necessary. The aeroplane demonstrated its superiority in the matter of speed, invulnerability, independence of the wind and weather, while its portability avoids the necessity of housing; but, at the same time, the excessive speed of the machines is a drawback, as it makes observation from them necessarily vague while fleeting.

Had to Take Second Look.  
Twice during the maneuvers General Munier, commanding the Third corps, was compelled to send a pilot of an aeroplane back over the scouting field to obtain more precise information.

The dirigibles although slower and so offering a better target for the enemy are able to make more accurate observations besides enjoying the advantage of being in constant wireless communication with headquarters. The aeroplanists believe that their lack of precision in scout duty can be overcome by preliminary training in air observation from balloons. The problem of fighting aerial war engines also was tested during the maneuvers, each general having at his disposal guns mounted upon automobiles; field guns, the sight of which could be elevated to an angle of seventy degrees for an attack upon the dirigibles, and machine guns for use against the aeroplanes. Theoretically all the dirigible balloons were destroyed while most of the aeroplanes escaped.

## TRY FOR TARGETS AT NEAR SIX MILES DISTANCE

American Battleships Take  
on Difficult Feat at  
Practice.

U. S. Kansas, Southern Drill Grounds, (By Wireless, Via Portsmouth, Va.) Sept. 17.—A rough sea and heavy winds which prevailed this morning, prevented the sixteen battleships of the Atlantic fleet under Admiral Sloat from making up their work in the annual battle practice. If the sea and wind calms during the day the whole fleet will take up its work and continue during the night torpedo practice.

Yesterday's gale which caused a day of idleness at anchor will delay the departure for New York another day. During the day the four divisions of the fleet are separated by twenty miles of sea room, the vessels being strung out a distance of eighty miles. The night range is closer in shore and the divisions are only ten miles apart. Never before has an effort been made to shoot at targets at a distance of ten thousand yards, which is nearly six miles. This is the distance that has been adopted for this year's battle practice and the percentage of hits scored by the battleships' big guns is expected to be much lower than heretofore. Last year the distance was 6,000 yards.

## GUILTY; SENTENCED; PAROLED.

Man Accused of Stealing Corn Meets  
With Kindly Judge.

Princeton, Ind., Sept. 17.—John Hunt, a young farmer, admitted his guilt of stealing thirty-six ears of corn from the field of his neighbor, Henry Dickerson, and was sentenced to from one to eight years in prison. Judge Clements then paroled him after giving him a fatherly talk. Dickerson had missed corn and set his farm hands to watch. They caught Hunt coming out of the field early one morning with a sack of the corn.

## TALKS AT STATE FAIR.

Colonel Roosevelt Delivers Address at  
Syracuse.

New York, Sept. 17.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt left here this morning on the New York Central for Syracuse, where he will deliver an address this afternoon at the New York state fair. The colonel will return to New York tonight, leaving Syracuse at 11:05 o'clock. He is due to reach this city at 7:43 o'clock Sunday morning.

## CHICAGO'S FIGURES TO SHOW LARGE INCREASE

Census Returns on Illinois  
Metropolis to Be Out  
Tonight.

Washington, Sept. 17.—The census returns on the city of Chicago will be given to the public at 9 o'clock tonight. The actual figures are a profound secret in the census office, but it is well understood that when known they will record a large increase for the western metropolis. The increase, however, will not be as great proportionately as it was in the decade of 1890-1900. Then it was 54.4 per cent. Now it is expected to be a little less than 40 per cent and a total of almost 2,300,000 people is expected. If the rate of increase shown by New York for the past ten years is attained the figures will be 2,378,105.

Whatever the exact returns may be, Chicago's position as the second city in the country is assured, as in any event the figures for that place will be more than 700,000 in excess of Philadelphia. This assurance gives Chicago a place in the world's cities alongside of Paris and Berlin.

The second bulletin of the census showing the growth of cities was issued today. Of the thirty-eight cities which in 1900 had a population of 100,000 and more, 24 are given and to these are added five which have attained the 100,000 mark during the past decade. The aggregate population of these 29 cities now is 13,896,319 as against 10,376,012 in 1900 and 7,904,140 in 1890. The absolute increase between 1890 and 1900 amounted to 2,471,872 between 1900 and 1910 to 3,220,807.

Little Change in Rate.  
The percentage of increase for this aggregate population show very little change in the rate of growth during the two decades, being for the earlier one 31.3 per cent and for the latter 31 per cent. The fact is noted that the high rate of increase is not confined to any one geographical section. Of the seven cities whose rate exceeded forty per cent, two, Newark, N. J., and Bridgeport, Conn., are eastern; one, Atlanta, is south; and four, Detroit, Denver, Kansas City and Columbus, are western, of the two cities with the lowest rate, one in eastern and the other western.

Fifty-four cities of between 25,000 and 100,000 are given, showing an aggregate population of 7,273,498 as against 1,901,766 in 1900, a gain of 43.2 per cent, a rate of growth which the census bureau pronounces "phenomenally high." Of these 54 cities, 31 show a higher rate of increase for the past decade than for the previous one. So far no decrease is noted in any of the cities.

## Balloons Ready to GET AWAY IN RACES

Thirteen Gasbags Start in  
Championship Event at  
Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 17.—Weatherman V. H. Church, of this district, promises favorable atmospheric conditions for the American championship and free for all balloon races, which start at 3 o'clock this afternoon from the Indianapolis motor speedway. Gas was turned into thirteen balloons yesterday and inflation was completed today.

The national championship entrants are: H. E. Honeywell, St. Louis; "St. Louis," William Tassmann, St. Louis; "Miss Sophia," S. Louis von Phil. St. Louis; "Million Population Club," Joseph O'Reilly, aid; J. H. Wade, Jr., Cleveland; "Buckeye," Clifford B. Harmon, New York; "New York," T. S. Valdivia, aid; Alan R. Hawley, New York; "America II," August Post, aid; Arthur Tatherholt, Philadelphia; "Pennsylvania," Charles Walsh, Kingston, N. Y.; "Hoosier," Col. Samuel Reber, aid; C. G. Fisher, Indianapolis; "Indiana II," George L. Bumtough, aid.

Free for all race entrants: Captain John Berry, St. Louis; University City; H. W. Jacobs, Topeka, Kan.; Topeka; Albert Holz, Cincinnati; Drifter; Dr. L. E. Custer, Dayton, Luzerne.

## MISSION FESTIVAL

Will Be Held at Swinney Park To-morrow.

The English Evangelical Church of the Redeemer will hold a mission festival Sunday at Swinney park. The public worship exercises will be held in the forenoon at 11 o'clock. Rev. Theodore Hahn, the pastor, preaching the sermon. In the afternoon there will be a German sermon by Rev. H. C. Luehr and an English sermon by Rev. E. H. Reuter. There will be good singing by the church choir. A collection will be taken at both services for missions.

## RICHARD GENTRY DEAD.

Bloomington, Ind., Sept. 17.—Richard Gentry, father of the Gentry brothers, owners of the famous "Big Boy" automobile, died at his home in this city. He was 53 years old and death was due to old age.

## INDIANA'S SHAFT GIVEN TO NATION

Monument Erected to Mem-  
ory of Soldiers at Anti-  
tam is Dedicated.

## GOV. MARSHALL DELIVERS ADDRESS

Says Event Should Be Dedi-  
cation of Lives to Rights  
of Men.

Sharpsburg, Md., Sept. 17.—The imposing granite monument erected by the state of Indiana on Antietam battlefield was dedicated today with impressive ceremonies. Governor Marshall, of Indiana, accompanied by his staff and about 100 civil war veterans, came in a special train to participate in the exercises.

Major General W. W. Dougherty, of Indiana, president of the monument commission, made the presentation address and Governor Marshall, on behalf of the people of Indiana, accepted the monument, which he turned over to Gen. G. B. Davis, U. S. A., who received it for the national government. The monument is of granite and is the tallest and most expressive one on the field.

Governor Marshall Speaks.  
Governor Marshall in accepting and transferring the monument, said that he was neither soldier nor historian, but he believed that "out of the babel of discordant and diverse facts and theories which the years have garnered into books and legends, there sounds one full, clear note trumpeting the truth that no braver or more conscious men ever struck steel on steel than when the swords flashed at Sharpsburg on Sept. 17, 1862."

Sitting in the seat where once sat Indiana's great war governor he said he wished to voice the gratitude of Indiana's millions "for the courage and consistency of their forebears, who here gladiantly fought and joyously died that the union of the fathers might be the union of the sons."

More Than Mere Dedication.  
After touching on the religious aspect of slavery Governor Marshall continued: "This occasion is more than the dedication of a mere monument or it is a vain occasion. To those participants in that fight who survive and to us who have come after, it should be a dedication of our lives to the rights of man. And if we bring mere lip service to this sacred occasion, and do not approach it with a purpose as lofty and ideals as high as the purpose and ideals of the men who stood here eight and forty years ago, we may well expect that some time the perturbed spirits of the men who fell that day will haunt us in an hour least expected, declaring that we have kept the letter of our love and loyalty for country to the car, but have broken it to the hopes of mankind."

In conclusion Governor Marshall congratulated and thanked the commission for its efficient services, the state of Indiana for its loving memory, and the republic that she was the mother of such sons. May the union accept it as a memorial of a safe past and an augury of a secure future.

Meredith Nicholson, the Indiana author, read a poem written especially for the occasion.

## WATER SAMPLE SENT TO THE MARINE HOSPITAL

City Health Department is  
Still Watching the  
Supply.

In order to exhaust every means of ascertaining whether or not there is any organic matter in the city water supply, Dr. Eric Cruik today sent a sample to the United States Marine hospital at Washington, to have it examined and a report made on it. Additional samples were also sent to the state chemist at Indianapolis. Strainers were placed on the faucets at 1711 Pontiac street and 1822 Street street, where trouble was reported and the sediment that accumulated was very slight but this was placed in a container and sent to Indianapolis. Every effort is being made to ascertain the condition of the water and the board will keep right after it.

## WORLD'S RECORD BROKEN.

DePalm Drive Auto a Mile on Circular Track in 39 1-5 Seconds.  
Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Ralph DePalm broke the world's automobile record for a mile on a circular track. Time, 39 1-5 seconds.

Rev. H. Wiemer, of Bridgeport, Conn., is here on a visit to his brother-in-law, Conrad Neireiter, of 323 West Jefferson street.

## STATE EXHIBIT COMING TO FAIR

Pathological Feature New  
at Big Fort Wayne  
Exposition.

## BUSY DAY FOR THE FAIR MANAGEMENT

Everything Will Be Ready  
for the Gates to Open  
Tuesday.

It is about all over but the shouting. Final preparations for the big Fort Wayne fair are on today and the fair office in the court house was as noisy as a political rally, making ready for the great exposition which opens on Tuesday.

Secretary Strider, Dr. W. F. Myers and Wm. Lindenberg returned last night from their circuit of the fairs at Milwaukee, Toledo, Indianapolis, Grand Rapids and Louisville, where they campaigned in the interest of the Fort Wayne fair. They secured some plums that make the crowning glory of a show that was already big. As a result of the trip a number of fast horses were secured to augment the already strong race program and today twenty-nine car loads of horses, cattle, sheep and swine are en route to Fort Wayne from the state fair at Indianapolis as a result of the hard work done by this committee.

State Exhibit Coming.  
Dr. Myers, through the personal influence of Governor Marshall, has secured to the Fort Wayne fair the state's pathological laboratory. Koover, who with several assistants will be here to explain to visitors at the fair the causes and cure of contagious diseases. This feature is a valuable one that owners of stock will not be slow to appreciate.

Herman Tapp, who has been superintending the preparation of the track and grounds, stated this morning that everything is in the pink of condition and nothing but continued heavy rains could do any damage. The race track has been worked down to perfection. The offices of the fair association will be moved tomorrow to the administration building at the grounds, where all business will have to be transacted hereafter.

The Nickel Plate will run two special trains on Wednesday, the L. E. & W. will run a train on Thursday and the G. R. & I. will run special trains from the south on Wednesday and Friday.

The Horses Coming.  
Fair-goers will have a rich treat served up to them in the horse department. The entries in the fast class have reputations that are in some cases national. Several stables are billed to arrive next Monday and before that time will come strings of racers from Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Toledo, Grand Rapids and elsewhere. Several local horses will be seen at their best. The exhibition horses will do honor to the county. One large exhibitor is the Huntstown Horse company, which has instructed for eighteen double stalls, its exhibit numbering twenty-nine. This bunch consists of stallions, mares and colts in the Percheron class. G. W. Waldrop, of Edgerton, will bring in his noted Belgians—stallions, mares and colts. And there are many others in the horse class that will make a whole show of itself. Among the late entries is Wm. Gerst, of Nashville, Tenn., with a fine stable.

Other Live Stock.  
Pedigreed stock in cattle, sheep and swine will make this part of the fair more attractive than in recent years. It will include many imported animals. Among the entries that will arrive today are the following: J. M. Furman, of Huntington, sheep; Geo. W. Kopp, of Huntington, sheep; Wm. Cooper, of Chicago, sheep, some imported; J. Gibson & Son, of Union, cattle; John Gunsett & Son, of Conroy, cattle; C. H. Hutchinson, of White Pigeon, Mich., Shropshire sheep; C. D. Kers & Son.

(Continued on Page Two.)

## FIND BODIES OF TWO TIGHTLY WEDGED ON PILOT

Growsome Discovery Made  
as B. & O. Train Reaches  
Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 17.—Tightly wedged in the pilot of a Royal Blue express train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad the bodies of two men badly mangled and supposed to be those of Winfield D. Cullin and Jesse Cullin, of Belcamp, Md., were found early today when the train arrived in this city.

In addition to the bodies, parts of which were missing, a piece of a horse blanket and a portion of which is believed to have been a carriage wheel, were also found on the locomotive. In the pockets of the clothing on the bodies were found letters containing the names and addresses above given. These letters are the only clue the railroad people have to the identity of the men. The fact that the men were killed by the train was not discovered until the train neared this city.

## PLAN NEW ATTACK ON SUGAR TRUST

Government to Seek Disso-  
lution of Gigantic  
Combine.

## MOVE INDEPENDENT OF CRIMINAL CASE

New Petition Sweeping and  
Presents Issues Already  
Passed Upon.

Washington, Sept. 17.—A petition for the dissolution of the so-called sugar trust will be filed in the United States circuit court at New York next week. This is an action entirely independent of the indictments which were found some time ago against the American Sugar Refining company and some of its officials. It was the subject of the conference in New York yesterday between Attorney General Wickersham and Attorney Wise.

The action will be entirely independent of the criminal proceedings, which have attracted such wide attention and resulted in a number of convictions. Although the plans of Attorney General Wickersham have been known here for some time subordinate officials of the department declined to discuss the case until they learned of the conference yesterday between Mr. Wickersham and District Attorney Wise, of New York.

While the suit is said to be similar to proceedings brought against the Standard Oil company and the American Tobacco company, both of which are pending in the supreme court, the petition is said to be more sweeping than either of those and to present issues already passed upon by the supreme court.

## BABY INCUBATOR IS CLOSED UP BY POLICE

Put an End to "Show" at  
Kentucky State Fair  
When Two Babies Die.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 17.—The baby incubator show at the state fair was ordered closed by the police last night.

This action followed the death of two little waifs who were brought to this city by a Chicago physician. The foundation came from a charitable hospital in Pittsburg. One of the infants, Robert, was 8 weeks old and the other, Martha, was four weeks of age. Both died of inanition.

Dr. J. E. Meyer, in charge of the medical department of the fair, says that the deaths were caused by lack of nourishment and improper feeding. Dr. Douglas Snyder, of Chicago, who had charge of the baby incubator, says the deaths were caused by exhaustion incident to the long train trip. A third infant, Lucy, two weeks old, is in a serious condition and it is believed she will also die.

Secretary Newman ordered the electric current left on at the fair grounds last night that the sick baby might have sufficient warmth in her incubator crib.

## STANDS ON RIGHTS; COMING OVER TO GET 'EM

Mme. Lina Cavallieri Does  
Not Propose to Be  
Short-Changed.

New York, Sept. 17.—Counsel for Mme. Lina Cavallieri, the singer, said today that his client proposed to fight for her rights and was coming to this country to see that the pre-nuptial agreement whereby Robert Winthrop Chanler turned over to the diva what is said to be his entire fortune was carried out.

W. Russell Osborne, counsel for the singer, flatly denied today that Mme. Cavallieri had asked for or accepted a compromise from the Chanler family rather than engage in litigation to defend the pre-nuptial agreement.

Mme. Cavallieri stands on her rights and she is coming over here to see that she gets them.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith, of Chicago, a daughter, Mrs. Smith was formerly Miss Charlotte Stier, of this city.

## TRAIN'S VICTIM IS NEAR DEATH, TOT LAUGHS AT PERIL

Frank Curry, of Bluffton,  
Man Worth \$75,000 Meets  
Accidental Death in  
Fort Wayne.

## BLUFFTON

Frank Curry, of Bluffton, worth at least \$75,000, proves to be the identity of the dead man found huddled up against the Pennsylvania tracks on the west side of the St. Mary's bridge at 9 o'clock Friday night. He had been struck by Pennsylvania passenger train No. 11, which leaves this city at 8:25 p. m. The base of his skull had been fractured and his left foot had been horribly mangled. It was due to the former injury that death resulted.

The identification was made this morning by Fred Arder and Alex Bolbin, of Bluffton. They immediately communicated with friends of the dead man at Bluffton and several from that place came to Fort Wayne to take back the remains. Curry was divorced some years ago and since that time had been living alone in a fine home on West Webster street, Bluffton. He had no brothers, sisters or children.

His Wealth Over \$75,000.  
Estimates by Bluffton friends upon the wealth of the dead man vary around the \$75,000 mark. Two farms a few miles south-west of Bluffton; the Curry business block in that city, and the fine home in which he lived are all the property of Curry. He had numerous other possessions, all of which made him accounted a wealthy man. In his clothing when discovered was considerable money and on his hand he wore a magnificent diamond ring, believed to be worth \$200.

Strong drink, to which Curry had long been a slave, is believed to have brought about his unhappy end. With no business other than the managing of his possessions, Curry often made excursions to this city and other points to enjoy a celebration of several days' duration. It is believed he was on such a mission in this city, for when discovered the odor of whisky was easily detected upon him. It is supposed that in wandering westward along the Pennsylvania tracks, he got too near a passing train and was hit in the back of the head. He was not found for fully half an hour afterwards.

Tramp Made Discovery.  
The discovery of Curry's body lying huddled up against the track was made by Charles Lynn, who says he has been tramping about the country. Hurrying to the G. R. & I. junction, Lynn summoned Charles E. Mungovan, an engineer on the latter road, and Henry A. Miller, who is an employee at the Electric works. These three moved the body from the tracks and at that time there seemed to be some life in it. Before the ambulance arrived, however, the man was dead and the body was ordered to the Wellman morgue by Coroner Kesler.

The coroner then began an investigation in the hopes of determining the man's identity, but without avail until this morning. The initials, "D. F. C." were found in the man's hat and also upon his collar, but that was as far as the identity was determined at that time. Aside from the money and the valuable ring, the clothes contained a cash fare receipt from the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company from Huntington to this city; four Robison park street car tickets; four tickets good for trade at Germania park; a valuable gold watch and other smaller articles. Attached to the watch was a locket containing the picture of a little auburn-haired boy, which proved not to be his own offspring but a youth to whom Curry took a great fancy some time ago. Curry's hat was a black derby one, purchased at Shields' in this city.

## DEMOCRATS MEET IN ORGANIZATION SESSION

State Chairman Jackson  
Detained at Home by  
Wife's Illness.

Democratic committeemen and other leaders from all over the county are assembled at the democratic headquarters in the Saengerbund building this afternoon for an important organization meeting and a pronounced enthusiasm prevails at the meeting. State Chairman Stokes Jackson, who had expected to be present, was detained at Greenfield by the illness of his wife.

The democratic state ticket is represented by six of its candidates, however, and most of these were on the job early to meet the local democrats. W. H. O'Brien, the candidate for state auditor, who was twice the state chairman, and J. Fred France, of Huntington, candidate for clerk of the supreme court, were among the earlier arrivals. Others who came in later in the afternoon were Lew Ellingham, nominee for secretary of state; W. H. Vollmer, desirous of becoming state treasurer; and Andrew A. Adams and Milton Hotel, candidates, respectively, as north and south division judges of the appellate court.

Not until after 2 o'clock did the meeting come to order and there then followed the first steps in a system of organization which is planned to aid democracy in Allen county.

## A Three-Year-Old Indiana Girl Rescued After Ex- citing Experience.

## LAST OF ROANOKE'S OFFICERS HAS QUIT

Town May Have Difficulty,  
in Filling Places—Other  
Indiana News.

Trasfalter, Ind., Sept. 17.—Laughing gaily as though she had been enjoying herself Floy, 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Fleener, who live near here, was rescued late yesterday from a runaway. After the horse had made a dash of more than a mile and barely escaped being struck by a train. The little girl had accompanied Mabel Maxie McElvain on a drive and when Miss McElvain got out of the buggy to close a gate, the horse started. Floy clung to the seat until the Big Four railroad tracks were struck and she was jolted down in the buggy bed. Just after crossing the railroad, barely ahead of a passenger train, the horse ran into a bush and was caught. When returned to her parents the child, none the worse for her thrilling ride, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I want you and papa to go with me and see what a twee we runned over."

## MADE A NEW RECORD.

State Fair Attendance Higher Than  
Any Previous Year.  
Indianapolis, Sept. 17.—With the exception of Monday, the Indiana state fair, which closed last night, established new attendance records every day and the paid admissions, amounting to 130,716, were nearly 10,000 more than the record of any other year.

To this total might be added the 12,000 school children and old soldiers who were admitted free, exhibitors and employees and others who entered on passes would bring the total close to 170,000. The financial end of the fair has not been figured completely, but it is expected it will show a profit of a few thousand dollars.

## LAST TRUSTEE QUILTS.

Town of Roanoke is Now Without a  
Governing Body.

Roanoke, Ind., Sept. 17.—The last of Roanoke's councilmen, Harry Smith, president of the town board, has tendered his resignation and the town is now officeless. The situation is somewhat complicated in that the salaries paid for services are so small that it is doubtful if any can be found who will be willing to take the criticism that have been handed out liberally for the remuneration offered.

## WILL WORK FOR SICK MAN.

Friends of Congressman Adair to Con-  
duct His Campaign.

Portland, Ind., Sept. 17.—The condition of Congressman John A. M. Adair, who is suffering from typhoid fever at his home here remains unchanged. His temperature stands at 103 practically all of the time. Mr. Adair's practical friends will conduct his campaign as though he were well.

## ROBBERS USE A SANDBAG.

Beat Up Louis Griswell at Newcastle  
But Overlook \$300 Watch.  
Newcastle, Ind., Sept. 17.—Two highwaymen attacked Louis Griswell with a sandbag early today, took some tobacco and cigars, but overlooked a \$300 gold watch which Griswell carried. Griswell's skull was slightly fractured by a blow from the sandbag.

## FOUND ROOMMATE DEAD.

Stephen France Buried Beneath Mine  
Cave-in at Brazil.

Brazil, Ind., Sept. 17.—Missed by his roommate when he did not return home, Stephen France, a miner, was found last night buried beneath a cave-in in the Brazil Black Coal company's No. 9 mine. France was 35 years old.

## MACKEY PLEADS GUILTY.

Wares, Ind., Sept. 17.—Craig Mackeay, of Winesburg, arrested on the charge of rifling mail, entered a plea of guilty before United States Commissioner Berkey at Goshen and was taken to Indianapolis today by Deputy Marshal Boyd to await trial in the United States court.

## TEN CANDIDATES OUT.

Newcastle, Ind., Sept. 17.—Ten candidates have announced themselves for the position of mayor of Newcastle, to succeed Mark E. Fraker, who resigned recently when ordered by the council to conduct court on more than one day a week. The council will meet Monday night to select the new mayor.

## THE WEATHER.

Washington, Sept. 17.—Indiana—Generally fair tonight and Sunday except unsettled in north portion; warmer tonight; cooler in northwest portion Sunday; moderate south winds.

Ohio—Fair weather except possibly showers near the lakes tonight or Sunday; warmer in southern portion tonight; cooler Sunday; moderate to brisk south winds, shifting to northwest by Sunday night.

## ACTIVE FIGURE IN CHURCH CIRCLES IS DEAD

Henry Treseler, of Emanuel Lutheran Church, Passes Away—Deaths.

Henry Treseler, for many years active in Lutheran church circles in this city, passed away Saturday morning at his home, 1116 Ewing street, at the age of 67 years, 10 months and 3 days. Death resulted from heart disease.

Mr. Treseler in business life was a contracting plasterer, but for the past ten years he had been inactive in that way. He was one of the founders of the Emanuel Lutheran church and was at the time of his death an elder in that church. He was also a trustee of the Concordia Cemetery association and was accustomed to take an active part in church affairs. The deceased was a native of Germany, but had been in this country many years. Surviv-

ing the deceased is the wife, Mrs. Sophie Treseler.

Funeral services Tuesday afternoon, definite hour to be announced later. Interment in Concordia cemetery.

### GAUSEPOHL

Henry R. Gausepohl, long a boot-maker in the Pennsylvania shops, died at 4:30 o'clock this morning at his home, 930 East Washington street, at the age of 48 years, 6 months and 19 days. His death culminated a lingering illness of the past eight months and was directly due to cancer of the stomach.

During his sickness the deceased had suffered intensely. He was a man of fine habits, was industrious and energetic. His friends and co-workers regarded him highly and his demise, while expected at any time within the last several weeks, comes as a severe shock. Mr. Gausepohl had received attention in local hospitals on several occasions, but all to no avail.

Mr. Gausepohl came to this city twenty-eight years ago to take employment in the local Pennsylvania shops and he had been a boot-maker there ever since. He was married June 24, 1890, to Miss Minnie Schramm in St. Mary's Catholic church. The wife and five children survive—Blondine, Marie, Carrie, Raymond and Bernard. The mother of the deceased, Mrs. Bernadette Gausepohl, also is living, as are one brother and two sisters in Germany and a third sister, Mrs. Mary Mueller, of this city.

The deceased was a member of the St. Charles Benevolent society and of the School society of St. Mary's Catholic church.

### MILLER

Mrs. Louise Miller, widow of Frederick Miller, became suddenly ill while busily engaged in the rear of her home, at 1114 Summit street, Friday morning and her death followed within a very short time, caused by hemorrhage.

Mrs. Miller had been in the very best of spirits in the early part of the morning and her demise is a shock to a wide circle of acquaintances.

The deceased was 56 years of age. Her husband was formerly the well-known contractor. Three daughters and one son survive her—Mrs. Rudolph Gerberding, the Misses Alma and Emma Miller and Charles Miller, the local druggist.

Funeral services Monday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from the house and at 2 o'clock from the St. Paul's Lutheran church.

### WELCH

Mrs. Katherine Welch, widow of Robert Welch, and for nearly seventy years a Fort Wayne resident, died at 11:45 o'clock this morning at St. Joseph's hospital from paralysis, which attacked her last Saturday. Her age was 74 years. Mrs. Welch's birthplace was upon historic ground at West Point, New York. She came to this city when a small child and had lived here ever since. Her home recently had been at 427 West Superior street.

Funeral services Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock from the chapel at St. Joseph's hospital.

### BUDD

Robert A. Budd, the seven months old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Budd, 1702 Fletcher avenue, died Friday evening.

Funeral services Sunday afternoon; interment in Lindenwood cemetery.

### FUNERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Kaiser.—The funeral of Frederick E. Kaiser will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence, 2212 Force street, and at 2:30 o'clock from Zion's Lutheran church.

Levy.—The funeral services for Jesse Levy will be held Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock in the K. of P. home on West Washington street. The services will be in charge of the Huntington lodge of Knights, and members of the Phoenix lodge, No. 101, and Fort Wayne lodge, No. 116, of this city, are invited to participate. It is expected that from forty to fifty Huntington Knights will be in the city to attend the funeral.

## PROHIBITION IS NOT ISSUE, SAYS MR. MARSHALL

Indiana Governor Talks of Hoosier Politics at Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 17.—En route to the Antietam battlefield for the dedication of the Indiana monument, Governor Thomas R. Marshall, expressing his views on the liquor situation in Indiana yesterday declared that those who want to drink, drink, and those who don't want to drink, don't.

"There has never been any prohibition in Indiana," he said. "There is a prohibition party in our state that casts about 25,000 votes. But prohibition has never been a real political issue in Indiana."

In regard to the general prohibition wave throughout the country he said: "I have not made a particular study of that subject, but it seems to me that for the present other issues are paramount and the liquor question has been subordinated."

"What do you think of the victory of Caleb Powers down in Kentucky?" he was asked by the newspaper men.

"I have not read the newspaper and am not well enough acquainted with facts in the case to say whether or not Powers is guilty. Therefore, I can hardly express myself as to his election," replied Governor Marshall.

He was in Cincinnati about fifteen minutes. He arrived at 12:55 noon on a special B. & O. S. W. train with a delegation of 100 Indiana men bound for the battlefield of Antietam, in Maryland, where the Indiana monument is to be dedicated today.

Governor Marshall said his plans were all made up to go on to New York from Antietam and remain there for a few days, although he said he did not know at what hotel he will stop in New York city.

### Depends On Price.

"I'll have to find some hotel where the prices are commensurate with the salary of the governor of Indiana," he said, laughing. He said he does not know how long he will stay in New York, that his visit has no significance, and that he expects to get back to Indianapolis by Tuesday or Wednesday at the latest. He was accompanied by Mrs. Marshall. From Antietam part of the Indiana party will go directly to the G. A. R. national encampment at Atlantic City after stopping at the Gettysburg battle field.

This is Governor Marshall's first trip with a military staff and the first trip of any Indiana governor accompanied by a staff drawn from the officials of the Indiana National Guard.

## MRS. BROPHY LOSES BY REFUSAL TO SETTLE

Gets \$150 from Jury and City Had Offered \$500—Courts.

By her refusal to settle her claim against the city of Fort Wayne Mrs. Mary Brophy is out \$350, which represents the difference between the \$500 offered and the \$150 given her by a superior court jury. In addition she has her attorneys to pay.

Mrs. Brophy fell at King and Wayne streets and sustained injuries which she placed at \$2,000. A movement was made to settle the case for \$500 and the proposition was put up to the city council and made public but she did not take advantage of it. The jury selected to try the case spent all night with it and at 5 o'clock this morning returned a finding for \$150. Receiver is Named.

In the circuit court today H. W. Kerr was named as receiver for the Summit City restaurant. Application was made several days ago by one of the partners, Frank Jones having left the city and made no disposal of his interests.

Articles Are Filed. Articles of the Grubbs Drug company were filed today with the county recorder. The capital stock is \$2,500 and the incorporators are G. S. Rhoades, Eli Souder, Alvin and John S. Klopfenstein, Julius and Noah Gehrig, Albert Egley and Joseph Witmer.

### ADDITIONAL SOCIETY.

The Fort Wayne Health Culture club will meet for organization at Flick's hall on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Mulliken, of East Woodland avenue, started today on an extended trip through Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and other points.

Miss Julia Kelsey, of West David street, entertained the Eta Alpha sorority girls this afternoon at her home.

### MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Ray C. Miner, 24, machinist, and Hazel M. Cartwright, 18.

Oliver B. McCartney, 29, student, and Hazel W. Taylor, 21.

Henry W. Harding, 23, clerk, and Alma M. Goette, 17.

Carl A. Dowerling, 21, clerk, and Anna L. Georgia, 23.

George F. Sullivan, 26, railroad man, and Frances C. M. Welch, 26.

The first meeting of the season of the Theosophical society will be held on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Harmon's lodge, 1115 Ewing street. The meeting will be open to all interested in the work and study of the society.

Milton Weber, of 1305 Fairfield avenue, fell on Calhoun street in front of the Heit, Miller, Lau candy factory while carrying a basket of market products this morning and was badly cut about the mouth and temple.

## CIVIC BEAUTY LEVY UNDER FIRE IN MEETING

Council Committee of the Whole Will Meet on Budget.

At the meeting of the city council committee of the whole the proposed levy of 42 cents for civic beautification was under fire last night and many of the councilmen were under the impression that the levy for the municipal plant had been left to a vote of the people and for that reason argued that this levy should also be voted upon.

In the opinion of several of the members the levy will be passed when final action is taken on the appropriations for next year, as the light plant tax was fixed without a popular vote and the only question left to the voters was that of establishing the plant after the levy had been on the books for some time.

The session was a long one and no definite results came out of it. Another meeting will be held next Monday night at which the figures and ordinances of last year will be submitted and then the entire budget will probably be disposed of.

Aside from this one subject the question of salaries was taken up and thrashed out at some length without formulating any schedule. It is likely there will be some raises accorded, but just what these will be the councilmen were not able to foresee. The street cleaning fund and several of the requests made by the board of public works were also before the committee, but none of the matters went to a vote and none was finally disposed of.

There was no discussion of the levy for extending and improving the municipal lighting plant. So much time was taken up with other matters that an adjournment took place before the light proposition was reached. There was some talk on the wording of the civic beauty levy and the councilmen thought the ordinance ought to broaden the scope and not mention river banks specifically, for fear of hampering the commission to which it is entrusted. This will probably be remedied so that the ordinance will be elastic enough to include sewer changes, alleyways, dams and other things necessary.

### AEROPLANE INJURES EIGHT.

Wright Machine Plunges Into Crowd at Wisconsin Fair.

Milwaukee, Sept. 17.—Eight persons, five women and three men, were more or less seriously injured when a Wright aeroplane, driven by Arthur Hoxey, swerved sidelong from its course above the race track and plunged into the crowd on a cement platform before the grand stand at the state fair yesterday afternoon. The aviator was uninjured and the machine but slightly damaged.

A panic followed the accident. None of the injured will die.

### PARDONED MAN KILLED.

Charles Justice, Former Ohio Convict, Shot While Resisting Arrest.

Xenia, O., Sept. 17.—Charles Justice, recently pardoned from the Ohio penitentiary, was fatally shot here today by Policeman Michael Graham while resisting arrest on a charge of wounding two men two hours earlier. John Shoup, a farmer of Beaver Creek, near here, and his brother, William, were shot and seriously wounded by a chicken thief. They declared that they had recognized Justice as the man who fired at them and Graham's attempt to arrest him followed.

The Plymouth Congregational Sunday school class, known as "The Golden Circle" of which Miss Ida Proehl is teacher, met this afternoon with Miss Elizabeth Rogler, of West Wayne street. After the business meeting there was a social session and light refreshments were served.

It was about 1720, at Amsterdam, that Fahrenheit made his first thermometer, which has served as a model ever since.

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Call us by phone or call at our office and we will arrange the loan for you in an HOUR'S NOTICE, giving you the

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of any company in the city. Remember, we take nothing out in advance and we will loan you any amount from \$10 to \$200 on household furniture, pianos, fixtures, live stock, automobiles, insurance policies, etc., in city or country. We guarantee that all business will be held strictly confidential and that no annoying investigations will be made. Loans made privately at your home if you so desire.

IF IN NEED FILL IN BLANK AND MAIL OR PHONE TO:

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Ft. Wayne Credit Co.

1221 CALHOUN STREET

Telephone 345. Opp. Rich Hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind.

## CITES CASE OF FORT WAYNE MEN IN A SUIT

Attorney General in Action Against Railroads for Overworking Men.

Indianapolis, Sept. 17.—District Attorney Charles W. Miller filed suits yesterday for the assessment of penalties amounting to \$12,000 against the Grand Rapids & Indiana and the P. C. & St. Louis railroads for alleged violations of the "sixteen-hour law," the charge being that the roads allowed or required trainmen to work for more than sixteen hours continuously.

The complaints ask for the imposition of the penalty of \$500 for each alleged violation in four cases against the Grand Rapids & Indiana and in twenty-two cases against the Pennsylvania line. The complaint states that information as to the violations charged was furnished by the interstate commerce commission.

The first alleged violation complained of against the G. R. & I. was on April 4, 1910. It is charged that on a trip from Fort Wayne to Richmond on this date, P. Cook, the engineer, and E. B. Eason, the fireman, were required to work from 2 o'clock in the morning until 6:55 o'clock in the evening. The demand for this trip of the train is \$1,000, or \$500 in each case.

The other case involves a trip between the same two points on May 9, when, it is charged, the company allowed J. D. Buckley, an engineer, and B. L. Daler, a fireman, to work from 9 o'clock on the morning of May 9 until 2:54 o'clock on the morning of May 10.

The government asks for the collection of penalties aggregating \$3,000 on account of a trip of a Pennsylvania freight train from Logansport to Richmond on April 16, 1910. It is charged that F. R. McFall, conductor; T. Huber, engineer; C. H. Funk, fireman, and E. M. Carter, B. H. Hickman and H. A. Decker, trainmen, worked from 5:30 in the morning until 10:30 at night on this trip. The penalty of \$500 is asked for the alleged violation in the case of each man.

### Five Cases Alleged.

A demand of \$2,500 is made in five cases growing out of a trip from Logansport to Richmond of May 3, 1910. On this trip, it is charged that J. R. Williams, O. E. Coleman and C. V. Sholtz, trainmen; C. Surendorf, engineer, and N. H. Piper, fireman, worked from 4:45 o'clock on the afternoon of May 3 until 9:30 o'clock the next morning.

It is charged that on a trip between the same cities, on May 6, H. E. Druley, engineer, and B. L. Hoover and J. T. Heffernan, trainmen, worked from 2:05 o'clock in the afternoon until 7:05 o'clock the next morning.

A trip between the same cities is the basis of another demand for \$100. The charge is that H. R. Faust, engineer, and O. Burdick, fireman, worked from 1:35 o'clock in the afternoon of the same date until 7:20 o'clock the next morning.

On a trip between the same points on May 12 it is charged there were six violations and \$3,000 is asked. It is charged in this complaint that E. J. Hilt and C. Morrison, engineer and fireman, worked from 5 o'clock in the morning until 4:20 o'clock the next morning. It is charged on this same trip E. Brown, conductor, and W. D. Hagman, C. C. Baumgartner and J. E. McCarty, trainmen, worked from 6:30 o'clock in the morning until 4:10 o'clock the next morning.

## STATE EXHIBIT COMING TO FAIR

(Continued from Page One.)

Newmarket, Ind., swine herd, coming from the Louisville fair; Kapeton farm, Kinderhook, Mich., big shipment of sheep; Kokubun Bros. Decatur, cattle; Moore & Watson, Butler, sheep; Milton Millett, Portland, sheep; Herman Prough, Goshen, cattle; James Riley & Son, Thornton, swine; J. G. Robbins & Son, Horace, cattle; Wilson Bros., Muncie, cattle. Among the cattle exhibits will be some blooded short horns, the equal of which has not been seen at a county fair.

### Farm Products and Fruit.

W. S. Roebuck, Fort Wayne; William Reichert, of Woodburn, and Herman Young, of Fort Wayne, will have some large exhibits of farm products and vegetables. These exhibits do gardening on a large scale and what they will have at this exhibition will be of interest as showing what intensive farming will do in Allen county. One of the largest exhibitors of fruits is W. F. DeVillius, who has been a selective grower for many years in this county. His fruits have been prize-winners for many years at the fairs. The horticultural department will be up to the usual standard this year.

### The Chariot Races.

Hoagland Bros. Roman Hippodrome will arrive Sunday from the Louisville, Ky., fair, where it has been delighting the crowds all the past week. A gentleman who saw this spectacular performance says it was one of the best features at the Louisville fair. The fair management has been obliged to pay a high price for the hippodrome, but it has been money well spent, as nothing of its kind has ever been on the list of attractions of a Fort Wayne fair. The chariot races are given in all the splendor of Roman times, four horses to each chariot. The Hoagland Bros. have signified their intention of trying to lower the world's half-mile record. These races will be witnessed at the regular track, where they will be run between the regular horse racing events. It is a free attraction.

### Special Pike Features.

The Pike this year will consist of the usual heterogeneous collection of receiving swings, fortune tellers, Cap. Stewart's scorpions, a marmoset, etc. There will be refreshment stands, restaurants, popcorn booths, photograph galleries, etc. A number of first-class shows will grace the Pike, among them being the Discland minstrels, Barkhart & Sons' lion show, Robinson's famous jungle show and Van's pony show. These are among the best at-

## Majestic Theatre

Tuesday and Wed. Daily Matinees, 15 and 25 Cents

Harry Scott Co., Present

The Reigning Sensational Musical Dramatic Novelty

THE GIRL A Profusion of Pretty Girls, Brilliant Musical

From U. S. A. Ensembles, Original

With Mamie Elmore, of the ELMORE SISTERS, in

Title Role

AUDACIOUS! LITHE SOME! SPRIGHTLY! SPIRITED!

A Strong, Patriotic Story, Rich in Heart Interest, Bright in Dialogue, Terrific in Climaxes, Original in Sensation, Furnished by a Company of Foot-light Favorites, assisted by a Graceful and Shapely Singing and Dancing

BEAUTY CHORUS

PRICES—Evening—15, 25, 35 and 50 Cts. Seats now on sale.

3 Matinees Starting Thursday, Sept. 23

MATINEE PRICES—25, 35 and 50 Cents.



Augmented by a large beauty chorus, and more novelties than ever.

Grand Transformation Scene.

Gorgeous Costumes—Songs.

Ballets—Dewildering Effects.

Two Carloads of Scenery.

Balance—Rock Canyon.

The Beautiful Human Flower Vase.

The Village of Bunco.

The Useful Man—The Wonder Box.

There is not, never was, never will be, a show like it

Evening Prices.....25, 50, 75 and \$1.00

Seat Sale Monday at 10 A. M.

10  
25

### Temple

Week Mon. Matinee, Sept. 19.  
Special Engagement of the Comedy Stars,  
AUSTIN BROS.  
"The American Beauties."  
CARROLL & GILLETTE TRIO  
Novelty Risley Artista.  
VERNON  
Ventriloquist.  
MURRAY SYMONDS  
Singing, Dancing and Talking Comedian.  
WILSON AND WILSON  
Presenting "That Funny Messenger."  
NELLIE BURT  
Character Comedienne.  
TEMPLE MOTION PICTURES  
Latest Comedy Subjects.  
Added Attraction  
CONROY AND LEMAIRE  
The Pinocchio Phenix.  
Nights .....10, 25, 35 and 50c

10  
25

## Majestic Theater

TONIGHT ONLY

EDWARD C. WHITE'S

Special Production of

Charles Dickens' Immortal Story,

David Copperfield

With Appropriate Scenic Setting.

Excellent Cast.

A DRAMATIC TREAT

Prices ....15, 25, 35, 50 and 75c

Excessive

Smoking

Is one of the causes of defective eyesight. This may for may not be true in YOUR case.

Our examination by a SPECIALIST will show whether your eyes need glasses or treatment.

In some cases it is not advisable to give glasses, and in those cases we WONT FURNISH THEM.

You run no risk when you are fitted by the ROGERS SYSTEM.

No charge for examination.

KILLED BY LIMITED

TROLLEY CAR AT

SHELDON

Alexander Woods, Prominent Farmer, Meets Instant Death.

Alexander Woods, a prominent farmer of Pleasant township, aged 69 years, was struck and instantly killed Friday afternoon about 5:15 o'clock at the Sheldon station by an Indianapolis limited interurban car on the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company's lines.

Woods' body was thrown fifteen feet by the car which was going at a high speed because it had not been flagged for passengers at that point. It struck against the supporting wire of a telegraph pole and the neck, left arm and shoulder were broken.

The unfortunate man was one of the wealthy residents of that section of the country. His home was situated two miles west of Sheldon and he had been transacting business in Sheldon. He was on his way to get his rig and drive home when the car overtook him. It is said that Woods had been warned of the approach of the car but that he was anxious to reach his home in case the animal should scare.

For two terms Mr. Woods was the assessor of Perry township. He had taken an active part in politics for some time, but was defeated for re-nomination at the last primaries. The wife and three children survive—Mrs. Cora Fuesman, of near Ossian; Frank Woods, of near Sheldon, and Mrs. Bessie Baker, of Fort Wayne.

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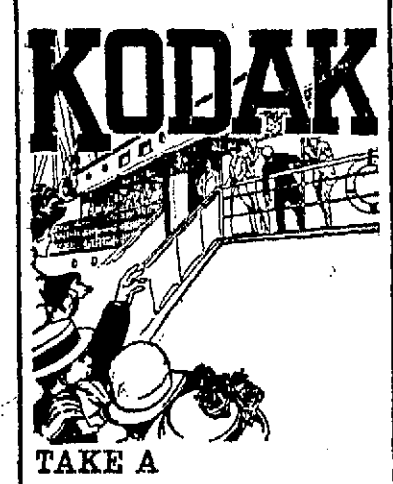
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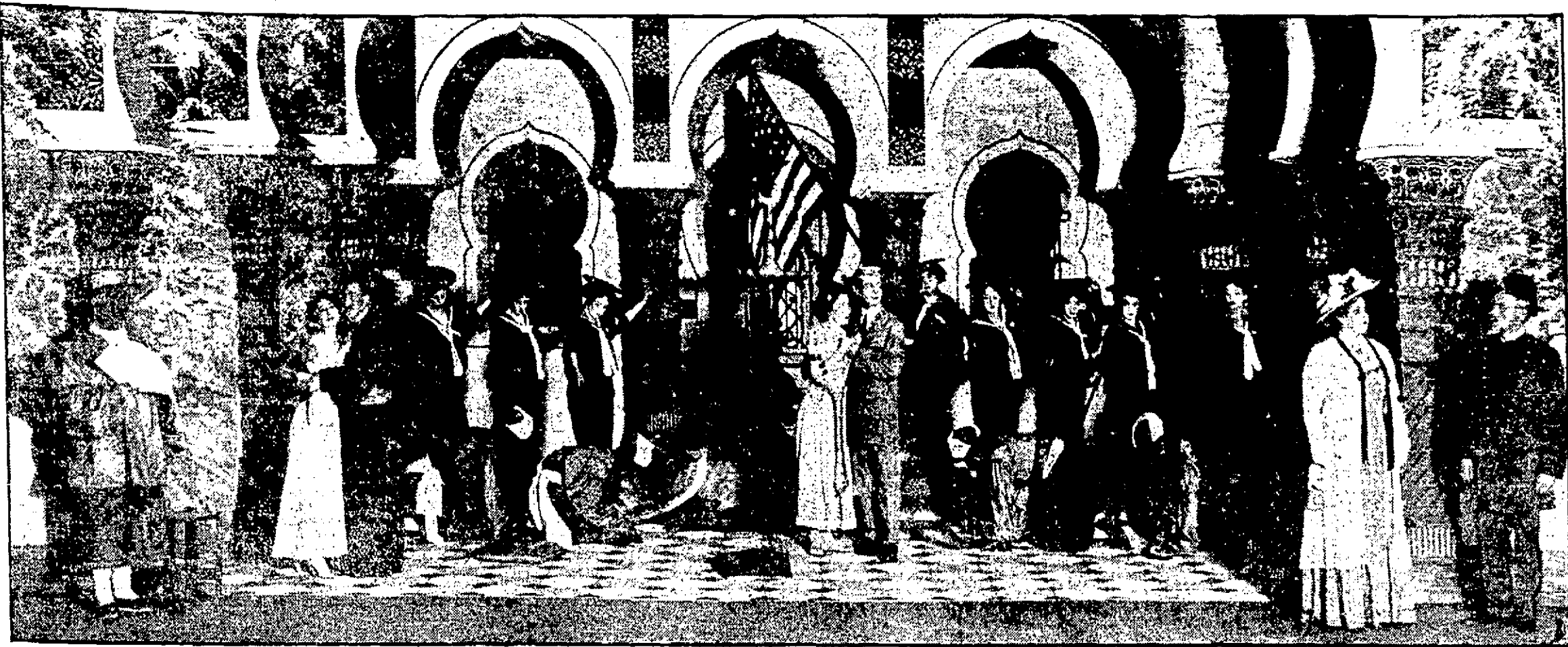
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Scene from "The Girl from the U. S. A." at the Majestic Theater, Tuesday and Wednesday, Daily Matinee.

## Week with the Players

### MAJESTIC THEATER

\* This Evening—"David Copperfield."  
\* Tuesday and Wednesday, daily matinees—"The Girl From the U. S. A."  
\* Thursday, Friday and Saturday, daily matinees—"Superba."

#### "DAVID COPPERFIELD" AGAIN THIS EVENING.

Just as Shakespeare gave to the world its greatest tragedies, so the fiction of Charles Dickens stands unrivaled. There is a realism in the works of Dickens which appeals to everyone. Of the works of the celebrated author, "David Copperfield" which closes a three days' engagement at the Majestic this evening, is classed as his masterpiece. It is a touching story, and every character portrayed stands true to life and the counterpart is met frequently. Supposedly a narrative of the life of the writer himself, "David Copperfield" appeals to everyone who has read the works of Charles Dickens. To the younger generation it tells why the humility of Uriah Heep has become a comparison wherever the English language is spoken, and why Micawber, Peggotty and Traddles are names known throughout the world.

A story so strong in human interest when told in drama not only rivets attention from the start, but engenders the memory with pleasant thoughts which linger through life. The book is a pen picture; the play holds the mirror before you, strongly individualizing each character and telling why the story of "David Copperfield" will be read and re-read forever.

Edward C. White has a carefully selected cast to interpret the many quaint characters presented in "David Copperfield," thus giving the many admirers of Dickens and his masterpiece of fiction a stage presentation that pleases the most critical.

#### "SUPERBA"

Hanlon's Gorgeous Extravaganza Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Daily Matinees.

"The greatest spectacular extravaganza of the country" is the claim

made for Hanlon's New Superba, this year augmented with a large chorus, which will be seen at the Majestic for 8 days opening Thursday with daily matinees.

This season the production is said to be the now bright and dazzling. The transformation scenes, costumes, ballets, songs and bewildering effects have just been turned out from the old Hanlon headquarters at Cohasset, Mass., and considerable ingenuity has been shown in devising the novelties arranged for this year.

A human flower vase and a number of startlingly real and fastidiously certain to excite comment. Special attention has been paid this year to these various tricks and those who see the performance must keep their eyes open, and attention fixed in order to follow the different changes because they are performed very rapidly. People appear and almost miraculously disappear only to be seen at some other point a moment later. Walls turn inside out and the dungeons become the castle yard. Inanimate objects walk around the stage with marvelous dexterity. Animals change into fairies and fairies become demons and soldier devils. Cannons explode shooting people into the air in sections and they reappear almost instantly, sound in wind, body and limb, practically in the twinkling of an eye.

Edwin Warner, the manager of "Superba," has been connected with Hanlon for twenty years and has spared no expense in making an up-to-date version this year, the best that has ever been presented. The scenery, costumes and properties are new from beginning to end. There is not, never was and never will be a show like it according to Mr. Warner and those associated with him in the enterprise.

The old "moral" story, the fight between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, is again told with the power of light representing good and winning in the end. There is also a singing and dancing chorus, the musical numbers being staged by Albert Hale. Rosaire and Dorette, Robin, Boss Rosa, singing soubrette, and others offer specialties.

Robert Rosaire after an absence of several seasons in the European pantomimes, returned again to the part of Pico, the clown, in which he was formerly so successful. George Hanlon, Sr., is the stage manager.

#### "THE GIRL FROM THE U. S. A."

Tuesday and Wednesday, Matinee and Night.

The Grand Rapids Herald, of Aug. 22, says of the "Girl From the U. S. A.," which comes to the Majestic theater Tuesday and Wednesday, with daily matinees:

"The Girl From the U. S. A." is the title of the piece presented at the Majestic yesterday and the program labels it a "dramatic musical novelty"—and it is all of that. In fact, it is a melodrama, with musical trimmings and garnishments. The combination is rather pleasing as it was presented by the Harry Scott company. There are heroics and thrills and villains and villainesses and heroes and heroines and persecuted beauties and the ever-present American girl and youth, who see that everything turns out right in the end.

Interspersed amongst the dramatic and comedy situations are a series of musical numbers of considerable appropriateness and merit. A fairly good sized chorus works busily and effectively and displays a variety of costumes fitting to the situations. "The Girl From the U. S. A." is necessarily a patriotic miss, and she is aided and abetted by the boy from the U. S. A. in escapades in France, Turkey and China, where they repeatedly rescue the persecuted heroine from dangers with true American dash and go.

Miss Mamie Elmore, formerly known to the vaudeville stage, is "The Girl"—otherwise "Jack" Powers, of Chicago—and she not only displays considerable and sufficient ability as an actress, but she sings and dances with such pleasing manner that she wins repeated encores—one of which, as is done in a Turkish harem, in the costume of the pasha's favorite, might well be omitted as it is far too great a variance from the character she portrays. The Yankee lad—Dick Weston, newspaper correspondent—who is her constant defender when she gets into too complicated situations, is played with much earnestness by John D. McNamara.

Lucille Parrish essays the role of Vivienne, the persecuted maiden, who is stolen from her grandfather's chateau in France and carried prisoner to a Turkish harem, to be sold from thence to a prince of China as his principal slave. Irene Duckett is the young wife of Count DeVoltone, aged owner of the chateau, who plots to get rid of the girl and kills her aged husband that she may get his money. Both

are straight melodrama characters and are acceptably handled.

Harry O. Lynn puts considerable comedy into his role of the French Lieutenant in love with Vivienne. Leslie Webb is an ideal villain in the role of the Turkish pasha, and Den Howe "doubles" well as the aged count and as a Chinese mandarin. The remainder of the cast has little to do, but the chorus is active and will make good as the season progresses.

"The Girl From the U. S. A." is good amusement for warm weather and will doubtless attract large houses during fair week. The costumes and scenery are fresh and effective and the music is mostly new and snappy. The engagement is for Tuesday and Wednesday, with daily matinees.

#### BUSTER BROWN AND MARY JANE COMING.

Buster Brown and Mary Jane are coming to the Majestic soon. A brand new book has been written for "Buster Brown" this season, with new music, scenery, costumes and everything that could possibly tend to make this most delightful of all musical comedies a jingling success. The tramp and the German have gone their way, while Miranda Stabina and Seth Sowders, a rural team, furnish all the comedy not monopolized by the trio of stars and the Billkins. This last being a novelty song number rendered by the Buster Brown troupe in Billkins costumes, making one of the striking features of the show.

Your kidney trouble may be of long standing, it may be either acute or chronic, but whatever it is Foley's Kidney Remedy will aid you to get rid of it quickly and restore your natural health and vigor. "One bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy made me well," said J. Sibbitt, of Grand View, Wis. Commence taking it now. Dr. E. Bro.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August. KEIL & KEIL. 7-16-sat-ff.

Mrs. W. H. Feltier, Teacher of Piano

Mrs. Will H. Feltier has opened her class in piano study at the European School of Music with which she was connected with Mrs. Ruhland for many years. 15-17

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August. KEIL & KEIL. 7-16-sat-ff.



Scene in Houdon's Superba at the Majestic, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Daily Matinee.

### Temple's New Bill

The Austin Bros., the Famous Comedians, as "The American Beauties," Head New Big Bill.

Next week being fair week the management secured an exceptionally good bill which is headed by the famous comedians, the Austin brothers. In their "American Beauties." These two clever comedians since entering the vaudeville field have met with nothing but success. In their clever offering, "The American Beauties," the famous stars are said to be seen at their best. The act comes here direct from their New York triumphs.

As an extra added attraction the management secured Conroy and LeMay, the celebrated black face comedians whom the press declares to be funnier than these famous burnt cork entertainers. McIntire and Heath, in their best days, Conroy and LeMay will present their screaming farce, "The Pinocchio Phenix." The act is headlined the bill at the Majestic theater, Chicago, this week.

Carroll and Gillette Trio, novelty risley artists, have an act that seems with sensation. This is a big novelty feature and will be one of the most novel as well as the most sensational acts ever presented on the Temple stage.

#### WE CLEAN AND DYE FEATHERS

and fabrics of every description—the most delicate as well as heavier goods, and we've yet to be told that our work doesn't pass the inspection of the most critical eye and please the most fastidious mind. Cost small, too, when one considers our work—quality and prompt attention to orders guaranteed.

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## Newbro's Herpicide

Stands The Test of Time

The Original remedy to kill the dandruff germ.

Any article depending solely upon its ability to achieve success is never lasting. The history of Newbro's Herpicide is one of continued successes. There is nothing of romance about it, the story being simply one of natural irresistible growth. Herpicide has been advertised to be sure, but its success is due more largely to real merit than to the company's publicity campaign. Newbro's Herpicide is sold every year by satisfied friends, by happy users singing its praise to others, than by the newspaper advertising.

PRIMA DONNA BY THE MINISTRY. "I find Newbro's Herpicide, in every way, coming up to the highest standard of excellence. We have used it in our family for several years and have recommended it to many friends in need of such a remedy, and in no case have we ever heard anything but the highest praise from those who have used it." (Signed) A. F. RAGATZ, Pastor M. E. Church, Loveland, Fla.

#### HAS A NICE HEAD OF HAIR DUE TO HERPICIDE.

Such is the tribute of Mrs. Mae McDonald, 421 Main St., Flat 8, Jacksonville, Fla. She says: "I was troubled very much from dandruff and my hair was getting thinner every day, but thanks to your wonderful remedy, my hair has stopped falling out and I am not troubled any more with dandruff. I have a nice head of hair just from using Herpicide."

#### WHEN A DOCTOR ENDORSES A PROPRIETARY ARTICLE, IT MUST BE RIGHT.

"I find that Newbro's Herpicide will do all it is recommended to do. I have prescribed it a number of times and find its proper use stops falling hair. As a hair dressing there is nothing better." (Signed) DR. WM. GIBSON, Danneberg, Ohio.

There are no disappointments for users of Newbro's Herpicide. The results are always positive, satisfying, remarkable. It is the one preparation the claims for which are substantiated by its use. Send ten cents for liberal sample of Herpicide and interesting book on "The Hair and Its Care," to The Herpicide Co., Dept. H. B. Detroit, Mich. Applications obtained at the best barber shops. One dollar bottles are guaranteed. For sale at all drug stores.

BRADLEY BROS., Special Agents.

### DAVENPORT & TRACY PIANO

Best German strings, Best German hammer-felt.

Best workmanship, Sweetest tone, Lightest action.

Best value in America.

Sold by S. A. KARN MUSIC CO., 710 Clinton Street.

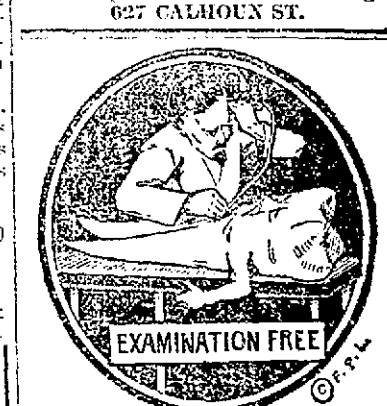
### Bradley Bros.

CUT RATE DRUG STORE. "Goods delivered to any part of the city—Phone 303."

|                                                        |                |
|--------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| 50c Benzoin Almond Cream                               | ...34c         |
| 75c Pompeian Massage Cream                             | ...50c         |
| 50c Pompeian Toilet Water                              | ...75c         |
| 75c Acme Massage Cream                                 | ...39c         |
| 50c Balm of Almond Cream                               | ...39c         |
| 25c Colgate's, Williams', Men's Toilet Powder          | ...15c         |
| 25c Colgate's Tooth Powder                             | ...15c         |
| 50c Colgate's Toilet Water                             | ...75c         |
| 50c Colgate's Toilet Water                             | ...39c         |
| 25c Mum—destroys the odor of perspiration              | ...10c         |
| 25c Shaving Sticks                                     | ...18c         |
| 25c Colgate's Rapid Shave Powder                       | ...18c         |
| 25c Tallow's Face Powder                               | ...19c         |
| A. D. S. Imported Olive Oil—Guaranteed Pure—per bottle | ...25c and 75c |
| Daisy Fly Killers                                      | ...2 for 25c   |
| \$1.00 Swamp Root                                      | ...75c         |
| 50c Swamp Root                                         | ...45c         |
| \$1.00 D. D. D. Eczema Cure                            | ...83c         |
| \$1.00 Root Juice                                      | ...83c         |
| 50c Antiphlegmics                                      | ...45c         |
| 50 Doan's Kidney Pills                                 | ...45c         |

### Bradley Bros.

THE OLD WAGNER DRUG STORE. "Prescriptions Filled at a Saving." 627 CALHOUN ST.



EXAMINATION FREE. It won't cost you a cent. It may reveal to you the condition of your teeth—saving you considerable pain and sickness in the future.

Bridge Work \$5.00. D. R. MORMER, 514 Calhoun St. over Star Shoe Store

Dr. W. T. Ferguson, Specialty, Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Kidneys.

222 West Wayne Street



Scene from Henry W. Savage's Big Musical Comedy, "The Wife-Tamers," Now Playing in Chicago, Which Comes to the Majestic Monday, Sept. 26.

50 cents each SPECIAL 50 cents each

Sterling Silver Tea Spoons, \$3.00 for Set of Six

807-809

Dallas F. Green

Calhoun St.

## The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY

By E. A. K. HACKETT.

Daily, 10c per Week. Weekly, per ear, \$1

Entered at the Postoffice, Fort Wayne, Ind., as second-class mail matter.

VOL. LXXII.....NO. 40

OUR TELEPHONES

Editorial Rooms.....620

Counting Rooms.....173

SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1910.

## TONIGHT

Amusements—"David Copperfield," at the Majestic; vaudeville at the Temple; motion pictures at Lyric, Star, Hippodrome, Fair, Pearl, Casino and Gaiety.

Miscellaneous—Pythian Sisters; Queen Esther, D. of R.; Fort Wayne council, National Union; Old Fort lodge, Carmen.

The statement of State Chairman Lee that the campaign in this state is to be conducted along "progressive" lines indicates that Indiana republicans, at least, have taken the hint from Maine.

The Ohio woman of 50 years who has just enrolled as a student at the university at Columbus is doubtless determined that she shall not have need in after years to regret the fact that she did not secure an education when the opportunity presented itself.

Dispatches from Beverly, while couched in most diplomatic phraseology, convey to those who would put the president out of the race for re-nomination a pretty definite hint not to attempt either pushing or crowding. Mr. Taft is not in a yielding mood, and he has given no thought to stepping aside to make way for some other ambitious republican.

Adolph Rothbarth, the New York financial genius, who is now in jail on a charge of bank swindling, magnanimously shares with the public his recipe for getting money from the banks. "All you need," says Mr. Rothbarth, "is presentable address, respectable clothes, a good letter head and a statement of assets. Anybody can do it." It remains to be seen whether Mr. Rothbarth's inventive genius will now be equal to the task of getting himself out of jail.

The nomination of President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton university, for governor by the democrats of New Jersey, is one which is certain to attract attention far beyond the ordinary gubernatorial choice. Regardless of every other issue, the selection of a candidate of Dr. Wilson's high standing may well be welcomed irrespective of political party. Not everybody will be able to bring himself to agree with all the views of the Princeton educator, but there will be general and respectful recognition of the nominee as a man of the caliber whose services to the public it ought to be possible to secure more frequently.

Political gossip at Washington now believe that the future political fate of Secretary Ballinger, of the interior department, who has been the storm center of most of the furor over the conservation question, will be taken up in solemn conclave by the president's cabinet when it meets in Washington on September 26. There is a pronounced indication that Secretary Ballinger, who has steadfastly refused to accept the popular suggestion that he resign his job, is prepared to demand a show-down when the official family meets, and that he will promptly retire if his colleagues fail to sustain his position in the many-sided controversy in which the secretary has been involved.

Since the defeat for renomination for congress in Illinois Thursday, Mr. Boutell, high private in the stand-patter ranks, is firmly convinced that the primary system is less majestic, high treason and everything else that is utterly reprehensible, in addition to being a mortal blow to our boasted liberties. Therefore, he is considering the question of running independently. In his charge that the result of the primary was not expressive of public sentiment because all the republican voters did not turn out to the polls, Mr. Boutell overlooked the possible contingency that had the vote been heavier he might have been buried beneath a still more altitudinous avalanche.

The president's secretary, Mr. Norton, who is generally given credit for political acumen of a very high order and is regarded as the most astute political strategist of the president's official family, appears to have made a most disastrous foe in his letter,

which sets forth the fact that hereafter no distinction is to be made as between "progressives," "regulars" and "stand-patters" in the distribution of federal patronage. The new pronouncement amounts to little less than a frank avowal that those republicans in congress who have disagreed with the president have been penalized in the matter of official preferment. However patent this state of affairs may have been, there could hardly have been found a trained politician of the old school who could have been induced to admit it even in a whisper.

New York has a new candidate for a medal of some kind in the person of Robert C. Winter, a municipal officer-holder in this borough of the Bronx. Winter has just resigned a \$4,000 a year job on the plea that he did not believe there was any need for the office. His act is unique in the political history of New York city. Winter was named assistant superintendent of buildings in the Bronx soon after Mayor Gaynor's election. Finding himself restless in the \$4,000 berth where he could not discover enough work to earn his money, Mr. Winter wrote to President Miller, of the Bronx, declaring that in his judgment the office is unnecessary, and that the administration could get along quite as well without it as with it. Mr. Winter's suggestion, amazing in the annals of American politics, has been accepted, and the place will go out of existence on October 1.

## FORT WAYNE HOSPITALS

Mr. Williams' Reminiscence.

Fort Wayne has now four excellent hospitals—two Catholic and two Protestant. The St. Joseph, the St. Rochus, the Lutheran and the Hope hospital.

Many years ago when "City Hospital" was its title and its location the "Horace Hanna" property, corner East Lewis and Hanna streets, my father Jesse L. Williams, was in the habit of giving frequent small sums to help support the hospital, and on one occasion \$1,500.

Later it was suggested to abandon that location for another nearer the center of the town, and the "Oliver Hanna" property, corner Barr and East Washington, was mentioned as a good location. Mr. Oliver Hanna asked me to call at his office to talk it over, knowing that Mr. Williams had been considering the propriety of making a still larger donation for the benefit of the City hospital. I had thought myself, for some time, it would be a good move to bring the hospital down town, more convenient for the visiting physicians, and I therefore used my influence in helping to persuade my father to make a large donation toward the purchase of the "Oliver Hanna" property for the City hospital, which amount, \$5,000, would make it practicable to secure the property, then used as a boarding house. Mr. Hanna was glad to make the sale, a boarding house not usually a good tenancy, besides as a trustee of the hospital considering that its welfare would be enhanced by the purchase, and the price he made to his fellow trustees was a reasonable one. The donation of \$5,000 was made and the hospital has prospered in its new location, the "Oliver Hanna Building."

After the death of our parents I suggested to my two brothers that we three make a present of \$10,000 to the hospital by building a wing to the south to cost that amount of money. The wing was built on plans approved by Dr. Billings, the Boston expert authority in hospital construction. It was a trip to Baltimore to see the famous "Johns Hopkins" hospital in that city, Dr. Billings' work, and thence to Boston to see the architect who worked under his direction.

St. Joseph Hospital.

Many years previous to the above I myself having \$1,000 to give for hospital purposes divided it equally between the Catholic St. Joseph hospital and the Protestant City hospital, \$2,000 to each, and received much commendation from some of the Protestant trustees, long since deceased, who said, "Why did you not give it all to the Protestant hospital, you were born a Protestant?" "Yes, I was," was my reply, "and I protest against your unfairness in ignoring the fact that the Catholics established their hospital exactly twenty years before the Protestants ever thought of such a thing. If I had given all to one of the two, the full \$4,000 would have gone to the Catholics, a just reward for their early zeal in humanitarian work, their good example, which you are very late in following."

The Williams family has more than \$20,000 in the Fort Wayne hospitals, and the writer of this will not rest content until his individual contribution to the St. Joseph hospital shall be increased to at least equal the full amount of his several donations to the Hope hospital.

The trustees of the City hospital after the completion of our portion of it passed a resolution changing the name to the "Williams Hospital," but he objected to that, suggesting "Hope Hospital" instead. His present apparently significant title, for "While there's life there's hope."

HENRY M. WILLIAMS.

## READY TO RUN NIAGARA RAPIDS.

Captain Larsen Is to Make Trip in His Motor Boat Sunday.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Captain Klaus P. Larsen, of Cleveland, is in readiness for his ten-mile motor boat trip through the turbulent waters of the whirlpool rapids below Niagara Falls, which is scheduled to take place Sunday afternoon between 2 and 3 o'clock. This afternoon he tested his boat, the Ferro, and announced that the engine was working well, and the craft performed satisfactorily in the dangerous river currents.

Captain Larsen was one of the entrants of a race through the rapids, but the other eleven men withdrew and the race was called off. He, however, brought his boat here and will attempt the trip without any hope of reward.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50 % during August.  
16-Sat-17. KEIL & KEIL.

## NEWS OF FORT WAYNE'S NEIGHBORS

## CUPID LENDS AID TO HOUSE BURGLAR

Chains the Attention of Lovers While a Thief Loots Home of Valuables.

Huntington, Ind., Sept. 17.—While the daughter of the household was entertaining "her young man" downstairs a burglar entered the home of Winfield Cox, getting away with a purse and other valuables. At a late hour, when the last good lights had been said and the girl retired to her room, she found it in the greatest disorder, she clothing, the contents of the drawers of her bureau and clothing from the closets being scattered about. Her purse containing several dollars was missing and a fine yellow plume had been pulled from her hat, which showed the imprints of the burglar's hands. Although it was evident that the burglar had climbed up over the porch roof, out over the screen, forced the window and knocked over several articles of furniture during the search, the couple below heard nothing of him, Cupid having proved his best pal.

## REMAINS AS PASTOR.

Decatur Minister Refuses Offer of Anti-Saloon League.

Decatur, Ind., Sept. 17.—Rev. Richard Spetznagel, pastor of the Presbyterian church here, has written to Rev. Spumaker, state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Indiana, declining a second time the position of district superintendent of the Evansville district. The place carries with it a good salary, an office at Evansville, with an office force, and Rev. Spetznagel appreciates very much the honor thus tendered him. However, after a month of study he has declined the position, preferring to continue in the church work proper.

## BELGER IS INDICTED.

Columbia City, Ind., Sept. 17.—At 3:30 o'clock Friday afternoon the grand jury found an indictment in one count against Jack Belger for committing rape on the person of Ruth Johnson, on which charge Belger has been in jail for two months.

## "NO FRILLS"

Just Sensible Food Cured Him.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from indigestion and is lucky if he locates that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 70 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me. My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use, but finally to humor her I tried a little and they just struck my taste. It was the first food that I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 125 pounds in December to 151 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any fluff."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

W. B. Klopfenstein, of Leo, Wore Ear Muffs But Was Unhurt.

W. B. Klopfenstein, a hardware merchant of Leo, had a lucky escape from serious injury and perhaps death yesterday when an automobile which he was driving along a road six miles north of this city was struck at grade crossing No. 6 by a southbound express car on the Toledo and Chicago Interurban line. Klopfenstein's machine was badly smashed, but his injuries consisted merely of some scratches and bruises. The machine driver was wearing goggles and ear muffs and claims that he did not hear or see the interurban approaching. According to the motorman, however, the danger signal was given several times.

## FOR SALE

A new thoroughly modern 6-room house, 435 Wildwood, just east of Fairfield. This is an exceptionally beautiful home, and will be open for inspection Sunday afternoon. Come and see it. WALSH & KIERPSE.

## THE BIRTH RECORD.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lahmeyer, of 241 South Millie street—a daughter.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Rowman, of 719 Jackson street—a daughter.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50 % during August.  
16-Sat-17. KEIL & KEIL.

Dancing afternoon and evening, dancing pavilion at Fair Grounds. 17-18

## Lake Everett Thousand Acre Park

This will be the handsomest summer park in Indiana with its four lakes and a mile of canals forty feet wide connecting them, the spring fed headwaters of the southwest branch of Eel River, the elevation 130 feet higher than Calhoun Street at Court House in Fort Wayne. The two larger lakes are named the "Twi-Twee lakes," big and little "Twi-Twee," the alternative name of the Miami Indian village two miles west of these lakes, where lived the famous chief, "Little Turtle,"—"Twi-Twee," the charming call of the bird in the forest. The largest lake is not too large for electrical decoration, (half mile long, quarter mile wide) with lights on stakes at edge of the water, every light its duplicate by reflection in the water, a thousand lights giving two thousand, a fairy vision on a mid-summer night with the many motor-boats, row-boats and Indian canoes darting over the water.

## NAMES OF TREES. GROWING CROPS.

On example trees in the park are placed a hundred painted signs giving the names of all the different trees, such as white oak, black oak, red oak, burr oak, pin oak, ash, hickory, maple, walnut, hackberry, wild cherry, etc., etc., for the instruction of the children (some grown folks too) to cultivate their powers of observation by comparison. And the agriculturalist in charge will display each season, for their instruction in that science, example patches of the growing crops of corn, potatoes, turnips, onions, celery and peppermint on the prairie, and on the upland patches of wheat, oats, rye, barley, timothy and clover. He will display also one example of a crop growing by irrigation, with due notice to the children in the public press of the days of water flooding. All live by the soil and it will be both pleasure and profit for all to study the crop growing process.

## FISH FOR THE CHILDREN.

For the children are provided an abundant supply of fish of the kind they can catch, "blue gills." It requires a skillful sportsman to catch blue gills, of which there are, apparently, a quarter million young ones now in the lakes. The children of Fort Wayne and other towns tributary will catch every season ten thousand blue gills, a low estimate, and five cent baskets will be provided for them, with a layer of wet moss above and below, to carry home the fish alive.

## TWENTY MILES OF DRIVES.

This thousand acres will make the handsomest Driving Park in the state for autos and horses. There are now nine miles of roads cut out through the woods and over the prairie to be increased to twenty miles. Mr. Dinius, timber expert, estimates more than a quarter million trees of all kinds and sizes, not counting the smaller sizes, scattered through the park, which includes those in the 30 acres devoted to the animal park, deer and elk.

The average "autolast" likes to drive about 30 miles an evening and this ten mile drive to the park and return and 10 miles in the park will just about satisfy his daily longing and make him sleep good at night. A special road for autos will be provided from the city to the lake parallel with the railroad track, no horses allowed, dust kept down with oil.

The Interurban R. R. Fort Wayne to Columbia City, Winona, Plymouth, Valparaiso and Gary to Chicago

Will of necessity pass through Lake Everett Park, the only practicable low grade line, and the time ten minutes shorter to Columbia City than the high cost, high-grade, almost impracticable route over the deep gullies east of Arcola, the great sink hole west, and the high clay knobs around Coesse.

HENRY M. WILLIAMS.

eighty-five. His health began to fail about five years ago and in recent weeks his condition had become serious. All his children were present at his bedside Thursday as it was realized that death was near.

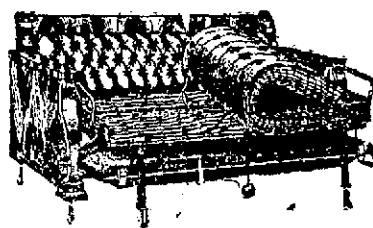
## INJURED AT KENDALLVILLE.

Kendallville, Ind., Sept. 17.—Charles

Fyle, of Fort Wayne, who is employed by the Home Telephone company at this city in the stringing of new cable, was painfully burned yesterday in the face and left eye when a kettle of paraffine over which he was standing, exploded. While the injured eye is very sore, it is thought that his sight will not be impaired. A local physician rendered aid.

## BOUGHT LOT AT TRI-LAKE.

Columbia City, Ind., Sept. 17.—L. D. Clapham sold lot 47 in Highland Park addition at Tri-lake Friday to Frederick D. Roham, of Fort Wayne. Most of the lots in this addition have been purchased by Fort Wayne parties and a number of them will build cottages next spring.



## The Daven-o

The dictionary of popular opinion says the word "DAVEN-O" means the highest grade upholstered davenport, having concealed within it a genuine metal bed.

This remarkable invention stands alone in the world as a successful combination of bed and davenport, with absolutely no sacrifice of appearance or comfort either.

## Economy of Space---Yet Solid Comfort

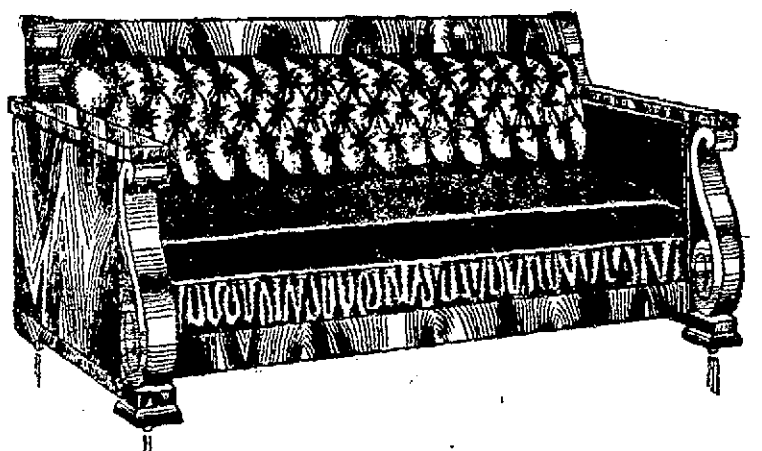
The principle upon which the DAVEN-O is constructed is fully protected by many patents and positively cannot be found in any other combination bed. It is actually a full-size, real bed for constant use (not for emergencies only), to all effects like a stationary bed, so concealed in a luxurious davenport that even an expert could not detect its double use.

On account of the perfection of the DAVEN-O as a davenport it has gone into the finest homes in America. The DAVEN-O is simply indispensable in small quarters, and no matter how many rooms you have there are always occasions when an extra bed is needed.

Remember the points that make it different from all others:

1. Working parts—Nothing but a hinge. Cannot get out of order.
2. You do not sleep on the upholstery, but on regular springs with thick mattress.
3. It is not to be made up at night, but in the morning, like any other bed.
4. All bed clothes, even pillows, are retained in bed, not stored away.
5. The bed part is made entirely of metal—therefore, perfectly sanitary. A thousand other advantages will come to your mind as you look at it and compare it with other makes.

Sold Exclusively in Fort Wayne by



## THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.

123-125 WEST MAIN STREET.

"THE QUALITY FURNITURE STORE"

## ALBION STREET FAIR.

Albion, Ind., Sept. 17.—Next week is the big street fair at Albion and from present indications it will be a success. Already attractions and exhibits are coming in. The fair will begin next Wednesday and continue for the remainder of the week.

## DEATH OF PIONEER.

John Colelesser, Long a Resident of Huntington County, Huntington, Ind., Sept. 17.—After a residence on his old farm in Jackson township since 1851 except for a period of six months last winter when he removed to North Manchester, John Colelesser, one of the best known pioneers of the northern part of the county, died at his home there Thursday night at 11 o'clock at the age of

# IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

## BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL WILL HOLD SERIES OF SPECIAL MEETINGS

Addresses by Instructors and Students to Be Features of the Meetings.

There will be preaching services at the Bible Training school at 10:30 a. m. Sunday and Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Instead of the mid-week prayer meeting for Wednesday evening a series of special meetings will be begun that evening in connection with the opening of the new school year. The following is the program:

Wednesday, September 21.  
3:00 p. m. Opening of the new school year. Brief addresses by instructors, workers, members of the executive committee, and testimonies by the students, old and new.

7:30 p. m. Song and Praise.  
8:00 p. m. Address by Rev. J. D. Williams, Indianapolis, district superintendent of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Thursday, September 22.  
10:00 a. m. Bible Study, D. V. Schultz.  
11:00 a. m. Bible Study, Dr. H. P. Welton.  
2:30 p. m. Testimony meeting.  
3:00 p. m. Address, Rev. A. E. Williams.  
3:30 p. m. Bible Study, Rev. J. D. Williams.  
7:30 p. m. Song and Praise, E. A. Rupp.  
8:00 p. m. Address, Rev. J. D. Williams.

Friday, September 23.  
10:00 a. m. Bible Study, Dr. Welton.  
11:00 a. m. Bible Study, D. V. Schultz.  
2:30 p. m. Prayer and testimony.  
3:00 p. m. Bible Study, Rev. H. C. Thiesens.  
3:30 p. m. Address, Dr. Welton.  
7:30 p. m. Song and Praise.  
8:00 p. m. Address, Rev. A. E. Williams.  
8:45 p. m. Consecration service.  
The service of song will be in charge of Brother E. A. Rupp, music instructor. Special selections will be sung at each afternoon and evening meeting.

Wayne Street M. E. Church.  
Rev. C. Claud Travis, pastor of the Wayne Street M. E. church, announces the following services for Sunday:  
9:30 a. m. Sabbath school, M. A. Mason, superintendent; 10:30 a. m. Morning worship; subject for the morning sermon will be "The Wickedness of Worry"; 4:00 p. m., open air meeting at McCulloch park; 7:30 p. m., evening service; subject for the sermon, "A Refreshing Shadow." The aim of the congregation is to make Wayne Street church a "home-like" church.

### A SACRED RECITAL

To Be Given Sunday Evening at Grace Reformed Church.

Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the Grace Reformed church Prof. Jesse K. Murdoch, a blind musician of rare ability, will give a sacred concert, using in his musical numbers both the violin and the piano. The program will be as follows:  
Piano—Sonata Pathétique op. 113.  
Violin—Beethoven.  
Violin—Angels' Serenade.... Bragge.  
Vocal—A Dream of Paradise.... Gray.  
Piano—Allegro from "Fantasia Mill-taire" (Mr. Murdoch's own composition).  
Vocal—"The New Born King," Edwards.  
Violin—Largo.... Handel.  
Piano—Hark, Hark, the Lark.... Schubert-Liszt.  
Vocal—"The Holy City".... Adams.  
Violin—Serenade (unaccompanied)....  
Vocal—"Fear Not Ye, O Israel.... Buck.  
Piano—Recollections of Home.... Mills.  
At the morning service he will assist the choir with violin. At this service Rev. Dr. A. K. Zartman, the pastor, will have as the subject of his sermon, "Without God."  
Prof. Murdoch, this blind musician who assists in the services, is a cousin of Dr. Zartman and is in the city taking treatment for his eye. Although

and a collection will be taken for that purpose, which the pastor, Rev. C. D. Rarey, desires to be large. Sunday school at 9:30; preaching at 10:30; subject, "Prayer and a Great Life"; subject for the evening service at 7:30, "Short Weights Exposed"; Senior Endeavor at 6:45.

### SUNDAY IN THE CHURCHES.

Pastors Announce Sunday Services and Sermon Topics.

Engineer J. A. Nippen, of the G. R. & L. will address an open meeting at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon. H. A. Philley will lead the song service.

Calvary L. B. Church—Sunday morning the pastor, Rev. G. F. Byrner, will speak on "The Great Question of Christ" and in the evening on "Civile Government." Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. A. A. Bower, superintendent. Mrs. Thomas Cole will lead the Young People's society at 6:30 with the subject, "Resist the Devil." The last conference year was a prosperous one and plans are now about complete for the work of the coming year.

At Christ's Lutheran church the pastor, Rev. P. J. Albertus, will preach in the morning on "The Second Commandment." The choir, consisting of Mrs. J. L. Swadner, Miss Catherine Schnell, Mr. T. W. Blair and Mr. Howard Downey, will sing "How Fair His Face." Regular vesper service will be held at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30. Luther league, 6:45 p. m.

Church of God—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Social services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. A. W. Ireland will preach. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.; leader, Mrs. M. L. Dull.

Simpson M. E. church—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; morning worship, 10:30 a. m.; sermon by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Greist; subject, "Examination Day." Class meeting, 11:30 a. m.; Junior Epworth league, 2:30 p. m.; Epworth league, 6:30 p. m.; subject, "Two Ways of Reading the Bible." Leaders, Jacob Crick and Miss Grace Hines. Evening worship, 7:30 p. m.; sermon by the pastor.

Plymouth Congregational church, Rev. Arthur J. Folsom, pastor. Bible school at 9:30; all are invited to attend the bible class of A. G. Barry. Morning worship at 10:45; sermon subject, "A Vision of God." Evening worship at 7:30. The pastor will preach along evangelistic lines every Sunday evening. Christian Endeavor at 6:30.

International Bible Students' association—C. L. Bauer, a noted bible student, will give a lecture Sunday afternoon at the Elektron building on the subject, "The Harvest of the Age." The seats are free and no collection will be taken.

A temperance meeting will be held Sunday at 3 p. m. at the Salvation Army citadel, on East Washington street, in charge of C. B. Waterson. Mrs. Bessie Niven will preside at the piano. Good singing, good speaking and a good meeting. Everybody invited.

First M. E. Church.  
The themes of the sermons of Rev. J. K. Cecil at the First M. E. church Sunday will be "The Unrecognized God" and "The Universal Gospel." The musical program will be as follows:  
Prelude—Andantino..... Calkin.  
Anthem—Jubilate in F..... Tours.  
Offertory—Intermezzo..... Dunham.  
Solo—"Oh Lord Be Merciful"..... Bartlett.  
Postlude..... Gounod.

Rededicate Church.  
Rev. H. H. Spilner, the pastor of the Church of God, will officiate tomorrow at the rededication of the church at Fairview, near Sheldon, which has undergone extensive repairs. New seats and artistic windows have been placed in it, new carpets laid and a light plant built.

The Bishop's Itinerary.  
Rt. Rev. J. H. Aldering, the bishop of this diocese, goes to Peru Sunday to confirm a large class. Monday he will be at Monterey, Tuesday at Winnamac and Wednesday at Pulaski. One week from next Wednesday he will be at Indiana Harbor.

Returned from Europe.  
Rev. Ignatus Raul, a missionary of the Church of the Precious Blood, of this city, returned this week from Europe, where he had been on an extended trip, spending considerable time at Rome.

Residence Nears Completion.  
The new residence of Rev. J. H. Ochtering, the pastor of the St. Mary's Catholic church, is rapidly approaching completion. It is probable it will be ready for occupancy by November 1st.

Christian Science.  
First Church of Christ, Scientist, 915 Harrison street—Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 11:30. Subject for tomorrow, "Matter," golden text, "I am the Lord; that is my name; and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images." Isaiah 42:8.

Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock in the church. Reading room at 501 Bass block, open daily except Sunday from 1:30 to 5 p. m. All are welcome both to the services and to the reading room.

Two Salvation Meetings.  
Supt. George I. Cooper, of the Rescue Home and Mission, announces salvation meetings for tonight and tomorrow night at the mission room. The singing this evening will be Miss Gertrude Potter, of the First Baptist church; Miss Emma Kettler, of this city, and Edward Bishop, of Auburn. Sunday evening Miss Hazel Schaub, of this city, will sing. Rev. Arthur R. Chevington will have charge of the service this evening, the theme being "A Good Man in a Bad Place."

Returns From Vacation.  
Rev. Henry B. Master, the pastor of the First Presbyterian church, returned early this morning from the Adirondacks, where, with his family, he has been spending his summer vacation, and will be in his pulpit Sunday at the morning service. There will be no vesper service in the afternoon.

Orphans' Home Day.  
It will be Orphans' Home day at the Bethel Evangelical church tomorrow

he has lost the sight of both eyes he is a musician of extraordinary attainments. He lost the sight of his left eye by being accidentally struck with a snowball when he was ten years of age. A few years later the sight of his right eye became impaired, resulting in total blindness about nine years ago. He has natural musical talent, and by close and studious application has acquired marvelous musical attainments. He took a six years' course in the state asylum for the blind at Columbus, O., and a special course of study at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. He is master of almost all musical instruments, an instructor in vocal and instrumental and orchestra music.

### SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF CITY

The Rally Day Canvass Will Close Next Week.

The rally day canvass being conducted by the Sunday schools affiliated with the City Sunday School association enters tomorrow upon its "home run week." The following aims have been recommended by the executive committee for the week:

First—To secure every enrolled member in the Sunday school on September 25.

Second—Every member of every family connected with the church or Sunday school in the Sunday school on that day.

Third—To secure every friend and neighbor of every enrolled member on that day.

To secure the first aim every teacher should pledge every enrolled member of her class to be present on September 25.

To attain the second object each superintendent should organize a canvassing committee and district the church membership for the purposes of the canvass.

To make sure of the last aim each teacher should pledge her pupils to invite their friends and neighbors for September 25th.

On September 25th three things are suggested as part of each program.

First—An explanation of the course of study used in the school, with a view to making plain the fact that the Sunday school of today is not a kindergarten, but a school with a class and course of study for each member of the family from baby to grandpa.

Second—An explanation of the organized adult bible class work, and the organization of such classes where none exist.

First M. E. Church.  
The themes of the sermons of Rev. J. K. Cecil at the First M. E. church Sunday will be "The Unrecognized God" and "The Universal Gospel." The musical program will be as follows:  
Prelude—Andantino..... Calkin.  
Anthem—Jubilate in F..... Tours.  
Offertory—Intermezzo..... Dunham.  
Solo—"Oh Lord Be Merciful"..... Bartlett.  
Postlude..... Gounod.

Prelude—From "Rebekah"..... Barnby.  
Anthem—"But the Lord is Mindful of His Own"..... Mendelssohn.  
Offertory..... Lynes.  
Postlude—"Festival March"..... Read.

Rededicate Church.  
Rev. H. H. Spilner, the pastor of the Church of God, will officiate tomorrow at the rededication of the church at Fairview, near Sheldon, which has undergone extensive repairs. New seats and artistic windows have been placed in it, new carpets laid and a light plant built.

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### MUSICAL PROGRAM

Rendered Sunday at the First Baptist Church Services.

The pastor, Rev. J. F. Vichert, will preach at both services. Morning subject, "What God Requires." Evening, "Counting the Cost."

It has been decided to hold Rally Week one week earlier than was originally proposed. Accordingly, Sept. 25 will be observed as Rally Sunday, and services will be held each evening of the following week.

On Wednesday evening reports of the meeting of the association in Huntington will be presented by delegates.

Musical Program—Morning.  
Lento..... Saint-George.  
Quartet—"Let All the Earth Praise the Lord"..... Baldwin.  
Prayer..... Kistler.  
Quartet—"Gently, Lord, O Gently Lead Us"..... Alden.  
Grand Choir..... Lemmens.

Evening.  
Romance..... Rheinberger.  
Quartet—"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes"..... Haysman.  
Melody..... DeLille.  
Quartet—"The Lord is Merciful"..... Burdett.  
Marche Solennelle..... Panke.  
Rev. F. A. Carlisle will preach in Beaver Chapel at 10:15.

A CLASS OF 200.  
Confirmed at Peru Tomorrow by Bishop Aldering.

Bishop Aldering will be at Peru Sunday to officiate at St. Charles Catholic church at confirmation exercises. A class of 200 persons will be confirmed. A number of visiting clergymen of the diocese will be present. This will be the first communion in St. Charles' church for three years and this is the reason for the class being so large. It includes the first communicants of the past three years, together with the more elderly people who have been received in the church during that time.

First Independent Spiritual Church.  
Public services at K. of P. home Sunday evening, 7:30 sharp.

Song, "Rejoice"..... Audience.  
Invocation..... Mrs. Brindle.  
Bible lesson.  
Song, "I Am Watching"..... Audience.  
Sermon.  
Song, "Over There"..... Audience.  
Texts..... Mrs. Brindle and others.  
Announcements..... President.  
Silver offering and interlude.  
Song, "God Be With You"..... Audience.  
Benediction..... Mrs. Myers.

West Jefferson Street Church of Christ.  
Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Other meetings are as follows: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; communion service at 10:30 a. m.; Junior Endeavor at 2:30 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.; John Aylesworth Men's Bible class at 9:30 a. m.

Themes of sermons by the pastor, Rev. Earle Marion Todd—Morning, "The Things That Are Near;" evening, "Friendship With God." A special invitation to attend these services is extended to teachers lately come to live in the city. Special attention is given to the music.

Men are invited to visit the Men's Bible class at 9:30. The class is led

by the pastor and is following a series of lessons published by the American Institute of Social Service, entitled "What to Do in Social Reform."

The church and Sunday school and Y. P. S. C. E. will observe Sunday, September 25th, as Rally Sunday, and tomorrow as Preparation day. Everybody is expected.

Westminster Presbyterian church, Rev. H. S. Morrison, pastor. Morning service, 10:30; evening service, 7:30; Sunday school, 9:15; Christian Endeavor, 6:20. The stereopticon will be used by the pastor in the delivery of his evening sermon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

Fort Wayne Presbytery.  
All the Presbyterian pastors of the city will leave Monday for Lima, Ind., to be in attendance at the Fort Wayne Presbytery, which begins its sessions there on the evening of that day, continuing over Tuesday.

Supt. Ruf Will Preach.  
Rev. J. H. Bosch, pastor of St. John's Reformed church, is in Michigan on his "hay fever vacation" and his pulpit will be filled Sunday forenoon by Rev. R. Ruf, the superintendent of the Reformed Orphan's home. There will be no evening service.

Trinity M. E. church, Rev. Mr. Hill, pastor—Sunday school at 9:30; Junior league, 2 p. m.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30. The pastor will preach in the forenoon at 10:30, on "The Vine and Its Branches," and in the evening at 7:30 on "The First Things."

The morning sermon subject at the St. Paul M. E. church will be "Out of Conflict Into Victory." In the evening the theme will be "Where to Carry Our Sins."

Bethany Presbyterian church—Sunday school at 9:30; morning service at 10:30, instead of 11; evening service at 7:30; Christian Endeavor at 6:45.

Rev. Frank M. Fox, the pastor, will preach tomorrow forenoon at the Third Presbyterian church on the subject, "The Lenses of Life," and in the evening "Pharisee or Christian, Which?"

West Creighton Avenue Church of Christ, J. H. McCartney, pastor—Services at 10:30 and 7:45, the sermon theme being "The Present Life" and "Conditions of Discipleship."

The Ladies' Aid society of the Church of God will meet Tuesday evening with Mrs. Henry Hochman, 415 Eckert street.

LUTHERAN CITY LEAGUE.  
Permanent Organization Will Be Effected Monday Evening.

A permanent organization of a city league of the Walther leagues of the different Lutheran churches of the city will be effected at a mass meeting to be held Monday evening, in which twelve organizations will participate, representing the societies in Fort Wayne. It is expected 1,000 young people will attend this meeting.

The Walther league branch of the Emmaus church has elected Paul Hitzman as a member of the executive committee and Oscar Bender was nominated as a candidate for office in the city league. The league of the Trinity Lutheran church has nominated Henry Franke as a candidate for office in the city league and Otto Seigrist as a member of the executive board.

THE CORONA GIRLS.  
Monthly Business Meeting and Social Is Held.

The "Corona Girls," of the First M. E. church, held their regular monthly business meeting and social at the home of Miss Beulah McCrae, Clay street. After the business session an interesting program was rendered.

First on program was a reading by Miss Elva Flann, followed by a contest, a clever star love story given in musical numbers. Miss Josephine Horning gave two beautiful solos. Refreshments were served in the cosy dining-room, decorated with the class colors, blue and gold, to twenty-six young ladies, after which the class song was sung and the crowd disbanded.

The girls are planning an interesting parlor entertainment to be given at the home of Mrs. H. E. Noble, Broadway, some time in October, to which a special invitation will be given to their many friends. Committees have already been appointed to arrange the program, which will no doubt surpass anything of its kind that has ever been given in this city. The class has taken the responsibility of educating a girl in the McCleskey home, Boaz, Ala. A farewell offering will be taken at the open meeting next month.

Pure Olive Oil.  
You don't know what it is until you have used ours—the pure virgin oil expressed from the ripe select fruit, has a fragrant, nut-like odor and palatable taste. It's fine for medicinal or table use and costs no more than ordinary kind.  
50c Per Pint; 1/2 Pint, 30c

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PRIVATE AMBULANCE.

NO MATTER WHAT TERMS OTHERS OFFER YOU, I UNDERBID.  
Consult the specialist with MOST EXPERIENCE if you have private or chronic weakness, disease or deformity.

DR. KOWENSTROY, 320 Harrison St.  
MAIL TREATMENT \$1.00.

# The One Price Store Fall and Winter The Bargain Store

We cannot talk to you plain enough in the columns of our papers to impress upon your minds that we positively are in position to save you money on fall and winter merchandise—our buying facilities being such that we own our merchandise at the same prices as a great many jobbers.  
Come, see the merchandise; we will save you money.

## MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

You may want to get an odd piece of Muslin Underwear to finish the season or to match some of your other weights and styles.

We have received a new stock, mostly next spring styles.

Good Corset Covers, excellent values for 50c, 45c, 25c and 19c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers..... 50c, 39c and 25c  
Children's Drawers..... 25c, 15c, 12 1/2c and 10c  
Muslin Gowns, some excellent values..... \$1.95, \$1.45, 95c and 50c  
Muslin Petticoats, some excellent values..... \$1.95, \$1.45, 95c and 50c

## BIG BARGAINS IN UNDERWEAR

We have a very large stock of Underwear. You may find almost all kinds for Men, Women and Children. Children's Underwear in good, heavy fleeced, according to size; vests and pants; now..... 35c, 25c, 15c and 10c

## MEN'S AND BOYS' UNDERWEAR

Hundreds of dozens, our special price on 50c and 60c fleeced lined Union Suits, shirts and drawers, now..... 45c  
\$1.25 Fleeced Lined Union Suits for Men..... 95c  
Ladies' Gray Wool Union Suits, now..... \$1.45 and 95c  
Ladies' Good Heavy Fleeced Vests and Pants..... 25c  
Heavy Fleeced Vests and Pants, worth 60c each, now..... 45c

## OUR READY-TO-WEAR SECTION

Ladies' Suits, Coats, Skirts and Waists—Our Second Floor is all complete and we are showing the best medium and popular priced line of ready-to-wear goods in Fort Wayne.

Children's Coats..... 95c each to \$7.45  
Misses' Coats..... \$1.45 each to \$12.45  
Ladies' Cloaks and Suits..... \$4.95 to \$35.00  
Ladies' Skirts, special values..... \$1.95 to \$12.45  
Ladies' Waists, special values..... 95c to \$6.45

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The Hinman Co.

608 Calhoun Street.

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## FAREWELL IS SAID TO AN IMMENSE AUDIENCE

Reception Follows Final Discourse of Rabbi H. W. Ettelson.

Before an immense audience at the Jewish temple Friday evening, Rabbi Harry W. Ettelson was heard in his final discourse to the Fort Wayne congregation, and in closing said:

"The last words must now be spoken. I say them with a tremulous heart. My sincere wishes are for your well-being. I pray that good health may be yours and the opportunities for service and the joy of right living and successful work and inner peace, as well as outward prosperity, be yours in full measure. May you indeed fare well. Goodbye, you know is only a shortened way of saying, 'God be with you.' In this spirit of a parting benediction, commending you to the enfolding love and the everlasting arms of our Heavenly Father, I say a long, lingering and loving 'good-bye.'"

His Words of Farewell.  
The rabbi spoke at some length upon his personal relations with the Fort Wayne congregation, and in closing said:

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The discourse Friday evening was followed by an informal reception, in the course of which Rabbi Ettelson was given renewed expression of the kindly feeling in which he is held, not alone by the members of the Jewish congregation, but by the people of Fort Wayne generally. On behalf of the congregation and the choir, Messrs. M. Frank and L. Freiburger read appropriate expressions, and in addition spoke briefly in the way of personal tribute.

Rabbi Ettelson's Address.  
"Be Strong and Courageous" was the theme chosen by Rabbi Ettelson for his farewell discourse, in the course of which he said in part:

"This, friends, is the two-fold preachment I would bring you: strength in this case meaning staunch loyalty and devotion to the higher

principles and ideals; courage meaning the brave and optimistic faith that these higher principles and ideals must triumph. This is the quintessence of all true religion. It is our own old Judaism as laid down in the law and the prophets, only interpreted in terms of our present day needs and opportunities and duties. All my sermons during my ministry have simply been so many attempts to bring home the different phases and aspects and applications of these central truths. And I felt that I could do nothing better for this parting night than to weave the separate strands together into one fabric and pattern—viz: faithfulness and faith."

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# SOCIETY

The social affairs of the week have been confined principally to the coming brides. On them have been bestowed gifts and parties which intimate friends have enjoyed equally well with the honor guests. The coming week will witness several weddings and more entertaining for young women who have selected a later time of the month for their wedding days.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rohrer, of Topeka, Kan., are coming the last of next week to attend the wedding of Miss Elmer Bond and Edmund Miller, which will take place on Sept. 28. Mr. and Mrs. Rohrer will be guests of Mrs. Nellie Lee during their visit and Mrs. Rohrer will entertain in honor of Miss Bond on Monday afternoon, Sept. 26. In the evening of the same day Mrs. Walter Barrett will give a dinner for the bride party.

Mrs. Fred C. Peters gave a small bridge party at her home in Rockhill street last evening in honor of Miss Flora Peters and Philip Bursley, whose wedding will take place on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride in the presence of only the immediate families. The guests at Mrs. Peters' party included intimate friends of the elected bride and bridegroom. The card tables were set for the supper with a lovely decoration of white with pink and pink candles hooded in pink. Score cards for bridge were in the form of wedding balls with appropriate decoration. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bursley, of Ann Arbor, Mich., who have been abroad all summer, arrived in New York today and will reach this city on Monday. Mr. Bursley will be the attendant at his brother's wedding. Mr. and Mrs. George Sunderland, of Chicago, were out of town guests at the party last evening.

Miss Gertrude Kocks was the hostess on Thursday evening for a party given in honor of Miss Marcelle App, whose marriage to Mr. Peter Bangert will take place at St. Mary's Catholic church the coming week. The party decorations expressed the colors of green and white mainly, though Miss App's chair at supper time was indicated with a bunch of pink asters. Prizes won in games were presented to Miss App by Misses Helen Baker, Cecilia Mettler and Florence Becker. Other young ladies who were present to enjoy the good time were Misses Clara Schwartz, Alma App, Anna Deininger, Clara Woenker, Marie Tonsing, Mary Kieckhefer, Bernadine Violand, Rosa and Marie App, Frances Christian, Marie Bogenschuetz and Marie Kocks.

Miss Edith Zook, whose marriage next Wednesday to Frank Allen Taylor, of Cumberland, Md., will be a quiet home affair, has been the honor guest at a number of pre-nuptial parties. Several of these parties Miss Zook was presented with wedding gifts from her friends. Last evening Miss Georgia Wirth entertained a company of friends and the bride-elect was given a "shower" of china gifts. On Thursday evening Miss Helen Ingham gave a very pretty party with decorations of "hearts" in red and white and progressive hearts as the amusement of the company, who were young ladies of a club to which Miss Zook belongs. On Tuesday evening quite an elaborate social affair was enjoyed by members of a study class to which Miss Zook has belonged for some time. Mrs. E. Law, of East Lewis street, was the hostess and she was assisted by Miss Maud Wells in arranging a program of entertainment. Aside from pretty decorations there was a supper at which toasts were given with an idea of having as much fun as could be crowded into the time. Mrs. Shultz responded to "Mother's Biscuits." Mrs. E. Feustel to the query, "What shall be done with the man who persists in reading his newspaper at the breakfast table?" Mrs. Dr. Baird to "Which does a man prefer, intellect or beauty?" Miss Cella Hoffer to "Why don't the men propose?" and Miss Zook discussed the problem of what should be done with a man who always inquires of his wife what she has done with the last amount of money he had given her. There was an original game of hearts for further amusement. Miss Edith Zook presented Miss Zook with a handsome piece of silver, the gift of the company.

Blaine B. Shimmel, of Grand Rapids, arrived in the city today to spend Sunday with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wilson went to New York city today on a short trip. Mr. Wilson went on business.

Mrs. C. F. W. Meyer left this morning for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Feltz, in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Mrs. Walter Seavey and children are

expected home tonight from an outing at Bay View and Petoskey, Mich.

Herbert Hanna, of East Berry street, has returned from a trip to Montreal and other Canadian points. Mrs. Clara Pequinot, of Forest park, has gone to Chillicothe, Mo., to spend several weeks with her brother.

Mrs. Barber, of South Calhoun street, will be the hostess for the No. Plus Ultra club next Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bracknridge and children came home from Clear Lake on Thursday, where they spent a month.

Mrs. C. T. Pidgeon expects Mrs. Will S. Turner, of Denver, Col., and little child to arrive here soon to make her a visit.

Miss Elizabeth McCaffrey has gone to Pittsburg, Kan., where she will be the guest of her brother and his family for the next two weeks.

Mrs. Robert S. Bradshaw, of West Wayne street, and children, who have been spending the summer at Clear Lake, returned home this week.

Miss Rosa Farrell, of Xenia, Ohio, and Miss Anna Burch, of Springfield, Ohio, are guests of Mrs. C. L. Hamilton, of South Calhoun street.

Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Averill and children came home yesterday from Bay View, Mich., where Mrs. Averill and the children had spent the summer.

John B. Archer has returned from a visit with relatives in Blackington, Miss., and a trip to New York, in the interests of the Apollo club of this city.

Mrs. George F. Bandtel and daughters, of 304 Masterson avenue, have returned home after a four weeks' visit with friends in Bay City and Yassar, Mich.

E. Ralph Yarnell leaves tonight for Burt Lake, Mich., where Mrs. Yarnell and family have been all summer. They will return home the middle of next week.

The Misses Luella Borgman and Edith Rolt have returned home from Cincinnati and Columbus, where they spent several weeks visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Nina McDermott, of Fond du Lac, Wis., who has been visiting Mrs. E. Uehling for a month, went to Chicago today and after a short visit there will return home.

Mr. and Mrs. V. V. Douglass and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Rodabaugh and D. Burns Douglass will motor to Lake James on Monday to spend a few days at the Rodabaugh cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Lehman and daughter, Miss Louise Lehman, have returned from a visit in Germany with relatives of Mr. Lehman and a tour of important places. They were abroad about three months.

Miss Kay Spencer, the well known contralto and voice teacher, came home today from New York city and other eastern points, where she spent the summer. Miss Spencer will open her studio on Monday.

Mrs. Anna and Mary McCarthy and brother, B. P. McCarthy, have returned from a trip to Toronto, Montreal, Thousand Islands and Quebec. During the time they attended the Eucharistic congress in Montreal.

Miss Lockhart, organist of the First Presbyterian church of Chicago, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomas E. West, of Scott avenue, will give an informal recital on the organ at the Wayne Street M. E. church this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clover gave a dinner party on Thursday evening in honor of their guests, Miss Mary Williams, of Logansport; Miss Elizabeth Kuhn, of Winamac, and Miss Catherine Wilman, of Plymouth. A pleasant time was enjoyed.

Mrs. Carl Taylor gave a small birthday party this afternoon in honor of her small son and also for her niece, Miss Dorothy Heaton. There were but six of Miss Dorothy's nearest friends asked to the supper and a marshmallow bake afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Underwood and Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Underwood will leave in a day or two for West Mansfield, Ohio, to attend the golden wedding of their parents. About seventy-five people are expected to attend the celebration as a family reunion will be held at that time.

Miss Lucile House and her guest, Miss Charlotte Campbell, of Knoxville, Ind., went to Clear Lake today to remain over Sunday. On Tuesday Miss Campbell will go to Chicago to join a party of young ladies who will have a special car to St. Mary's school, Knoxville, where Miss Campbell is a teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kees and family, of Melrose, O., who are going to Oklahoma to live, stopped in this city and in New Haven on their way to visit relatives. In this city the visitors were guests of Mr. Kees' sister, Mrs. Albert Little, and family and of Mrs. Kees' brother, John Barber, and family. In

New Haven Mr. and Mrs. Kees visited his mother and brother.

One of the several pretty and greatly enjoyed parties given in honor of Miss Margaret Donlon, of Waltham, Mass., who is visiting her cousin Miss Margaret A. Murphy, of East Berry street, was that at the home of Miss Nora Kresge, of Indiana avenue, last evening.

Early in the evening the guests, who were members of this L. V. B. club, enjoyed a marshmallow lake outdoors, but the "bake" merely whetted their appetites so all were ready for a delicious supper served in the house a little later. The supper table was decorated with goldenrod. A bowl of flowers made a lovely decoration for the center of the table and sprays of flowers lay at each plate.

Mrs. August Witte, of Crescent avenue, was given a surprise party on Wednesday evening by a company of ladies who had been invited to meet for that purpose by Mrs. Witte's mother, Mrs. Louis Schoppman. A game of progressive pedro was enjoyed and then a delicious supper was served the guests by Mrs. Schoppman.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. Christ Witte, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schoppman, Mr. and Mrs. Will Schoppman, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Keller, Mr. and Mrs. George Sosenheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Balla, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hausbach, Misses Ethel Brandon, Bertha Sherer, Velma Witte, Marie Clemens, Marcelle Pauls, and Messrs. Edward Witte, Laurence Schoppman, Walter and Paul Schoppman.

Minster-Cartwright. Miss Hazel M. Cartwright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Cartwright, of this city, and Mr. Roy C. Minster, an employee for the Horion Manufacturing company, were married at 11:30 o'clock this morning at the Baptist parsonage by Rev. J. F. Vichert. The bride and groom will go directly to housekeeping at 938 Herman street.

THE NEW COLONIAL THEATER. The Colonial Theater Co., of Joliet, Illinois, capitalized at more than half a million dollars, opened their theater, which is one of the largest and most beautiful theaters of its kind in the country today at 1 p. m. The theater is the safest of its kind and can be emptied in less than 3 minutes. They are to have the very best pictures and musical talent that money can secure, and nothing will be shown that can possibly offend the most refined tastes.

The new play house has a seating capacity of 600, and is the largest one on the Colonial Theaters circuit, which consists of 11 houses and is under way to be opened this fall. The operating room has a system of closing all openings automatically, which makes the place entirely safe against fires. The capitalists back of the Colonial Theaters Co. are Messrs. W. B. Moore, P. W. Woodruff and Geo. Woodruff, and will be under the management of Byron Cyphers, of Springfield, Illinois, who prior to his connection with the Colonial Theaters Co. was connected with the state civil service commission of Illinois.

Worry Causes Insanity. Motorman Broods Over Wreck in Which Conductor Met Death. Evansville, Ind., Sept. 17.—Worry over the fact that in a collision between his street car and a railroad locomotive twelve years ago his conductor, Joseph McReynolds, was killed, was alleged yesterday as the cause of the insanity of Charles Richle, 40 years old, formerly a motorman. A commission pronounced him insane.

Chooses Church for Talent. Richmond Vocalist Refuses Operatic Offers and Takes Religious Field. Richmond, Ind., Sept. 17.—Leroy Lacey, one of the best known of local vocalists, has decided to take up evangelistic work and will leave Sept. 24, beginning his work at Rushville, where the Rev. Thomas H. Kuhn will conduct a series of meetings. Mr. Lacey has chosen the evangelistic work in preference to opera, having refused several offers in the latter field.

MILLINERY OPENING. Tuesday, September 20th. BORGMAN & STEIN, 1111 Broadway.

Edward H. Lampke, delegate from the local Plumbers' union, went to Milwaukee today to attend the three weeks' sessions of the international convention of plumbers.

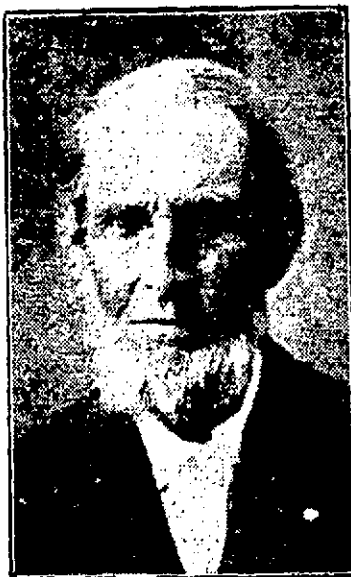
20,000 men and women of Fort Wayne have never visited Lake Everett; one-half hour drive by auto. View of woods and waters from east side of lake lovely. Handsomest in the state.

ter, one cupful of molasses, one glass-ful of brandy. Grate off the yellow rind of both lemons, then squeeze them and strain the juice. Put the molasses and butter in a bowl over the tea-kettle, stirring occasionally until the butter melts. Add the lemon juice, rind and brandy, then mix all the ingredients together and make into cakes, place them on buttered tins and bake in a moderate oven.

Sago Pudding. Wash half a cupful of sago and drain, then soak it in half a cupful of warm water for ten minutes. Put one pint of milk on to boil; when it boils stir in the sago and boil for five minutes, stirring constantly, by which time the sago will be cooked enough and quite clear; take the pan from the fire and stir in one heaping tablespoonful of sugar and half a tablespoonful of butter. Beat up two eggs and add them, mixing well, pour the whole into a buttered pudding dish; sprinkle a little ground cinnamon over the top and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Lemon Gingerbread. Two large lemons, four cupfuls of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of ground ginger, one-eighth of a tea-spoonful of cayenne, one cupful of but-

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Marquardt, of Madison Township, to Celebrate Golden Wedding.



MR. ADAM MARQUARDT.



MRS. ADAM MARQUARDT.

Fifty years ago on Monday, Sept. 19, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Marquardt, well known and highly esteemed citizens of Allen county, were married. Next Monday at their beautiful farm home, in Madison township, they expect to greet many of the hundreds of friends and relatives they have invited to observe the golden wedding, for which elaborate preparations have been made. Mr. Marquardt is the fourth of a family of nine children, three of whom are still living. He was born in Pennsylvania, November 25, 1835. When only an infant Mr. Marquardt's parents moved to Springfield, Ohio, and about two years later to Fort Wayne. In 1838 Mr. Marquardt's parents located on a 160-acre farm of section 11, Madison township, and ever since the old homestead has been occupied by members of the family bearing the Marquardt name. The Marquardt family experienced the hardships of pioneer days and their descendants

have ever been active in the work of bettering and improving the vicinity in which they lived, until now the Marquardt farm is one of the most beautiful farming tracts in the state. On September 19 Mr. Adam Marquardt was united in marriage to Miss Charlotte Kruse, the fourth child of Mr. William Kruse, of Madison township, Rev. Houseman, pastor at that time of the German Lutheran church, performed the marriage ceremony. Previous to his marriage Mr. Marquardt had provided a home for his bride on erecting a log house on the site on which they now live in a commodious and modern home. They have had eight children, of whom the two older ones died. There are living Mrs. Anna Mook, Mrs. Lizzie Meyers, Louis and John F. Marquardt, of Madison township; Mrs. Alice Muehlhoff, of Moorsville; and Mrs. Lauretta Muehlhoff, of Warsaw. There are nine grandchildren who will be present at the golden wedding celebration.

THE NEW COLONIAL THEATER.

The Colonial Theater Co., of Joliet, Illinois, capitalized at more than half a million dollars, opened their theater, which is one of the largest and most beautiful theaters of its kind in the country today at 1 p. m. The theater is the safest of its kind and can be emptied in less than 3 minutes. They are to have the very best pictures and musical talent that money can secure, and nothing will be shown that can possibly offend the most refined tastes. The new play house has a seating capacity of 600, and is the largest one on the Colonial Theaters circuit, which consists of 11 houses and is under way to be opened this fall. The operating room has a system of closing all openings automatically, which makes the place entirely safe against fires. The capitalists back of the Colonial Theaters Co. are Messrs. W. B. Moore, P. W. Woodruff and Geo. Woodruff, and will be under the management of Byron Cyphers, of Springfield, Illinois, who prior to his connection with the Colonial Theaters Co. was connected with the state civil service commission of Illinois.



A Benefit to Women

That's what our establishment is. We make women happy and contented because we add charm and beauty to their personal appearance. Our business is to make women more attractive, more beautiful. We can do this for our unusually good line of coiffures, in the various shades, weights and lengths are better than most places offer. We do shampooing, massaging and give the most careful attention to Milady's toilet. We use the purest massage creams that money can buy. Our suggestions will help you, too, because we get the newest ideas when they are now.

50c Stillman's Freckle Cream, 39c.

Natural Wavy Switches, very good hair, from \$2.00 up.

INEZ KIEFER

Hair Work, Shampooing, Manicuring, Facial Massage. 216 WEST BERRY STREET, Telephone 2237. Residence 1665.

VERY one of our Wooltex garments is critically inspected four times before the Wooltex label is sewed in, so you may be sure of unusual excellence in your Wooltex coat, suit or skirt.

Wolf & Dessauer

The Store That Sells Wooltex

FIFTY TO SING AND CHEER FOR THEIR ALMA MATER

Those Who Hold Michigan Dear to Hearts Will Banquet Tonight.

The fond memories of days spent at Ann Arbor, Mich., attending classes in the University of Michigan will be recalled in songs and yells by some fifty alumni of the institution at the banquet to be given at 6:30 o'clock this evening in the Anthony hotel. It is an event which the younger men, those who are attending the school during the present day, have arranged for their alumni. Within the past ten or fifteen years there have only been two Michigan banquets held in this city and both have been very enjoyable. That this evening, it is believed, will be even more so, for there are more alumni and enthusiasm is at a high pitch.

Not Merely Fort Wayne Affair. This banquet has been arranged not only for Fort Wayne alumni, but also for alumni all over northern Indiana and several are expected from other places. The local undergraduates who formed themselves into an association were able to obtain at least a partial list of the alumni living in this city, but were unable to obtain the names of those in other towns. Several responses have been received from a general invitation sent out, however.

The list of alumni living in Fort Wayne as far as can be learned is: John B. Archer, William N. Ballou, James M. Barrett, Walter Barrett, Henry J. Bowerling, Joseph Bursley, Philip Bursley, Watts P. Denny, John H. Feldes, Thomas E. Ellison, Franklin A. Emrick, Dr. Gilpin, Harry W. Ginty, John W. Hall, Henry C. Hanna, Roscoe Henton, Harry Hilgemann, John Clarence Hoffman, Edward G. Hoffman, Elwin Hulise, Hugh G. Keegan, Frank H. Kleckamp, Charles W. Kuhne, Chester T. Lane, Winthrop D. Lane, Elmer N. Leonard, Thomas J. Logan, George W. Louttit, Melville A. Mason, Edward H. Miller, Benjamin H. Mommer, John Morris, B. Paul Mossman, Daniel B. Nind, William H. Noll, William S. O'Rourke, Arthur W. Parry, Will Peitler, Howard H. Pierce, Perry A. Randall, William F. Ranke, Jacob Ritter, John F. Rodabaugh, John M. Rosenthal, Charles J. Rothschild, Fred J. Schultz, Walter R. Seaver, Frederick R. Shaff, William W. Shryock, Edward F. Sites, Henry L. Smith, Allen J. Veser, Edward H. Wilson, Carver C. Wood, Charles H. Worden and Carl Yapple.

The undergraduate association is composed of the following: General chairman, Eben E. Lane; secretary and treasurer, David Vesey, and Carl Schroeder, Herbert Miller, Roland Hofmann, Lewis Brame, Carl Court, Harry Meuler, Robert Lane, Otto

Why Not Bake Crackers at Home?

If some friend should ask you that question, you would answer something like this: "Because I haven't the facilities and couldn't bake them as good as those I buy at any grocery."

Right you are! But listen here, you women who DO BAKE BREAD at home! Your facilities for baking crackers are just as good as your facilities for baking bread, and you could bake just as good crackers as you can bread.

Why, then, do you bake bread at home and not crackers? Simply this, "Habit."

You have always been accustomed to baking your bread and buying your crackers. You wouldn't think of baking crackers at home, because you know our facilities are so much better than yours, and we can bake better crackers.

It is the same way with bread. Because our facilities are so much better than yours, we can bake bread that is unsurpassed by any.

"Quality" is the name of our new ten-cent loaf. Try it a few days and then see if you do not give up the bread-baking habit.

At your own Dealer's. Quality Bread Perfection Biscuit Company

JOHN B. ARCHER Will resume his classes on Monday in Piano and Pipe Organ. New pupils solicited. Special attention given to beginners. Studio on ground floor of Art School Building, corner Wayne and Webster. Telephone 2733

## OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR HOUSEKEEPER'S DAILY USE

SATURDAY, SEPT. 17.

Breakfast. Porridge. Cream With Milk. Egg au Lait. Cream Soups. Coffee. Lunch. Fish Souffle. Creamy Salad. Lemon Gingerbread. Tea. Dinner. Potato Soup. Roast Beef. Potatoes. Mashed Turnips. Olive Salad. Cheese Biscuits. Sago Pudding. Coffee.

RECIPES.

Lemon Gingerbread. Two large lemons, four cupfuls of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of ground ginger, one-eighth of a tea-spoonful of cayenne, one cupful of but-

# Some of the Inside of the Moving Picture Business

New York, Sept. 17.—Right off the reel it might be well to state that a large part of the population is moving picture mad, and if you don't believe it, just separate yourself from ten cents and drop into any one of the 750-odd places in this city where the drama is now being elevated through the medium of films. Until the call of art grew too strong to be resisted most of these places were devoted exclusively to sheltering meat markets, bun foundries, barber shops or shirt and collar hospitals, but included in the list are at least fifteen regular theaters which formerly presented dramatic attractions of one kind or another.

This is one of the most interesting facts concerning the amazing growth of a comparatively new branch of the amusement business which started on a wooden stage a few years ago and which has developed so rapidly that it now represents an investment of about \$25,000,000 in this country alone. One of the remarkable features about its growth is that it developed right under the eyes of shrewd theatrical managers, who regarded it as beneath their notice, but who have awakened to the fact that it is here to stay and that it is a factor in the amusement business which will have to be recognized from now on.

It is expected that in the course of a few weeks five more regular theaters in New York will succumb to the temptation and that midsummer will find a score of the legitimate houses catering to the film fans. The average person who patronizes the regular playhouses will tell you that he has never been inside one of the moving picture plants. He knows there are such places, because "Moving Pictures and Vaudeville" signs look down upon him from over so many buildings, but he still regards this form of entertainment as being in the nickel-in-the-slot class. He doesn't know that the pictures have reached the highest state of perfection, that whole dramas are staged on the white muslin sheets, that the films are changed every day in the best places, and that in addition to the pictures he can see half a dozen entertaining vaudeville acts.

But one of these days—maybe today, as soon as he gets through with this story—he is going to march right up to one of the circular ticket booths, slap down ten cents in a reckless manner and walk right in, no matter who is watching. And he won't turn around and walk right out again, either, because the minute he enters the place he becomes a moving picture fiend. Once inoculated with the film germ, there is no hope for his recovery. Managers say there isn't a case on record where a moving picture man has ever reformed. He goes away after the first trip promising himself that he will never again be guilty of such conduct, but he goes back again, and the habit gets such a hold on him that he can not pass a film factory without going in.

**Effect on the Family.** He has to wear "binders" to get to work on time. He raves about moving pictures during his waking hours and snores about them during his sleep, and finally prevails upon his wife and children to accompany him on his moving picture spree. That settles it with the family so far as a peaceful existence is concerned. They are happier than ever, but they are not contented unless they are on the move all the time. Everything has to be done along moving picture lines. On their way to and from school the children bounce up and down the stairs half a dozen steps at a time, take a running jump and land in the middle of the dinner table, and kick the dashboard off the bed while they are asleep. Mamma hops from the carpet sweeper to the dust rag with a mile-a-minute velocity, and keeps the crockery sailing through the air like a juggler while washing it. Father shaves himself with one hand and shines his boots with the other, while holding the sporting page between his teeth and reading the baseball scores. Some families give their best moving performances the night before the landlord is due.

Thousands of persons keep complete records of the pictures they have seen, and vow he to the film impresario who tries to ring in an old one on them. On Mondays these persons may be seen inspecting the programs which occupy a prominent space in the lobbies of the theaters. A glance at their notebooks will tell them whether the offering is up-to-date. If the bill looks good they post their forefolds at the pay shanty, and if not they move along to the next station. Managers got wise to this early and now change their pictures every day. The smaller places are not compelled to do this, because they charge but five cents admission, but the more important houses have to keep up to the minute in order to hold their patronage.

While the admission in the better class of picture houses is small, ranging from ten to twenty cents for orchestra seats to fifty for a box seat, the expenses of conducting such an entertainment are slight compared with the cost of operating a regular theater. The orchestra in most of the houses consists of a piano player and drummer, each of whom has to be a finished performer in his line. In addition to playing for the vaudeville artists, they contribute in a great measure to the success of the pictures. The pianist has to know just when to pull Mr. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and "My Wife's Gone to the Country," while the drummer is the busiest little party in seventeen states.

The drummer sits in the center of an assortment of junk that would make an old curiosity shop look like an orderly proceeding. It is up to him to reproduce all sorts of noises and disturbances to fit the pictures, and he is haunted by wedding bells, fire bells, sirens, whistles, tombstones, squawks, cymbals, sandpaper and a dozen other sound-makers. He starts an Indian uprising and puts it down six times a day without any assistance. For Indian uprisings are always popular in pictures. It is he who stirs the blood of the audience by bringing a pair of coconut shells together to represent hoof beats when the machine shows the good Indian galloping toward the fort to turn state's evidence against his wicked brother.

**Drummer's Lot a Hard One.** Redoubled efforts are made to reproduce the effect of a hundred hoof beats as the soldiers dash off to meet the unclucky Redskins, and when the



THE MOVING PICTURE AUDIENCE OF TODAY



HE GAVE WAS SHUNNED BY HIS OLD FRIENDS WHEN HE WENT INTO THE PICTURE BUSINESS



ACTORS COME IN HUNDREDS AND TRY TO HYPNOTIZE THE MANAGER



INCIDENTAL MUSIC

opposing forces come together it is the drummer's duty to fire the first and last shot. This he makes wonderfully realistic by beating the stuffing out of a leather carriage seat with two pieces of rattan until fifteen or twenty loud claps have been slaughtered and the sole survivor runs up a well worn white shirt. After this the piano player tears off a yard or two of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," while the drummer gives the victorious soldiers a coconut accompaniment back to the fort and the audience declares it to be the very best uprising it has ever seen for ten cents.

Along with the rapid development of the moving picture business has come a correspondingly rapid change in the character of the audiences. At the start this form of entertainment was patronized almost exclusively by youngsters, but now the audiences entertained at the better picture houses are on a par with those which can be found in any of the high class vaudeville theaters. At night it is no uncommon sight to see men and women in evening clothes sitting in the orchestra seats and boxes. They follow every bit of the picture pantomime with tense interest, sob during the sad

scenes, laugh at the humorous situations and bestow their applause with the greatest discrimination. On their way out they discuss the merits of the actors in the picture as they would the work of a group of stars in a Broadway production.

All the pictures tell a story and the most popular ones are those that have plenty of action. They deal with every subject, from the Creation to the very latest prize fight, very few important happenings escaping the moving picture men. The coronation of King Edward, the funeral of President McKinley, the imposing spectacles of the Hudson-Fulton celebration and the military and naval maneuvers of nations have found their way to the white muslin sheet, to the great delight of millions of persons in all parts of the world.

Thanks to the enterprise of the moving picture men patrons of the leading picture houses have been regaled with "Roosevelt in Africa." Nearly half a mile of film was used up in following America's most distinguished citizen and Oyster Bay's most intrepid hunter through the streets and avenues of the jungle. Advertisements announcing the

picture gave the first intimation that the moving picture machine had succeeded in tracking Mr. Roosevelt to his lair, and many persons were inclined to doubt the authenticity of the record, but the moving picture men insist that it is absolutely "on the level."

There are thirty-six scenes, and Mr. Roosevelt, has the spotlight in every one of them, a fact which is expected to prove their genuineness. Before his entrance in the first scene a chimpanzee is seen reading a newspaper. He appears to be suffering from fright, which condition is explained when he holds up the paper and the audience sees that he has been reading about Mr. Roosevelt's arrival in Mombasa.

William J. Gane, pioneer in the picture business, pleaded guilty to knowing a little bit about the game and made a complete confession when cross-examined. In addition to guiding the Manhattan theater, at Thirty-first street and Broadway, and the Circle theater, further uptown, he is the business representative of the Moving Picture Company of America, which controls twenty-seven theaters in various parts of the country.

"How do I account for the rapid development of the business?" he re-

plied. "How long have the moving picture houses been in existence?" "Five years at the outside will cover the earliest of them. I guess the concern with which I am connected was one of the earliest to see the possibilities of the business. We rented the old Manhattan theater at Thirty-third street and Sixth avenue and exhibited the pictures of that period there, charging five cents admission. Finally business got to the point where we could afford to increase the admission to ten cents and give a better show. This was when we began reinforcing the pictures with vaudeville acts."

**Big Stars Before the Camera.** "Did you find it necessary to install vaudeville?" "We tried it as an experiment and found that our patrons liked it, and now most of the large picture houses have from six to eight vaudeville acts on their weekly programs."

"What do you think of the moving pictures of the future?" "I'm glad you put that question. In my opinion the time is coming when the highest salaries stars will be engaged to set before the camera. Look at the strides we have made in this direction in a few short years. The pictures were thrown together any old way at first, but now each production is as carefully rehearsed as a production for the regular stage. We hire the very best actors and actresses to portray the parts, and the pictures are getting smoother all the time. When we get the big men and women of the stage to play the principal roles, we will get their followers. It's bound to come to that, because it will only be a short time before we will be able to offer these stars salaries which they cannot refuse."

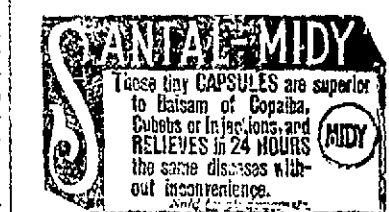
"Is that Roosevelt picture on the level?" "Absolutely. You know the moving picture interests had it all arranged with Mr. Roosevelt to send a machine into the jungle with him, but a few weeks before he left he visited the sug-

gestion. Arrangements had been made through the kind offices of a United States senator. As I understand it, the present picture was obtained by a newspaper man who was in the jungle when the Roosevelt party arrived. He had a machine with him and managed to get the colonel in action on several occasions."

"Without Mr. Roosevelt's knowledge?" "I don't know about that. But I know that the newspaper man hustled back to this country and wanted a fabulous sum for his 10,000 feet of film. The company gave him \$25,000, I believe, and has been getting the picture ready for several weeks. The film was cut down to 2,000 feet to give persons a chance to see it all on the same day."

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.**

A mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system which eating it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from a reliable physician. The danger they will do is to fall in the food you can possibly derive from them. **Dr. J. C. Fisher's Catarrh Cure**, manufactured by Dr. J. C. Fisher & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying **Dr. J. C. Fisher's Catarrh Cure** be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in **Toledo, Ohio**. **Dr. J. C. Fisher & Co.,** 1031 Main St., Toledo, O. Price, 50c per bottle. **See Dr. J. C. Fisher's Pills** for constipation.



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## PERFECT SIGHT

Through MEIGS GLASSES is the rule, not the exception. With us eye-glass fitting is a science. The perfect equipment of our darkened examination rooms enables us to GUARANTEE SATISFACTION for the difficult case as well as the easy one. You'll be pleased at our satisfactory work and reasonable prices.

### MEIGS, EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

Lyric Theater Bldg. 1012 Calhoun St.

## MONUMENTS And Head Stones AT LOW PRICES

For first-class work—and material. Raised or sunk letters.

### H. L. BATES

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# PENINSULAR

## This is the Name You Want to Look for When Buying a Stove

It is on the stove your mother uses and on the one your grandmother and great-grandmother used before her. Ask them what there is in a name; why it stands for the best there is in stovedom; why they have such good luck with their bread and biscuits when baking and why they never suffer from cold in the winter.

It will not be long before the cold snap will be here and you will want one of our base burners to toast your shins by. Why not buy one now and have the assurance of having it delivered at the proper time? Pay us

**\$5.00 Now and \$1.00 per week**

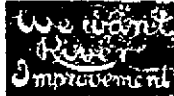
and have your stove set up when Jack Frost comes



Is it not time that you had made up your mind to dispose of your old cook stove or range which has outlived its usefulness, and get a new one? If you were shown that a Peninsular Range would pay for itself in three years by saving one-third of the fuel you have been using, would you not deem it a wise move and buy one right now? Well, there is nothing to hinder you.

**Get Your Range Now and Pay While You Use It**

THE STORE WITH THE BIG FRONT, BIG STOCK, BIG VALUES.



## FOX BROS. & CO.

923-5-7-9-931 CALHOUN STREET

### COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

THE STORE WITH THE BIG FRONT, BIG STOCK, BIG VALUES.





# WICKINIE PARK

## GP AND OPENING SALE TODAY

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| 93    | 94 | 95 | 96  |
| 94    | 95 | 96 | 97  |
| 95    | 96 | 97 | 98  |
| 96    | 97 | 98 | 99  |
| 97    | 98 | 99 | 100 |

40 lots with a frontage of 60.  
and 75 feet will be sold at from  
\$1750 to \$2500 each.

36 garden tracts, 8-4 of an acre  
each, at from \$200 to \$300 each.

\$25.00 cash and \$5.00 per month  
will buy one of these lots.

A discount of 10 per cent will be  
allowed for all sums of \$50.00 or  
more paid within sixty days.

No interest until January 1. No  
sales until 1912.

W. E. DOUD

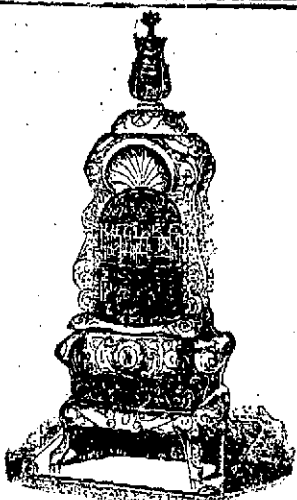
The following is a list of the names of the  
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W. E. DOUD



### ROYAL RUBY and RUBY GRAND Hard Coal Burners

If you are going to  
buy a heater, don't  
fail to see these

### WONDERFUL STOVES

Each one is equip-  
ped with a horseshoe  
radiator on the bot-  
tom, throwing every  
unit of heat in the  
room that is in coal;  
finely nickeled. Fully  
guaranteed.

INDIANA  
FURNITURE  
CO.  
121-123 E. Main St.

Dr. Johnston  
OSTEOPATH  
4th FLOOR  
SHOAF  
BUILDING.  
TARE  
ELEVATOR.  
Graduate of Kirksville, Mo.  
Diseases and Deformities  
Treated.  
—EXAMINATION FREE—  
Phone—Office, 1329;  
Residence, 6584.

### AMERICAN BOY SCOUTS ARE NOW BE- ING ORGANIZED IN FORT WAYNE.

Famous Movement Has for Its Purpose the Improvement of the  
American Boy, Physically, Mentally and Morally—E. T. Jack-  
son Named as Scout Master to Enlist Fort Wayne Lads in  
Ranks With 75,000 Other Young Americans.

The American Boy Scouts are being  
organized in Fort Wayne, and the  
question is being asked, "What is this  
Boy Scout, and what does this move-  
ment mean?"

The ideal American Boy Scout is  
nothing more or less than the ideal  
American boy.

The movement has for its object the  
improvement of the American boy,  
physically, mentally and morally.

Two months ago the American Boy  
Scout was a name only. Today 75-  
000 young Americans have taken the  
oath and subscribed to the scout law  
and are ready to don their uniforms  
and within a year fully half a million  
boys will be enrolled.

When They Will Work.  
Scouts will do their main work after  
school hours, or when they return  
from business, although, strictly  
speaking, the scout will be scouting  
every minute of the day.

One of the most promising features  
of the movement is the fact that there  
is nothing dry or uninteresting about  
it. If it were conducted along strict  
military lines, with nothing but long  
drills and arduous calisthenics, it  
would doubtless prove too irksome to  
recommend it to the average American  
boy. But that is not the case. The  
boys will be taught a thousand and  
one useful things; they will be drilled,  
they will be built up physically, and  
they will be disciplined, but all these  
things will be done in such a manner  
that the boys won't see anything dis-  
agreeable in them.

If a scout says, "On my honor, it is  
so," that means that it is so, just as if  
he had taken a most solemn oath. Sim-  
ilarly, if a scout officer says to a scout,  
"I trust you on your honor to do this,"  
the scout is bound to carry out the  
order to the very best of his ability,  
and to let nothing interfere with his  
doing it.

Wears Distinctive Badge.  
The scout wears a distinctive badge  
on his left arm when he is in the of-  
ficial uniform, and when he is in or-  
dinary clothes he wears a button  
bearing the insignia of the organiza-  
tion. None but a scout is permitted by  
law to wear this badge and when a  
scout disobeys the scout law, this  
badge is forfeited. Figuratively speak-  
ing, he loses his life.

The scout is expected to stick to his  
parents, to his superiors, to his em-  
ployers and to his country through-  
out his life, and to be true to his  
word, and to be true to his country  
throughout his life.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral  
Tickling

### THIS IS THE SCOUT OATH.

On my honor I promise that I  
will do my best  
To do my duty to God and my  
Country;  
To help other people at all  
times;  
To obey the Scout Law.

### THIS IS THE SCOUT LAW.

A scout's honor is to be trusted.  
A scout is loyal.  
A scout's duty is to be useful  
and to help others.  
A scout is a friend of all, and a  
brother to every other scout,  
no matter to what social class  
the other belongs.  
A scout is the protector of girls  
and women at all times—and  
he holds this a sacred duty.  
A scout is courteous.  
A scout is a friend to animals.  
A scout obeys orders.  
A scout smiles under all cir-  
cumstances.  
A scout is thrifty.  
The scout's motto is "Be-  
mper  
Paratus"—always prepared.

way by night, and in fact, everything  
which the veteran campaigner has  
learned by bitter experience.

### Will Be Useful Boy.

Every scout will be able to swim,  
to ride a wheel, to ride horseback,  
to drive, to row, to understand various  
signaling systems, to interpret weather  
indications, to administer first aid to  
the injured, and to save human life.  
Wireless telegraphy will be mastered,  
and aerial navigation will be taken up  
so that the boys will be accomplished  
aviators by the time aviation becomes  
general.

All these things will not be accom-  
plished at once, but provision is be-  
ing made to develop the boys along  
every possible line, not only for their  
own good, but for the good of the coun-  
try.

How to Become a Boy Scout.  
To become scouts or patrol leaders  
boys must be between the ages of  
eleven and eighteen; superior officers  
eighteen and over.

E. T. Jackson, of this city, has been  
commissioned scout master for this  
district and will be glad to talk with  
the boys after 6 o'clock each evening  
or Saturday afternoons at his resi-  
dence, 302 West DeWald street, until  
such a time as suitable headquarters  
can be provided.

The unit of the system is a patrol of  
ten boys and a leader, ten patrols  
forming a troop, and ten troops a regi-  
ment.  
The boys will be trained according  
to the scout manual, and the course  
will take about six weeks or two  
months.  
After completing the course of in-  
struction, the boy will be examined as  
laid down in the manual, and if he  
passes the necessary tests, the scout  
master will apply to the committee,  
who will award him the rank and  
badge of second-class or first-class  
scout, according to the tests which he  
passes. Before a boy becomes a full-  
fledged scout of either class he is  
known as a tenderfoot.

The uniform has been designated by  
headquarters and arrangements have  
been made with manufacturers so that  
the cost for the entire equipment will  
not exceed \$3.25. The outfit includes  
coat, knickerbocker trousers, leggings,  
hat and haversack in khaki of the new  
olive shade, and is a smart looking  
uniform.

Mr. Jackson, the scout master, is not  
allowed to raise funds to uniform the  
boys by begging and he does not want  
the boys' parents to stand the expense,  
so he has already started a scheme of  
his own which the boys are going at  
with a will to raise their own funds,  
and he hopes to soon have 300 boys  
in Fort Wayne.

A Word to the Parents.  
Of course the consent of the boys'  
parents or guardians is necessary,  
and right here Mr. Jackson says:  
"The American Boy Scouts will not be  
equipped with guns. Any right-minded  
lad is intelligent enough to know that  
mature men are not going to place de-  
structive weapons in the hands of

young boys for indiscriminate use.

"In order to settle a number of  
vague but harmful rumors, attention  
is called to several things.

"In the first place, the American Boy  
Scouts is not a military organization.  
Its members will never be required to  
fight, nor will they be influenced in  
any way to join any branch of the  
military service.

"The American Boy Scouts will not  
be taken away from home, much less  
be kept away. As often as practicable,  
camps will be arranged for and con-  
ducted under strict rules, to which the  
young scouts can go if they so desire.

"Employment or school studies will  
not be interfered with; in fact, by mak-  
ing the boy manlier and brighter, it  
will materially assist in his occupation  
or studies."

The organization was born in New  
York city and is now divided into five  
departments, Fort Wayne being under  
the jurisdiction of the Department of  
the Middle West, with headquarters in  
the city of Chicago.

Turn Your Waste Hours In-  
to Cash.  
To housekeepers that find time  
dragging on their hands, can find  
employment at work, you can do  
three or four days out of each week.  
The hours can be arranged for those  
applying immediately at TROY  
LAUNDRY, 310 Pearl St. 9-541

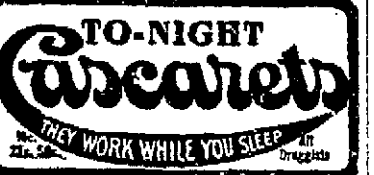
### H. C. Heine Coal & Wood

Anthracite Coal...\$7.50 per ton  
Jackson Lp.....\$5.25 per ton  
Massillon Lp. ....\$5.00 per ton  
W. V. Lp.....\$4.50 per ton  
H. V. Lp. ....\$4.25 per ton

Yards formerly occu-  
pied by the City Fuel Co.  
All orders will receive  
prompt attention. Yard  
phone, 3022; residence  
phone, 6160.

### A. HATTERSLEY & SONS PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS

ELECTRIC WIRING OF ALL KINDS.  
208-212 E. Fort Wayne.  
MAIN ST.



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QUALITY PRICE

JUST A WORD—Not alone in Athletic Goods, but  
anything you give hard usage, you want something good.  
D. & M. goods have stood the test for so many years,  
and besides if you ever used anything having the above  
trade-mark, you are undoubtedly convinced that our  
claim as to quality, guarantee and durability, D. & M.  
Athletic Goods stand in a class of their own.

If not satisfactory when used, we will make it so.

Another thing—We carry the best stock in town. You  
have your pick on anything in the Sporting Goods line.

**F. M. SMITH COMPANY, 612 Calhoun Street**



## Fort Wayne Will Have to Build up Pitching Staff

### Three of the Five Members Taken Over the Draft Route—Few Men Taken From the Central League.

Three of Fort Wayne's pitchers have been taken by the major and Class A teams during the draft period and the manager of next season will have a hard task replacing Walter Miller, drafted by Atlanta, Will Robertson and Ed Pfeiffer taken by Pittsburgh and the St. Louis Americans, respectively.

Charles Alberts, who has had an off season for some unaccountable reason, in spite of the fact that he has been satisfied and has taken excellent care of himself, and Harry Cunniff, who did not get into form until the season was half over, are the only two left of a staff that has kept Fort Wayne high up in the race during the present season.

Whittaker, obtained by James Burke from the sand lots of St. Louis and taken by the Cincinnati Reds, and Charles, taken from the West Virginia State League and sent to the Southern Michigan to finish, are two prospects and Pearl Staley, bought from Cincinnati in the spring is another.

Fort Wayne was badly shattered by the loss of these three men and only one of them is likely to return. Pfeiffer may not be ready for the major league next spring and he can not return to any other Class B team until Fort Wayne has declined to buy him back there is a possibility that he may come back.

Aside from Miller the first batch of drafts by the Class A clubs shows that Lincoln of the Western League, got into Stratton, of the Wheeling team, Jersey City got Bob Wells from the Southern League and Cleveland got Cleve Webb from Grand Rapids, Newark got Forest Cady from Evansville, Atlanta got Jack Compton from Wheeling, Nashville picked off Walter Justus from Dayton and Newark got Johnny Nee from the Vets. The Boston Americans put in a late draft for Kenworthy, of the Evansville club. The full roster of drafted and sold players from the Central league is as follows:

Fort Wayne—Miller, Robertson, Pfeiffer, Young, Gainer.

South Bend—McCarthy, Carnarius, Wells.

Terre Haute—Hennis, Brennan, Alberts, Somerville, McDonald.

Evansville—Covington, Lejeune, Cady, Wheeling—Compton, Stratton, Zanesville—Vessey, Kenworthy.

Dayton—Martin, Stark, Nee, Justus, Sykes.

Grand Rapids—Webb.

The profit has not been large and South Bend made the only real money out of players. McCarthy and Carnarius cost the club nothing, but it is likely that each of them got \$500 of the sale price, which leaves the club, counting the \$500 draft on Wells about \$3,600.

Four men sold by Terre Haute and one drafted probably brought the club \$1,750 of which a big portion is profit. Hennis was picked up from the lots and nothing is invested in him. John Nee was obtained from the Southern Michigan League for \$300, Alberts was bought from Grand Rapids for \$500, Brennan was bought from a lower class league and McDonald is a find.

It is generally supposed that Aggie Grant got as much for Tex Covington as he paid for the same player. Lejeune was a free agent and all the draft money of \$750 is clear. Forest Cady was with the club when Grant bought it, having been drafted three years ago from a Class D league for \$200.

Compton and Stratton probably cost Wheeling nearly as much as they were sold for.

Vessey cost Zanesville nothing and there is a profit of probably \$250 on the sale of Kenworthy.

Dayton's profit on a sale of players will not be great as all of the men sold and drafted had to be purchased. It is not likely that the margin will exceed \$2,500 or \$3,000. Webb probably cost as much as Indianapolis will pay for him. The total drafts and sales will not exceed \$25,000.

Grant fights when a chance goes wrong.

Battling Hard for Third Place in the Central Standing.

After making a game fight under severe handicaps for the third place in the Central league standing, Manager Angus A. Grant resorted to tactics in the first fray with South Bend when he thought he was getting the short end of the stick.

Grant's decision to go to the mat with Umpire Agur for which he was elected and which probably means that he will be out of the game and off the field for a few days and his club will be crippled by his absence.

Manager Grant has been with the Central league since it was organized and while he has always been a strong contender for his rights and never adverse to expressing his opinions of umpires in terms that have left no doubts in the minds of the arbiters. It is the first time he has landed on any of them and the first occurrence of the kind in South Bend this season.

The only other occurrence of the kind took place here when Carly Blount surprised an assembly by hitting Barney Brice in the eye. Grant will remain in Evansville next season and he naturally wants to finish as high in the race as he can.

Grant's club has been in a position since the season with the Evansville exception of catching, went to second base and Tommy Dugger to the outfield. Ted Compton was hit by a ball while the club went south on the final trip, went in for the Sanders in the opener with Evansville and pitched shut-out ball.

Grant was scored on in the first inning and then went to the eighth without a blemish, but he blew in this round and the Bronchos labored four runs.

Earl Moore allowed the Cubs four hits in the first inning of the Philadelphia game and enough runs were scored to win.

Cornelius pitched his first game for Cincinnati since his return from Birmingham and struck out a dozen men. Dolly Stark had two errors in seven fielding chances. John Leach was hit a dozen times by Boston and the Cardinals were beaten.

Two of Pittsburgh's five hits, a triple by Leach and a single by Wagner, saved the Pirates from a shutout at the hands of Mathewson who was in great form.

Dixie Walker was hit eight times in seven innings by Cleveland and Washington was beaten by a big rally.

Combs held Detroit to two hits while Willett and Stroud were pummeled for fourteen. Cobb and Bush were both out of the Tiger lineup.

Edgar Doty held Lansing to four hits and a shut-out for Kalamazoo.

Second Basemen Downs, of the Columbus team, was hit by the lead and put out of the game by Pitcher Ed West of Toledo. The game went to Toledo by a score of ten to three.

St. Paul bunched six hits on Schardt, of Milwaukee, in one inning and took an easy victory.

Pitcher Slagle, formerly with Indianapolis, went against his old team mates and won with a shutout.

Harry Hammond pitched for Sioux City and held Wichita to six hits and two runs with two errors behind him.

## Young Golfer Who Showed What a Boy Can Do



GALLERY WATCHING JOE SYLVESTER DRIVE THE FIRST GREEN.

## SARAH ANN PATCH A WINNER IN THE FEATURE

Great Sport at Close of the Meeting at Syracuse.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 17.—The most successful Grand Circuit meeting Syracuse has had closed with four good races, in which close finishes and fast time abounded. Sarah Ann Patch was a decisive winner in the 2:15 pace, taking it in straight heats. Summary: 2:15 pace, purse \$1,200. Sarah Ann Patch, blk. m., by Joe Patchen-Sarah Ann (Cox).....1:1 Direct Adair, ch. h. (Camp).....2:3 Oakland, l. b. m. (Cox).....2:3 Charles F. (McCall).....3:4 Time—2:10.4, 2:09.4. Starke, b. g., by William Wilkes-Cuba (Gahagan).....4:11 Jumbo, l. b. (McDonald).....1:4 Melva, l. b. m. (Cox).....3:4 Bervado, b. g. (Murphy).....3:4 Sable Mail and Terrelline also started. Time—2:03.4, 2:05.4, 2:10.4. 2:11 pace, purse \$1,200. Loust Boy, b. g., by Oakland-Vandetta (Ernest).....1:31 Fox, b. g. (Gahagan).....2:12 Joe Boy, b. g. (Leach).....2:3 Nancy Allen, b. m. (Rathbun).....4:40 Gentley also started. Time—2:09.4, 2:09.4. 2:11 pace, purse \$1,200. Peter Dorsey, b. g., by Moving Star (McDevitt).....1:1 Major Wallington, b. g. (McDonald).....2:2 Baron Alayne, b. g. (Rathbun).....2:8 Nance, g. g. (Leach).....2:4 Puz Johnson, b. h. (Geers).....3:4 Oxford Boy Jr., Miss Winters and Orleans also started. Time—2:10.4, 2:10.4.

MINOR HEIR MAKES RECORD. Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 17.—Minor heir broke another world's record at state fair, pacing a mile, with one runner for company, in 1:55.3. The former record was 1:56.

Hersey picked up the word on the second score. Minor heir shot away like a streak and went round the first turn on the quarter in 0:23.4. The second quarter was at the same rate, the half being reached in 0:52.4. Going around the far turn Hersey called on the horse for his best efforts, and Minor heir responded nobly, pacing the third quarter in 0:29.4. Hersey's special race with Hedgewood Boy, Lady Maid C. and George Gaud, Minor heir paced a mile in 1:55.3, breaking the world's record on Wednesday he paced a mile in a race in 2:00.4.

The mile was the second world's record for Minor heir on the state fair track made within a week. The time of the mile yesterday was 1:56.4. The time of the quarters in order was 0:23.4, 0:29.4, 0:29.4, 0:30.

When the consent of Claude H. Varnell was asked to the transfer of the three games between Wheeling and Dayton to the Dayton park he gave it, although he knew at the time that he was jeopardizing second place in the standing as Fort Wayne had not clinched it at the time and in doing this he showed the Vet management that the sporting blood in his veins had not cooled off at all.

It was after they had played here. Terms playing on their home grounds always have an advantage, but the best interests of the league demanded that Wheeling finish at Dayton and although the switch gave the Vets nothing more than a fighting chance this chance was given them and it may stand the club well in hand because Aggie Grant's troupe is right on the heels of the Knoll outfit. Fort Wayne dropped the first road game and can afford to drop the others as it will make no difference in the standing of the club at the end of the year. If it loses five more it will quit with 76 wins and 60 lost, while the best Dayton can do is 75 won and 61 lost and it has to beat Wheeling and Zanesville six straight to do this.

The Jeff Pfeiffer was the pitching selection for the opening round of the final clash with the Batters and he was hit hard although only three batters were tabbed against him. Vessey was knocked into the going by the Potter manager and he gave an even half dozen hits of which Blount and McDermott captured doubles, while Cunniff ripped off a triple as his share of the performance.

Fort Wayne did not score in the game until it was practically clinched and barely saved a shut-out by running up one marker in the ninth.

Whittaker named Lindsay, Wells, Robertson, Pfeiffer, Sykes, Spencer, Compton, Stratton, Lejeune, Barkwell, McDonald, Webb, Connolly and Kenworthy. He lost out on Spencer, Lindsay, Barkwell and Connolly and did not believe Cady would be drafted.

Holmes picked out Lindsay, Wells, Snyder, Lejeune, Cady, McDonald, Brennan, Sykes, Nee, Connolly, Kenworthy, Compton, Stratton, Bailey, Pfeiffer, Robertson and Webb. Lindsay, Connolly, Snyder and Bailey went wrong on him.

Robertson chose Lejeune, Dugger, Barkwell, McDonald, Sykes, Justus, Spencer, Gray, Compton, Kenworthy, Webb, Koehler, Lindsay, Wells, Pfeiffer and Miller. He was right with the

exception of Lindsay, Barkwell, Dugger, Spencer, Koehler and Gray.

Some real politics entered into the meeting of the Brunswick bowlers last night when they were the guests of William McKel at a smother given for the purpose of organizing two leagues for the season and the matter that provoked the most argument was the average limit for each club which finally resulted in the adoption of a rule specifying that only three men with averages better than 115, according to the records of last season, shall hold in one club in League No. 1. In League No. 2 a club may take on only three whose mark is above 165.

Several teams had already been framed up before the meeting and there were a number of caucuses preceding the gathering at which this rule was discussed and the men went in prepared to make a fight on the floor and the question was under fire for more than an hour. The question was left open by the rules committee, which made several good suggestions along these lines. Aside from this the report of the committee was adopted and as a result the leagues will enter on the season with a set of by-laws that will do away with all of the technical arguments that they have been subjected to before.

There was a big meeting and every bowler was up on his toes all the time and in the entire existence of the Brunswick league there has never been a gathering at which there was as much enthusiasm displayed. On account of the fair next week and from the fact that the bowlers want to get into condition for the opening it was deferred from September 26, as originally intended, to the first Monday in October and in the meantime Henry Dranger will formulate two schedules which he will submit at a meeting of the captains and executive officers to be held before the opening date.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President—George W. Stang. Vice President—George Barker. Treasurer—John Ungewitter. Secretary—Chas. H. Spaulding. These officers will act for both leagues, but executive committees composed of the captains of the clubs will control in each of the organizations.

On the Job. Read the reports of open Motor cycle Events in any part of the country. The Indian, R-5 and the Thor. Best on the road. Best on the track. Best on hills. Best everywhere. Single or Twin Cylinders. Power, Speed, Comfort, Satisfaction.

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## Coombs Has Good Foiler

"I notice they are printing stories about Jack Coombs, of the Athletics, and how he didn't know how to pitch until this year," remarked Malachuk, Detroit scout. Kit caught for years and years, is a close observer of baseball, particularly pitching. That is why his comment on Coombs is of more than extraordinary weight.

"Coombs has started to pitch great ball because he has mastered the greatest of all pitching assets, the drop ball that does not break from the right-handed batters. I don't mean one of those cut drops, but a ball that comes up to the plate squarely in the center and falls from one to two feet without changing its lateral direction.

"Amos Rusio had that ball, and he threw it with tremendous speed. Rusio pitched that drop thing and mixed it up with a fast one in close, and the batter who could meet it with any regularity never lived. They tell me that Rusio and other old-timers depended on it extensively."

The regulation out drop is much easier, and is rather dangerous, because a batter sometimes catches it far on the outside and a long drive over the outfield results.

George Mullin has spent a lot of time working on a drop that does not break away and has mastered it so well that it is one of his best puzzles. When Mullin comes up on his toes with an over-head swing and a quick jerk of the wrist as the ball leaves, that's the drop. He couples it with a lot of speed and you know how effective he has been year in and year out.

The day of the curve ball pitcher seems to be on the decline. All the effective hurlers are depending almost completely on quick-breaking efforts which shoot out of a direct line rather than curve. The deliberate curves are effective only against certain clubs, and the batters who fall for them are so few comparatively that they do not count.

Walter Johnson, credited with being as good as anybody in the American league at least, has a curve that breaks so slightly you can hardly call it a curve. He depends on a fast ball that shoots command and a slow ball which is thrown with the same motion as the fast shoot.

## Figures on the Friday Games

CENTRAL LEAGUE. At Zanesville. At South Bend. At Evansville. At Terre Haute. At Indianapolis. At Columbus. At Toledo. At Cincinnati. At Louisville. At St. Paul. At Milwaukee. At Chicago. At Philadelphia. At New York. At Brooklyn. At Cincinnati. At Detroit. At Cleveland. At Washington. At Baltimore. At Boston. At St. Louis. At New Orleans. At San Francisco. At Los Angeles. At San Diego. At Portland. At Seattle. At Tacoma. At Vancouver. At Victoria. At Montreal. At Quebec. At Halifax. At St. John's. At Sydney. At Vancouver. At Seattle. At Tacoma. At Portland. At San Francisco. At Los Angeles. At San Diego. At Portland. At Seattle. At Tacoma. At Vancouver. At Victoria. At Montreal. At Quebec. At Halifax. At St. John's.

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# A Page of Interest to Women

## BLACK SATIN HOUSE FROCK



When all is said and done with, there is nothing so satisfactory and stately as an all-black house gown, and the little frock illustrated is of all black satin meador embroidered with black. The yoke and seamless shoulder sleeves are of black chiffon, and the simple gored skirt has a puffing of the chiffon at the knees.

## In Restaurant Woman Must Act As Man's Guest

Does Nothing About Ordering Unless Host Asks Her to Express Preference.

Generally speaking, when a woman goes with a man to dinner or supper at a restaurant, she does nothing about ordering. She is a guest in the same sense that she would be in a private house, and the presence of a long list of dishes printed does not entitle her to make a choice unless her wishes are asked. In that case, the request is taken literally, and she may suggest one dish, not more, unless by expressed desire of her companion.

It is not good form for a woman to pick up a menu and read it, although she will probably at once be put before her by the waiter. Her reading it would be taken by her companion as a hint that she wishes to choose part, if not all, of the meal. When she is asked to do so, of course she scans the list first.

Even when invited to help select the repast, the way is not clear before her, for a restaurant meal is something like a gift; one does not know how much money is to be spent on it and without this knowledge selection is difficult. The safest course to pursue is to choose dishes which are nice, without being the most expensive on the list, which might cost more than a host can well afford.

The woman, even when her opinion is consulted, does not give an order directly to the waiter. She tells her host what she prefers and he instructs the waiter.

It will probably be a mooted question for some time yet as to whether a woman should precede or follow a man into a restaurant. On the European continent the man takes the lead, and that custom is growing into favor here. He then has opportunity to see the table selected by the head waiter, and if he does not like it, to say so, whereas when a woman is in the lead he has not as much time to utter his opinion, as she is then kept waiting longer.

A woman makes a point, always in restaurants, of not seeing the check when it is brought by the waiter, and while the man is getting out the money to pay it, she should keep her eyes from it. A woman who is accustomed to restaurant etiquette usually talks mere nothings at such times, that the man's

attention may not be diverted from the business of the moment, while at the same time she shows she is not occupied with it.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

## FOR THE WOMAN WITH "NERVES"

A case of "nerves" is like a bad habit—easily acquired and hard to get rid of. Nervousness affects the digestion, dulls the eyes, gives a strained look to the muscles of the face, and, if allowed its course, will even make the hair thin. So the woman who wants to be beautiful must keep an eye upon the state of her nerves.

The best cure for nervousness is rest. And resting is an art known to few women. Man finds inducement to repose in his pipe and his trousers pockets. Woman, having neither the narcotic influence of the pipe nor the trousers pockets to imprison her nervous fingers, is ever active. The only way she may get repose and relax the body and nerves is by actual will power.

Carrots are prescribed by physicians and beauty doctors alike as a cure for nervous indigestion. You are told to eat them three times a day, either cooked or raw. Young onions or scallions, are excellent eaten with plenty of salt; also lettuce with salt and olive oil, but no vinegar or red pepper.

Sleeplessness is the greatest menace that tired or overwrought nerves have for beauty and health. Sleep may be induced by warm milk sipped slowly, or if this is ineffective, by long draughts of cool water and a cold bandage around the brow.

## MAN'S LORDLY WAY.

The Virginia state legislature has gone and passed a law, becoming effective September 17, that requires all sheets adorning all beds of public hotels to be eight feet long and clean.

In consequence, hotel managers are in a flutter of providing full household supplies, and sheeting is being ordered by the bolt to meet Old Dominion needs. Now, wasn't that just like a man to resort to law in order that his "lippy toes" may not be frost bitten in winter or mosquito bitten in summer? asks the Baltimore Sun. A woman would have drawn her little pink toes to any height of discomfort in order to adapt herself to an abbreviated sheet, would have worn fleece-lined slippers, would have anointed herself with mosquito repellent ointments. That's a woman's way; but lordly man, arising from discomforted slumbers, likes him to the nearest palace of justice, flings off a law, says "Let there be adequate sheets!" And, lo, there are sheets to his liking, even if hotelkeepers hustle.

## ASTRINGENTS MAY SOMETIMES TAKE PLACE OF FACE POWDER.

Their Daily Application May Serve as Substitute When There is a Deeply Rooted Prejudice Against the Cosmetic, But a Woman, Before Applying Them, Must Study Her Face Carefully and Know Which Part Requires the Tonic Treatment.

A special request just received, which seems to be of general interest, is: How shall one avoid the use of powder on the face? To tell the truth, few women can get along without powder in some form, and there is not the slightest objection to it if one is chosen that is simple in composition. If the application is washed off at night and the face always cleansed before retiring, the pores will remain unclogged and the skin smooth. It is only when powders having lead and other injurious ingredients are used habitually and permitted to remain on that the complexion is harmed.

Yet when there is a deeply rooted prejudice against powder, daily applications of astringents sometimes act as substitutes by neutralizing the natural oil of the skin. But in order to apply any such liquids successfully a woman must study her face carefully and know which part requires it. If the nose is not greasy, it sometimes follows that the cheeks near it and the chin may be, while the outer edge of the cheeks and the forehead are dry. A strong astringent, if put over those naturally dry sections, will simply act to give them a chapped appearance, because there is no oil in those regions to require neutralizing. Therefore the nose is not to be treated, but only the skin near it.

The most pronounced astringent is saturated solution of borax. It is made by almost filling a bottle with clear water and then putting in all the powdered borax that the water can be made to dissolve. There is no fear of adding too much borax, for what cannot be taken up by the water will remain a powder in the bottom. This liquid may be perfumed, if one wishes. It is applied to the skin with a soft bit of linen or muslin, and dries on. Should it not agree, the skin will become chapped. If this happens, a little cold cream may be rubbed in.

Powders which are harmless are arrow root, rice, starch and magnesia. They can be scented, if one chooses, by keeping them in a jar in which is

a stick oforris root. Medicated cotton is the best method for applying any powder, as a new piece is used each time, and there is no fear of wiping old dust into the skin.

## THE POMPADOUR.

The pompadour is returning to favor, and this arrangement is always becoming to those who possess round faces. Make a fluffy pompadour and then take the back portion of the hair up to the crown of the head to meet the front portion. Secure there and then divide the hair into strands, each strand to be formed into a little curl puff pinned down to the head. If you would be fashionable, then for evening wear the hair could be arranged in much the same fashion, except that you could add a rat in the back and make the puffs stand out more.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Brass may be cleaned when in very bad condition by rubbing well with lemon juice or vinegar mixed with soft, polishing afterward with any of the prepared articles that may be bought for the purpose.

After wiping oil cloth with a clean damp rag to remove oil soil, the oil cloth may be brightened by wiping over with a rag dipped in milk.

Red carpet is very difficult to keep clean looking. After sweeping you must go all over again either with a dry dust rag or a damp one, as the conditions may suggest.

## DRESS GARNITURES.

They're smart.  
They're shiny heads.  
They're fringes and tassels.  
They're from an inch to twelve deep.  
They're surpassing the rainbow in beautiful hues.  
They're decidedly heavy to carry, but pride suffers no pain.  
They're often expensive enough to make one's dress allowance look like a drop in a bucket.

## REAL POINTED FOX SET



To acquire a set of real pointed fox means the expenditure of a goodly sum, especially this season, for muffs are larger and scarfs employ twice as many skins as they did last year. One beautiful skin forms the upper portion of this Revillon scarf. This is lengthened by the addition of two more skins, headless but having full brush and paws that touch the hem of the garment. The muff employs another pair of skins. The hat worn with this costume is a new Gage model of prune colored velvet trimmed with pink roses.

## Wide Vogue for Artificial Gems the Coming Season

Jewelry in Immense Quantities Will Be Worn, Says Well Known Dealer.

It is predicted by a well known jeweler that immense quantities of jewelry will be worn this season, and that artificial stones will play a most important part in the glittering display.

The manufacture of gems has been brought to such a high state of perfection that it is almost impossible even for experienced men to detect the false from the true, and this is especially true of pearls.

A few days ago a manufacturing jeweler, who makes a specialty of artificial stones, showed me some pearls that were being strung to fill an order for a princess in Europe, and each bead matched perfectly, not only in color, but in weight and hardness, the genuine article, while there was no comparison between the prices.

The correct length for a pearl necklace this season is from sixteen to eighteen inches, depending upon the size of the neck of the wearer. The latest idea is to have the beads in graduated sizes, instead of a string all of one size. Prices commence at \$20.

The pearl day collar is as popular as ever and will be even a good deal later on. The medallions in silver, worn the past season mounted on black velvet, are now seen in perfect color effects of silver-platinum plated—the filigree-like work picked out with their artificial diamonds, the velvet background being dispensed with. A beautiful ornament of this description, costs only \$18.

Long chains are very much in demand for attaching to brooches, bays, fans, etc. The most fashionable are those in French gray and oxidized silver, mounted in semi-precious stones and odd looking fancy links. Olivine, a beautiful green semi-precious stone, is much in favor, while Indian cut beads of the lapis lazuli are a close rival as a thrashing for the chains. Both the green and the blue stones are exceedingly rich in coloring.

The amethyst and the topaz never go out of fashion, although the settings change from season to season. This year they are mounted in German silver, platinum plated, in French gray and in oxidized silver. There are no bright metals among the newest jewelry. Even the gold is in dull rose or green, and a fad is the combination of two metals, as platinum and green gold for hand bags, vanity cases, etc.

Pendants are such attractive ornaments that they never seem to go out of fashion, simply changing in design each season. This year they are round and hung on very slender chains in a dull metal. At the same time the drops are worn a good deal, but the chain must be very thin if one would appear up-to-date.

Let it be revived this winter, and will be seen in collars, pendants, brooches, bracelets and earrings. The last named will be worn more than ever, and the longer they are the more fashionable are they considered. A pair of earrings in diamonds and pearls just finished for a celebrated actress for wear on the stage measure four inches long. Not all necks could carry this length, of course; but long earrings are decidedly the vogue.

Cameos of every description are fashionable, and owing to their popularity of late are becoming scarce. The pink shell and the artificial rose are the kinds mostly in demand.

This is to be a season of bracelets, and one cannot have too many. To be quite up-to-date the bracelet must either be very broad and massive or else it must be chosen for its slenderness. There is no between size. The metals are in dull finish, but the settings may be as brilliant as one chooses. The bracelets this year slip over the hand.

That the famous Zodiac jewelry is going to be the fad for Christmas gifts is evidenced by the number of orders on hand for this kind of ornament and by the quantity that is being manufactured for placing on sale.

Among the Zodiacal articles manufactures are fobs, rings, pins, pendants, necklaces, amulets, etc. Some of them perfectly exquisite. Wearing this kind of jewelry is said to bring good luck to the wearer.

ELIZABETH LEE.

## COLONIAL GLASS CAN-DELABRA IN DEMAND.

For the girl's country sitting room or bedroom which is furnished in old mahogany there is nothing considered more desirable just now than the electric fixtures made of colonial glass candelabra and chandeliers. The country is being searched for these pieces, most of which are colonial only by courtesy even in the original, for they date back to the gas period in most instances, having been designed for gas rather than candles.

The shape and general effect are the same as that of the earlier pieces, although the gas chandeliers were more elaborate than those meant for candles. These chandeliers mostly come from the houses of those who were millionaires or in the millionaire class between 1810 and 1825. They are pure white in color, as the glass has been hand rubbed instead of being treated with acid as is the modern glass. The acid treatment gives the glass a yellow color.

One of the tricks which devote upon the antique dealer is to assemble the parts of these old chandeliers when they are bought in a damaged condition. Often one or two candles are missing in an otherwise perfect chandelier, and at other times almost all the candles are gone. Another cunning dealer will purchase a fund which is of no value except for its candles, and so the combination is made and the antique dealer is able to show one perfect chandelier instead of two badly damaged ones.

## BANDEAU IN PRUNE VELVET



PHOTO BY JOEL TOWNE.

This hat by Lewis shows the cachepain or bandeau lifting the hat several inches from the hair at the back, and standing in sharply over the eyes in front. The model is in prune velvet, faced with white satin and ornamented with old pink roses.

## Treatment of Freckled and Tanned Hands

Softening and Whitening Skin Roughened by Outdoor Sports Is Simple Process.

Hands, freckled, tanned and generally rough from out-of-door sports in summer, will sooner come back into condition if they receive regular treatment immediately on coming back to town. Almond meal will hasten the softening process; a gentle bleach put on at once will shortly act upon the discoloration, while a final application of liniment of benzoin is excellent.

Almond meal is to take the place of soap, and a good preparation of it is made from our ounces of best almond meal made from ground Jordan almonds, one ounce of powdered orris root, two ounces of Castile soap reduced to a powder, one thirty-second of an ounce of oil of bergamot, one-sixteenth of a dram of bitter almond oil and a few drops of musk. All the ingredients are well mixed by sifting frequently, and the preparation is kept in a tightly covered glass jar. It is used as soap would be, the hands being wet, and a small quantity of powder being scattered upon the palms, which then are rubbed together. A nail brush which is not stiff may be used, if desired.

Wiping afterward should be done with extreme care so that all dampness shall be removed. Immediately afterward they may be wiped over with fresh lemon juice. The best way of using this is to have a new piece of fruit on the wash stand every day, cutting off a slice as needed, to rub over the skin. The juice dries on. After a few moments a mixture of benzoin and water, an ounce of the former, in liniment, to half a pint of the latter, may be put on, patting the backs of the hands gently with a soft cloth wet in the bath. Benzoin, be it understood, is refining and softening to the skin, and the application just given may be used freely on the face.

Wearing gloves at night will hasten the bleaching of hands almost more than any other treatment which can be given. The gloves must be of leather, preferably white. An application of sweet almond oil rubbed on thoroughly, after which powdered French chalk is dusted over, then putting on gloves, is an inexpensive method which will work wonders by way of improvement.

Holes cut in the palms of gloves will prevent the hands from being overheated.

MARGARET MIXTER.

The coal, iron and salt mines owned by the kingdom of Prussia last year yielded 122,085,000 metric tons of black coal, 400,000 metric tons of lignite, 173,682 metric tons of ore and 560,000 metric tons of salt.

## Her Garden In Bloom Later Than Neighbors

Woman Achieves Floricultural Triumph in Fall With Aid of Cheesecloth Covers.

A garden blooming two weeks later than those of her other country neighbors was an achievement last autumn of a woman who expects to repeat it this year by the same successful means. Coverings of cheesecloth kept off frost night after night, and she did not find it much work to stretch the cloth over in the late afternoon.

The beds of her garden are of varying sizes and shapes, but most of them are oblong. At the four corners of each she had tall stakes driven, putting two extra stakes in the middle of those beds which were more than ten feet long. The stakes stood about a foot higher than the tallest growth in the beds. Some of the flowers were cosmos.

Taking cheesecloth in lengths long enough to cover not only the beds, but to reach from the ground to the stakes at both ends, she stitched the selvages together so that the covering might be wide enough. Through the ends of the breadths she ran a deep hem to hold a small stick heavy enough to keep the cloth down. To save continual hunting for cords she fastened two tapes at each edge, just where they would go firmly around the stake top.

These cheesecloth covers were sufficient protection from all the first light frosts.

To put them on, the end was dropped down, and the edges tied to the two stakes at the corners nearest. Then the length was stretched along, the other end to be similarly fastened. They could be put on by one person, the cloth being so light that it will do no harm if it drops upon the plants while being carried to the further end. Untying them in the morning is also the matter of a moment. The same cloths are useful for more than one season.

An extremely useful and inexpensive protection for roots during the winter is old leaves, raked over to a depth of four or five inches, packing and putting old pieces of straw matting over them, not only to hold them down, but for added protection. Pine boughs laid over keep the leaves down, as a rule, but they contain no added warmth.

Old barn manure, of course, is the best protection for roots, giving them warmth, but care must be taken that it is well rotted first.

A few leaves raked over, then pining boughs on top of all, make a covering that is usually proof against the most severe cold.

Since the eighteenth century improvements on the River Seine, France, have cost more than \$25,000,000. Its total navigable length is 345 miles.

# THE SENTINEL'S PULPIT AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

## The World's Greatest Asset

Text—Ps. 8:5 (R. V.)

(From the Christian Herald.)  
Anticipating our arrival in this world, prevent love sought the finest fabrics of earth's choicest looms, and dainty fingers set the finest stitches, and loving hearts filled all the future with the embroidery of rainbow colors. These prevent preparations testified to the love of the expectant parents, but especially testified to the estimation in which they held these coming angels of God, these cherubs who had lost their way and come to earth.

So the value of man is seen in the preparation made for his coming. This majestic world, the cradle in which God meant to rock and swing his man child, was not made in a week, even by infinite wisdom and power. But through ages measureless to man, infinite painstaking and care were bestowed upon its development. It was stored with infinite energy, beautified with infinite delicacy, packed with thought, and provided with everything for the life, comfort and development of its coming king. The cradle of the race was made so rich that after thousands of years man is only just beginning to spell out the single syllables of its wisdom and power. All this was made for man. We rightly sing:

"We for whose sake all nature stands  
And stars their courses move."

It is impossible to enumerate all these realms of wealth, of beauty and power, because we have not yet discovered them all, and have not yet grown into perception and appreciation of them all. It is but a few days since we discovered the possibility of wireless telegraphy. On the wide ocean I was anxious to learn the fate of my friends on the sinking steamship Republic. We listened in the silent spaces of the infinite sky, and heard the joyful tidings that they were safe. The little ear by which we heard the news was but a hand's breadth. But all the wide world's air was full of it for all earth's countless millions to hear. But how few had ears to hear! So space is teeming full of countless thousands of messages that none of us are yet able to hear. Earth and all its powers came out of infinite wisdom, power and love, and we are finite yet.

**Our Wonderful Frame.**  
The savage delights only in clanging cymbals for instrumental, and in the warwhoop for vocal music. But the finer ear gets rapture from the soft cadences of the evening breeze breathing over aeolian harp strings, and in those gentle voices of angels bending far to touch their harps of gold when "Prince of Peace" was born. The core refined we become the more we bid. The newly discovered qualities and potencies of radium are an amazement, but earth has still a thousand more amazements to follow. And all this unthinkable equipment indicates the estimate of the infinite Father for his child. The grandeur of the kingdom indicates the greatness of the king—indicates, but oh how feebly! The figure eight laid horizontally is the algebraic sign for infinity, but how insignificant the symbol compared to what it suggests! So of the world and man.

Man is measureless and priceless. There is no legal tender to represent his value. A little vault of gold or even a piece of paper based thereon, is legal tender for a palace and a vast estate, but a whole world gained as the price of one soul lost is profitless, leaves it a pauper forever. Take a single illustration of the capabilities of man's body. Go out on the top of the round world and be domed over by the infinite sky. There are millions of blazing suns sending their rays of light at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, all freighted with intelligence of the substance and history of each varying world, and they pour these rays untangled through an aperture like a pin prick, and crossing each other spread all this intelligence on the retina of the eye, only about an eighth of an inch in diameter, and all this varied intelligence is carried on a filmy thread back to the countless chambers of the brain, to be read, treasured and imparted to others. This filmy thread and pulpy retina can discern the different number of vibrations of every different color—red having four hundred and fifty millions of millions per second and every other color having a different number. Surely we are fearfully as well as wonderfully made. Capacity for chords and harmonies means also capacity for discords and jangleings out of tune. And obstacles of pleasure must involve obstacles of pain as well. The worth of human bodies is seen in the fact that the Son of God tabernacled in just such flesh as ours, and he declares that the bodies of all of us here present today may be temples fit for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Not only was man made in the likeness of God, but Paul says that the Son of God was made in the likeness of men.

**Man's Mind a Marvel.**  
But the wonders of man's body are infinitely surpassed by the wonders of his mind. He can see the glory of the rainbow on the back of the retreating thunderous cloud. Gorgeous and glorious it is, but far more glorious it is that he can see the cause of it. He can see that a rain drop in falling shatters the speeding light and spills its glory over the sky. He can see the vast spectroscopic wealth of ideas, see the varying substance of the stars, their approach or recession. Nay, more, he can see that its quiet and exquisite loveliness, after forced lightning and seeming elemental work of thunder, make it a fit emblem of perfect peace. Nay, more, reason asserts that there must be cause for these effects. And while man in his search discovers that he cannot by intellectual searching find out God, he finds that he has faculties finer than reason, as reason is finer than fingers; and by these faculties he comes to know God. These faculties are so near akin to God that like kin-

dropped they mingle into one. And this knowing God makes eternal life necessary. He discovers that faculties are so like the eternal God that eternity is a necessity. Senses for things of sense. Reason for things of thought and mind, but faith for things of God. Faith sees the invisible, touches the intangible, hears the inaudible. The unseen is as real as the seen; the inaudible as the audible; the intangible as the tangible we handle. Nay, far more so. All the seen comes out of the unseen and returns thither. Into this realm come faith and is at home. It knows God. It endures hardship, torture, martyrdom, since it sees him who is invisible. Faith is earlier and more universal than either sense or reason, and hence is the only possible foundation for the universal religion of Jesus Christ. All great powers, as gravitation, steam, electricity and wind, are invisible. And he that sees the invisible sees the real things of the universe, and is made great thereby. The great masters of all the ages have been this kind of men. This is true in the realm of thought—who rules the ages like Paul? True in painting, instance Rubens, Murillo, Raphael; true in music, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Mozart; true in architecture, all the builders of cathedrals. Here man reaches the climax of his being. He sees the infinite and eternal God face to face and is not consumed; nay, he glows with holy joy and rapture in every highest attribute of his being. We can find out some things without feeling fingers, some by the infinites of power in the eye, some by the farther flights of reason; but faith and heart alone know God. And herein lies man's greatest glory and this world's greatest asset.

**The Price Paid for Our Redemption.**  
But while man's value has no legal tender of worlds, as we have said, his value is indicated by the price that was paid for his redemption. He was too good to be lost, and when sin had paled the arm meant for scepter-swaying, dimmed the vision meant for seeing God in his works and turned to stoniness the heart that was meant to throb with love for the infinite Lover, we could not be redeemed with corruptible things, with silver or gold, but only with the precious blood of Christ. Worlds of gold had no value then, but God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed on him should not perish, but have everlasting life. So he that was rich in hierarchies, thrones, dominions, orders of angels, beings, for our sakes became poor that we through his poverty might be made rich. And poverty, deprivation, was the least of the price. He took a world's burdens and carried its sorrows, hushed its walls on his loving bosom, till the weight of sorrows and sins broke his heart on Calvary and carried infinite life into the dark realms of death. We cannot estimate the price paid, but we feel that the thing bought justified the price, because he shall see the travail of his soul and be satisfied. This joy set before him enabled him to endure the cross and despise the shame.

The worth of man is clearly seen in the kind of work to which he is invited. It would have been much if he had been left to dominion over the fowl of the air, cattle of the field, fish of the sea, and besides fish, whatever passes through the paths of the sea, gravitation, magnetism, etc. But he is invited to a far higher kind of work. And in this work he is to have the personal championship and co-operation of God. Locomotives, steamships, light-houses, wireless stations, astronomical observatories are not symbols of man's greatest work, any more than swung worlds and gulf streams of stars are symbols of God's greatest works. These are easy to him. He speaks and it is done, commands and it stands fast. But works of redemption, salvation and glorification require the going forth of all the power of the mind and the heart of God. They require not merely the exercise of the attributes of God, as omnipotence, omniscience, etc., but the outgoing of his very essence, and that is love.

"Twas great to speak a word from naught."  
"Twas greater to redeem."

And into this work man is invited and utilized. Under the laws of the material world it were easy for soil to burgeon into flowers, or grow into stately sequoias. It were easy for winds to blow and rivers to flow. But there are greater works than these. There are woe of a world to be lightened, sighs to be turned into laughter, chains of habit to be broken, degradations of soul to be stopped and developments to be begun, all downward tendencies to be turned into upward flights, and a complete and everlasting salvation to be secured for every willing soul. Into this amazing work men are called by a partnership divine. It is honor, it is glory; and that man has capabilities for this work is the highest conceivable declaration of the supreme worth of man. The forests of a thousand millions for time and eternity wait on man's activity. All the resources of the ever blessed God are ready to be poured out in co-operation, till the walls of earth's every cage shall be changed to gates of salvation forever and ever. The highest commission ever given to man was given on Olivet: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Responsibility, capability and co-operation combine to testify that man is the greatest asset of this world.

**A Little Lower Than the Angels.**  
But man's value is seen not merely from his own estimate of himself, but in the just and final estimate of God. Man was made in the image and likeness of God, and as the psalmist says, "A little lower than God" (Ps. 8:5), and

A Sermon By  
Bishop H. W. Warren,  
Of the Methodist Episcopal  
Church.

set over the works of his hands. But the glorious plan God had for man at his creation was marred by disobedience. But God did not despair of success. God is yet "mindful of him," "visits him," "sets his heart upon him." "Is not ashamed to call them brethren." Efforts far beyond those of creation were put forth for redemption. These efforts so succeeded that there is no possible figure of worth that is not lavished freely to express God's sense of the value of his people. "I will open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, there shall not be room enough to receive it." "They shall be mine in that day when I shall make up my jewels." Every tender and precious relation of human life is burdened with expression of God's value of man. Father, mother, bridegroom, bride, child, in all they mean in human tenderness and love are used to shadow forth God's appreciation of the redeemed ones. And as earth was prepared and endowed for the training school of man in the flesh, so a heaven incomparably more glorious is prepared for developed souls. No wonder Paul sees the need of the eyes of our understanding being enlightened that we may know the excellency of the glory of God's inheritance in the saints.

And this, let it be remembered, is but the first stage of development. The time will come when this wondrous world with its still undeveloped capacities will not be strong and rich enough for the developed man. It would stunt his soul to remain among its thoroughly mastered forces. Then let the earth that now is pass away with a great noise, and its firmament be rolled together as a scroll, but the late inhabitants find a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; where the trees have such intensity of life that their mere leaves shall be sufficient for the healing of the woes of the groaning nations, and its fruit, ripened every month, shall give such growth as befits the sons of God.

But the proof of worth is activity. Gold in the mountains is worth no more than the adjacent rock. Radium is worth inestimably more than gold because of its radio-activity. When Cromwell went into the cathedral and was shown the silver statues of the apostles, he said: "Take them down, coin them into money and let them go about doing good as their Master did." The talent used grows in a little while to five or ten talents. The talent buried in the earth not only does not grow, but is taken away from the owner.

Oh, remember that youth is the time for activity. All its stirring impulses are divine inspirations rousing it to accomplishment. How many fields there are, and none of them without opportunity! There is no field so barren but it may be made to blossom with roses; no tropic marsh so stagnant,

## WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

(Text—I. Cor. 3:9.)

A Sermonette from the Christian Courier.

1. "Workers."—We are living in an age when we understand that work is no other age could. The word is Saxon, and it carries with it a sharp, eager, passionate, achieving power. This is a working world, a working universe, a working civilization. Things are busy, hustling, strenuous and all aglow with the purpose and power of work. In the first Eden God gave man a work to do, driven out of the garden it was work; Christ said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." "Workers," that is the idea.

2. "Together."—Here we have another word that marks our modern civilization. "Get together," "togetherness." The business world is learning the secret and combines. That is the meaning of trusts, partnerships, companies, corporations, combines—"together," "workers together." In union there is strength; get the workers together. The church for long ages split into contending and opposing factions, is catching the spirit of the age, and all these separate bodies, all conventions of Christian people are sounding out the note "together," let the church restore its last unity and come to work. Conserving of forces, money, talent, energies, missions, the Word of God, the progress of the kingdom—all demand that we get together. Too long have we pulled apart, wasted our energies, and kept back the kingdom of God; we must become workers together.

3. And then there is that other word, "with God." What a combination! "Workers together with God." My work and yours linked with the omnipotent God. My enterprise and God's enterprise one. A divine enterprise, a divine partner! How good, how confident, powerful and certain of the ultimate achievement; what dignity and grandeur it attaches to the lowliest work. Nothing is commonplace, ordinary, menial, secular, unsuccessful since God is in it. Think of this, my fellow-Christian, you are working with God. How that thought should inspire comfort, vitalize you. Your work indissolubly joined with His; all you do worthily planned, vitally approved by the divine spirit. You are not alone and isolated. You are working in a vast scheme which has God for its architect. He has the plan and sees the end from the beginning. Work, brother, in your little corner where God has placed you; lay your few bricks in this vast building of God—don't grow and fret about results. We will bring the work through. Paul may plant that was his part; Apollo watered that was his part; and God gives the increase. Don't try to do Paul's and Apollo's work, or God's work; just do your own work, and God will give you the increase, and never sleeps or tires, never makes mis-

tant but that it may be made glorious with the Victoria Regia; and no field of human endeavor so lowly but it may be made to bear the Godlike heroisms of sublime character. When Rome needed to be saved it found Cincinnatus at his plow. When the American revolution needed a leader it found Washington on his farm. And when the most glorious union on earth needed to be saved it found Grant in his laundry and Lincoln just out of his cabin. So when the immortal Son of God needed companions and fellow-workers to turn a world upside down, he found Matthew at the despised seat of a publican, and Peter and John at their fishing. And when the Lord uttered his judgments of great deeds as seen in the light of eternity, he commended the poor Martha giving her two mites, he loved Martha careful in household duties, and he made a memorial over the whole earth and through all time of the poor woman whose overflowing love anointed him beforehand for his burial. The verses that were sung of one humble man might be sung of millions.

"Not at the battle front, writ of in story,  
Not in the blazing wreck, sleeping to glory;  
Not while in martyr-pain's soul and flesh severe  
Lied he this hero now; here forever."

"No pomp, no page, no pomp, no focus  
enlightened him;  
No friends applauding watched, no  
fog arranged him;  
Heath found him there, without  
grandeur or beauty.  
Only an honest man doing his duty."

"Just a God-fearing man, simple and lowly,  
Constant at kirk and hearth, kindly  
as holy;  
Death found—and touched him with  
finger in flying—  
Lo! he rose up complete—hero undying."

Many are the crosses men carry in lowly life. "But the cross is the only ladder tall enough to reach the threshold of heaven." Earthly kings are crowned amid all earthly splendors, but the coronation of the kings and priests of God is attended with the splendors of the nightless heaven. Paul, the prisoner in a Roman dungeon, could look up and say, "Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing."

**A Reliable Medicine—NOT A NARCOTIC.**

Mrs. F. Marti, St. Joe, Mich., says: "Foley's Honey and Tar saved my little boy's life. She writes: 'Our little boy contracted a severe bronchial trouble and as the doctor's medicine did not cure him, I gave him Foley's Honey and Tar in which I have great faith. It cured the cough as well as the choking and gagging spells, and he got well in a short time. Foley's Honey and Tar has many times saved us much trouble and we are never without it in the house.' Dreier Bros."

But so far as civil law is concerned, the solitary man, living far from any neighbors, is at liberty to keep a garbage heap at his cabin door, because he is not interfering with any neighbor's liberty to enjoy sweet odors. The story is so pertinent here that it is worth repeating, even where it is familiar, of the foreigner of the baser sort coming out of a saloon, who swung his arms about on the crowded sidewalk, until one hand hit the nose of an American passing by, who straightway knocked him down. He rose to his feet indignant, shouting, "I thought this was a land of personal liberty." "So it is," replied the American, "but your personal liberty ends where my nose begins"—a remark which, like a flash-light, exposed the absurdity of the popular idea of "personal liberty." My personal liberty is bounded by my neighbor's nose as I shall find if I attempt to put a stinking glue factory near a residence neighborhood.

This solitary man, who is studying his "personal liberty" to make night hideous with drunken rage and revelry, for having no neighbors, he is not intruding the liberty of anyone else to rest in peace.

But when that solitary man in the wilderness concludes that he prefers a more limited liberty in civilized society, with its protection and fellowship, just as a man exchanges a quarter section in the wilderness for a corner lot in the city, he exchanges his boundless liberty of solitude for the smaller but more desirable liberty of civilized society. What is liberty in civilized society? It is the ample space within a great circle, that is bounded smoothly on all sides by law, which protects the rights and liberties of others.

**Legalized Mischiefs.**  
Inasmuch as government's chief function is to protect property and life and character, manifestly it should prohibit a traffic which at best is unnecessary, and which in its total effect greatly increases the crimes which government is bound to prevent as well as punish. No law absolutely annihilates an evil, but in the words of Gladstone, "Law makes it harder to do wrong and easier to do right." Prohibition in its various forms does that. The legalized saloon, on the other hand, makes it as easy as possible to do wrong, and makes it as hard as possible to do right.

**Gleanings.**  
Dr. William Osier, regius professor of medicine in Oxford university, in a valuable article on the fight against tuberculosis in the Woman's Home Companion for February, says that "prepare the soil for the tuberculosis germ—three bads—bad air, bad food and bad drink—alcohol."

Prof. Taav. Laijnen, M. D., University of Helsinki, Finland, in Norman Kerr lecture, London, July 29, 1909, speaking from three years' experiments on 225 persons and many animals, says: "Alcohol, even in comparatively small doses, exercises a prejudicial effect on the protective mechanism of the human body." What science teaches of the deadly effect of all intoxicants gives force to the following story: After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage-master dragged out a demijohn of whiskey. "Anything more?" asked the man. "Yes," said the baggage man, "there's a gravestone. There's no name on it, but it ought to go with that liquor." Edited, the great inventor, says: "Art will be increased and distributed as we emerge more and more from the dog stage. Society will have to stop throwing sand in the bearings of a steam engine." A British speaker, calling attention to the proposed extra tax on whisky, amounting to a penny a glass, noted that that was just the cost of each rivet in a battleship, and that "every additional glass that his countrymen tossed down their throats meant a rivet." But from the standpoint of new experiments on alcohol, every glass of intoxicants means a rivet in one's coffin. Two men who started out with equal heredity, one a moderate drinker and the other an abstainer, will differ by seven years in average length of life in favor of the abstainer.

## Liberty or Liquor?

Gal. 5:15-26. Golden Text—"If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the spirit." Gal. 5:25.

The Epistle to the Galatians is a divine exposition of true liberty, in contrast to its counterfeit, license and anarchy. Because Paul taught that love to God frees from bondage to the law of God by making us disposed to do freely by innermost preference what God requires, instead of doing it under the slavish lash of fear, many who had not received this willing spirit of obedience jumped to the conclusion that one might do not only what a spiritual heart prompted, but also whatever a selfish heart desired. Paul's words, "Free from the law," are hardly less misunderstood today, and "liberty" is still the watchword of slaves to evil passions. H. W. Blair, who was for many years the champion of moral measures in congress and daily encountered the opposition not only of bad men, but also of some good men who did not see that there is no liberty to do wrong, has said: "The whole question of liberty needs to be expounded anew in this age of cities." And we may add that the most effective way to root out the false ideas of liberty that prevail is to begin with the children.

**Liberty Not License.**  
"For ye, brethren, were called for freedom; only use not your freedom for an occasion to the flesh, but through love be servants of one another" (Gal. 5:13). Freedom is not freedom to indulge in selfish and sensual sin, but freedom to serve God and man by the spontaneous impulse of love, "for the whole law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If we do not love God and our neighbor it will be enforced slavery to serve them; but if we love God as a Father and all men as brothers, we shall freely choose to serve them, as children rejoice to serve whomever they love.

"Walk by the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh" (verse 16). In the sixteenth century Europe was aglow, as with northern lights, with the cry of "religious liberty." There was nothing selfish in that cry. It meant, to many who uttered it, liberty to die that their children might have liberty to pray. In the course of two centuries that light in the upper sky had worked down into the lower sky, and Europe glowed with the cry of "civil liberty." There was nothing selfish in that cry. It meant to many who uttered it liberty to die that their sons might be free from despots. Alas! that "liberty," this word of heavenly glory, should now be oftentimes used in that synonym of personal selfishness and personal desire, "personal liberty." There is everything selfish in that cry. It means liberty to destroy one's self and the peace of society.

**No Personal Liberty to Do Wrong.**  
There can be no civilized society so such liberty as prodigals and politicians mean when they cry, "Personal liberty." Nowhere in all God's world of law can there be "personal liberty" to do wrong with impunity. The only real liberty that can exist under the reign of law is the abundant liberty to choose among the various ways of doing right.

But so far as civil law is concerned, the solitary man, living far from any neighbors, is at liberty to keep a garbage heap at his cabin door, because he is not interfering with any neighbor's liberty to enjoy sweet odors. The story is so pertinent here that it is worth repeating, even where it is familiar, of the foreigner of the baser sort coming out of a saloon, who swung his arms about on the crowded sidewalk, until one hand hit the nose of an American passing by, who straightway knocked him down. He rose to his feet indignant, shouting, "I thought this was a land of personal liberty." "So it is," replied the American, "but your personal liberty ends where my nose begins"—a remark which, like a flash-light, exposed the absurdity of the popular idea of "personal liberty." My personal liberty is bounded by my neighbor's nose as I shall find if I attempt to put a stinking glue factory near a residence neighborhood.

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Dr. William Osier, regius professor of medicine in Oxford university, in a valuable article on the fight against tuberculosis in the Woman's Home Companion for February, says that "prepare the soil for the tuberculosis germ—three bads—bad air, bad food and bad drink—alcohol."

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It is a great mistake to suppose that a man is not drunk until he is staggering or stupid. An Indiana judge, V. S. Reiter, says that a man is drunk when he shows the effect of liquor in any degree in his walk or conversation, or whenever his "common sense is disturbed."

It would seem that a man with common sense would let liquor alone, which goes first of all to the highest parts of the brain, so much so that President Eliot has declared that in the light of modern experiments on alcohol it is "inexpedient for even a self-controlled gentleman to drink the mildest and purest beer or wine at his home."

**Expenses of an Alcohol Slave.**  
In McClure's Magazine for August an "alcohol slave," whose reliability was vouched for by the magazine, declared that he had kept an accurate account of his expenditures and during thirty years his habit had cost him in cash \$61,990.85, while during the same period it had robbed him of twenty-four good jobs.

The Prohibition Year Book estimates that the average cost of liquor in this country is \$91 per family. There are few other labor reforms that would add that much to the average workman's comfort.

During the strike in Sweden, 1909, when all the bars were closed to prevent disorder, the results in decrease of crime and vice were so remarkable that it has made an abiding impression upon Sweden in favor of prohibition, which is likely to triumph in that country sooner than in any other in Europe.

We appropriately quote in this connection the following splendid sentiment of John Mitchell, the foremost of American labor leaders: "The happiness, the security and the progress of the nation depend more upon the solution of the liquor problem than upon the disposition of any other question confronting the people of our country. The government must soon take cognizance of the great evil to society that has grown out of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and it cannot long afford to continue its partnership with the liquor interests by accepting revenues from and issuing licenses to a traffic which is eating at the very vitals of the nation."

A good example of the brimstone odor of the saloon business was given to the world at the time when forty-seven millioners were entombed by an explosion at Cherry, Ill. During this excitement the saloons had been closed, but pay day came close upon the heels of the tragedy and the saloon keepers demanded and secured the privilege of reopening their doors, on the ground that they could not afford to forego the profits of pay day, notwithstanding the public grief and excitement which made such an opening a social evil.

**A Misleading Statement.**  
This is a good place to refer to the infamous words that are often put upon whiskey bottles. Because they are bottled in United States warehouses, though not in any sense by the government, to deceive the people, and especially foreigners, into thinking that these liquors are pure and harmless, the words are stamped upon these bottles, "Bottled by U. S.," which suggests as a moral for the future, "Throttled by U. S." That means, in the ultimate analysis, "Throttled by US." And that means no license. The philosophy of prohibition is that which the farmer constantly applies in his business—the removal of weeds and the building of fences. We remove saloons that our youth may have a more favorable environment.

**WHEN TO FORGET.**

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations, forget the fault-finding, and give little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable—Oregon Churchman.

**WHEN MERIT WINS.**

When the medicine you take cures your disease, tones up your system and makes you feel better, stronger and more vigorous than before. That is what Foley's Kidney Pills do for you. In all cases of backache, headache, nervousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general weakness that is caused by any disorder of the kidneys or bladder, Dreier Bros.

There are over 251,000 indoor paupers in England and Wales.

Mrs. Jacob Wilmet, Lincoln, Ill., found her way back to perfect health. She writes: "I suffered with kidney trouble and backache and my appetite was very poor at times. A few weeks ago I got Foley's Kidney Pills and gave them a fair trial. They gave me great relief, so continued till now I am again in perfect health." Dreier Bros.

By the introduction of new presses the government printing office is able to turn out 3,000,000 postal cards a day.

**THE GRATITUDE OF ELDERLY PEOPLE**

Goes out to whatever helps give them ease, comfort and strength. Foley's Kidney Pills cure kidney and bladder disease promptly, and give comfort and relief to elderly people. Dreier Bros.

International Sunday School Lesson for Sunday, Sept. 25, 1910.  
By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts.

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**WHEN MERIT WINS.**

When the medicine you take cures your disease, tones up your system and makes you feel better, stronger and more vigorous than before. That is what Foley's Kidney Pills do for you. In all cases of

If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps.



**OLD NATIONAL BANK**  
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RESOURCES OVER \$3,500,000.00

**Jacobs Music House**  
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**FORT  
WAYNE  
INDIANA**

FORT WAYNE TENT AND AWNING CO.,  
No. 223 E. COLUMBIA ST.

## A black and white portrait of a man with a full beard and mustache, wearing a suit and tie. The image is framed by a decorative border.

**Dr. N. R. Wenger**

**We Furnish  
THE HOME  
ON  
EASY  
Payments**

Store only ONE SQUARE north and a  
FEW FEET east from the TRANSFER CORNER

## A large crowd of people gathered in a field, with a city skyline visible in the background. The image is a high-contrast, black and white photograph, likely a newspaper clipping. The crowd is dense and fills most of the frame. In the background, a city skyline with several tall buildings is visible against a light sky. The image has a grainy, high-contrast quality typical of old newspaper prints. There is a decorative border at the bottom left corner.

FLETCHER'S FIELD  
COPYRIGHT 1918 BY  
W. H. POTMAN & SON.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT -  
CARDINAL GIBBONS, UNITED STATES; CARDINAL VANNUPELLI, ITALY  
CARDINAL LOURIE, IRELAND; CARDINAL ...

One of the most impressive sights during the congress was the open air mass on Fletcher's field, where bishop O'Connell, of Boston, preached to over 70,000 people. The above photograph shows a part of the huge congregation. The photo also shows Cardinal Gibbons, United States; Cardinal Vannutelli, Italy; and Cardinal Ireland. This is the only group photograph of the three cardinals ever taken in America.

**Like a Hallowed Shrine, Far-Famed City on St. Lawrence Becomes Mecca for Thousands of Faithful Followers—Helen May Irwin Describes Great Procession Which Ended International Eucharistic Congress.**

Hokara, who have sold hundreds of packages the last few weeks, say they have yet to find any form of wound disease affecting the skin that Hoka does not heal, and its relief is so

# Mother's Friend

**H. PFEIFFER & SON.**  
107-109 E. Columbia St.      Phones 400 and 48

## Children Need This Hair Tonic

You cannot get away from the fact that a child's hair collects more or less foreign matter, and that it is usually neglected.

When the scalp and hair become moistened from perspiration this foreign matter mixes in with the dandruff and soon forms in layers. This will close up the tiny pores of the scalp and rob the roots of the hair of proper nourishment. More than that, bacterial action will result in scalp disease.

## NYAL'S HIRSETONE

should be used once or twice a week for a few weeks, the scalp thoroughly cleansed, dandruff removed and all germ life destroyed.

The general health of the child will be protected by the consistent use of this hair tonic and food.

**Ask the Naval Druggists.**

Hoham's Drug Store,  
1706 Calhoun St.  
D. & N. Pharmacy,  
624 Calhoun St.  
Loesch Drug Store,  
Cor. Barr and Wayne Sts.  
Melchen Drug Store,  
1129 Maumee Ave.  
Hutzel's Drug Store,  
1402 West Main St.  
Jacob Bill's Drug Store  
1401 E. Creighton Ave.  
Clapesattle Drug Store  
2514 Broadway.  
Zimmerman's Drug Store  
1312 Broadway.

**DO IT NOW  
DON'T WAIT**

until tomorrow before you investigate our method of treating Drug, Liquor and Tobacco addictions with Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets.

We remove desire of patients, we accept for treatment, if directions are followed, and do it without pain or suffering. Can be given secretly without the knowledge of the patient. **RESTORONA SENT FREE. Give it a Trial.**

Price \$1.00 per package. Sold and recommended in Fort Wayne at the three stores of

**Meyer Brothers Co.**  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

**DR. RANKE**

FT. WAYNE, IND.  
207 Washington Boulevard We  
**EYE, EAR. NOSE,**  
**THROAT.**  
GLASSES ADJUSTED.

**DR. MARY WHERY**

**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
Office and Residence—404 Berry  
East.  
**SPECIALTY—Diseases of Women**  
Telephone 470. Hours—9 a. m.  
8:30 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

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by advertisements guaranteeing to save you so much money, when you borrow. By comparing the TIME, the AMOUNT you get, the SIZE of the payments, and the small REPAYE which other Companies offer you, with our terms and rates, you will know that we give you a **SAFER DEAL**. We have been doing business in Indiana for 25 years, and have a reputation for honesty and square dealing. **WE MAKE LOANS** on household goods, pianos, horses and wagons, farm implements or anything of value, and leave the security in your possession. If you live within 30 miles of Fort Wayne we will call on you at our expense. Big rebates if paid before due. Confidential, private, quick Loans. Call at our office, write, or phone, and we will make you a loan on easy payments for any length of time.

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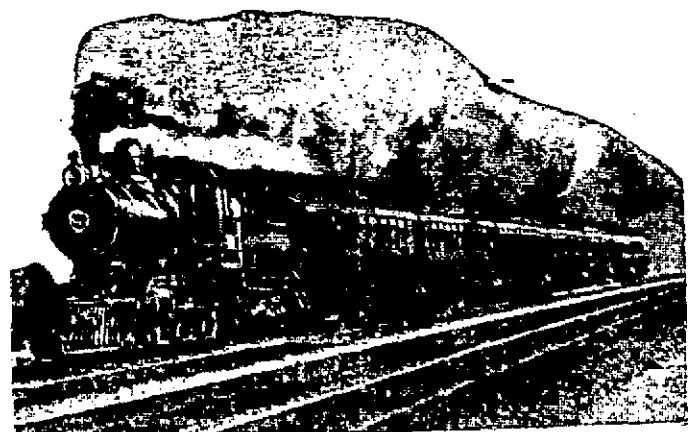
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SAVORY ROASTERS, CAST AND  
NEVER BREAK SKILLETS, CUT-  
LERY, SLAW CUTTERS, FOOD CHOP-  
PERS.

**H. PFEIFFER & SON.**

107-109 E. Columbia St.      Phones 400 and 484.



## THE SHOP AND RAIL NEWS

### G. A. R. TRAVEL HAS COMMENCED

Wisconsin and Illinois Delegations Pass Through City Sunday.

### SPECIAL TRAINS ON THE PENNSYLVANIA

G. R. & I. Preparing Change of Time Card—Shop and Rail News.

The Grand Army encampment opens in Atlantic City next Tuesday and travel in that direction has already set in. Tomorrow the Pennsylvania will have two special trains through this city, carrying veterans and members of their families to the encampment city. One of the trains will be occupied by the Wisconsin delegation and will pass through the city at 7:40 tomorrow evening, running as the second section of No. 8. The other train will probably be a second section of the limited, passing through the city between 9 and 10 o'clock. It will carry the Illinois delegation. All the through trains on the Pennsylvania, the Nickel Plate and the Wabash tomorrow and Monday will have extra cars filled with veterans from the west and southwest and the Wabash expects to have some special trains.

### MIKE HUNTINE INJURED.

Boiler Foreman at Western Gas May Lose Toe.

Michael Z. Huntine, foreman of the boiler department of the Works of the Western Gas Construction company, had the great toe of his right foot so badly crushed Thursday afternoon that it may have to be amputated. He was assisting in handling some heavy metal, when one of the pieces fell on his foot.

### JOHN ROSS HAS RETURNED.

Agent John E. Ross, of the Pennsylvania, and his family, have returned from the west, where they spent ten days at Yellowstone National Park and other places of interest.

### TO MOVE FAMILY HERE.

Edward Bovine, of the Pennsylvania erecting shop, is making arrangements to bring his family here to reside. They are now at Columbus, where Mr. Bovine was formerly connected with the Panhandle shops.

### LAKE SHORE MAN KILLED.

Thursday afternoon a Lake Shore passenger train struck Jacob Gehring at Swanton, Ohio, and injured him so badly that he died soon after being taken to a hospital. Gehring was forty-five years old and had been in the employ of the company a number of years. He leaves a widow and two children.

### TAKES JOB AT 'LIGHTS.'

W. C. Kelley has taken employment as assistant to Traffic Manager Joseph Lamboly, of the Fort Wayne Electric works, a new position made necessary by the increasing business of the company. Mr. Kelley was employed for nine years in the freight office of the Pennsylvania and the latter portion of that service was in the

### DIAMONDS

You can buy a Diamond on weekly or monthly payments on a small payment down. Wartell, Cut Rate Jeweler, 1318 Calhoun St.

Anybody  
Can Borrow  
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WE MAKE  
NO  
DISTINCTION

No Waiting  
If You Are  
In a Hurry.

We loan workmen, mechanics, salesmen or anyone in want of money. If in a hurry, you will appreciate the easy and convenient manner in which we make our loans; no trouble or delay and all business transacted in confidence.

We accept repayment in small amounts either weekly or monthly or to suit your convenience.

Your furniture, piano, horses and vehicles or stock will do as security for a loan of any amount from \$5 to \$100, without removing your goods. Also loans on a plain note to people permanently employed.

Other loans paid off and more money advanced on better terms. If you have never deal with us it will be to your advantage to do so.

Our guarantee: Our rates are as low as any and better than many.

**INDIANA LOAN CO.**

211-12 Shoaff Bldg.  
Second Floor.

Home Phone 995.  
Established 1895.

ity Lutheran church in Allegheny, followed by a reception at the home of the bride's father. In the afternoon the bride and groom will leave on a wedding trip east and will return here Saturday to reside. Mr. Fowler has been employed in the store room of the Allegheny, and he is quite a favorite with the other clerks and attaches of the department.

### G. R. & I. CHANGES.

One week from tomorrow the Grand Rapids and Indiana company will put a new time card into effect. Included in the changes will be the transfer from a daily to a semi-weekly schedule of fast trains Nos. 19 and 20, which were put on last June expressly for northern resort business. After the 25th they will run only twice a week for thirty days, when they will be discontinued until next summer. Another change will be the departure from this city at 4:20 p. m. of No. 3, which leaves under the present schedule at 6:20 o'clock. Two new trains to handle the Chicago-Grand Rapids business will be put on between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids, to be known as the second section of trains Nos. 2 and 5. There may be a few other minor changes, but those mentioned are the chief ones.

### ATTENDED NEPHEW'S FUNERAL.

T. D. DeVilbiss, erecter for S. F. Bowser & Co., has returned from Columbus, Ohio, where he attended the funeral of his nephew, the late George J. DeVilbiss, superintendent of motive power of the Hocking Valley, who lost his life in the wreck on that road Monday afternoon. In some respects the circumstances connected with the funeral, so far as Mr. DeVilbiss is concerned, were similar to those attending the funeral of the father of the young man. T. D. DeVilbiss was in Alabama last week setting up machinery for S. F. Bowser & Co., when a telegram announcing the death of his nephew reached him. He left immediately and reached Columbus, Ohio, in time to attend the funeral, which was held at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Twenty years ago T. D. DeVilbiss, then in this city, received a telegram from Alabama, informing him of the death of his brother, Alexander, the father of the young motive power superintendent, who expired suddenly in a hotel in one of the chief cities in that state. Alex. DeVilbiss was traveling salesman at that time for S. F. Bowser & Co. T. D. DeVilbiss will leave Monday for Alabama to resume the installation of the oil tank system he was engaged upon when the sad news of the death of his nephew reached him.

### SHOP AND RAIL NOTES.

Division Storekeeper H. W. Hurst, of the Wabash, is looking after affairs in Toledo today.

H. C. Miller, yard clerk for the Wabash, will be the guest of friends in Napoleon, Ohio, over Sunday. He formerly resided in that city.

Barney Woenker, a Pennsylvania car builder, and his wife, will leave next week for Springfield, Ohio, for a visit with relatives.

Felix Logan, machinist at the Pennsylvania shops, is kept from his work by the illness of his wife, who is said to be quite sick.

General Foreman B. F. Sarver, of the boiler department of the Pennsylvania, has returned from a business trip to Crestline.

F. E. Herber, E. W. Bowen, D. C. Miller, W. J. Koch and J. J. Haas, Pennsylvania shopmen, are off duty on account of sickness.

Mrs. H. C. Proehl left this morning for Waukegan, where she will visit a few days with her son, Frank A. Proehl, who is a telegraph operator in the employ of the Nickel Plate.

J. R. VanBuskirk, painter at the Pennsylvania shops, and his wife, are making arrangements to visit relatives and friends in Terre Haute the latter part of the month.

L. H. Kloepper, for awhile employed at the Wabash shops and later at the Electric works, took a position as a pipefitter's helper at the Pennsylvania shops.

A. S. Courtney, assistant general foreman of the Pennsylvania machine shop, left at 2:50 o'clock this afternoon for Boston, where he will spend a portion of a two weeks' vacation with his parents.

Time Clerk Harry McMillan, of the Bass Foundry and Machine works, is taken a vacation, which will be divided between a quiet rest at home and a brief sojourn at the lakes.

Freight Engineer C. A. Esterline, of the Pennsylvania, and his wife were summoned to Wells county last night by news of the accidental death of Mrs. Esterline's father, mentioned in another column in today's Sentinel.

Next Monday erecters from the Bass shops, will put up a steel stack over the new boiler just installed at the Albert hospital. The stack over the other boiler will be replaced also by a new one.

Engineer Howard L. Kennedy, of the Pennsylvania, who was called home from his run out on the road last week on account of the illness of his wife, is still off duty, the patient not having recovered fully.

F. Schultz, the rivet heater who had an arm broken while at work in the Pennsylvania shops two months ago, is recovering and called at the shop this morning to say that he would be able to resume work in a few days.

General Superintendent of Motive Power E. F. Needham, who came here on business for the Wabash Thursday evening, has been joined by Mrs. Needham and son, Edwin, and all will remain here over Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bell, the parents of Mrs. Needham.

Fred H. Smith, chief clerk in the Nickel Plate trainmaster's office, is taking a vacation. He went to Green Springs yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Smith, where they will visit relatives and the friends who were their neighbors several years.

Herbert Reed, clerk at the Nickel Plate round house and shops, has completed a two weeks' vacation and is again at work. He was accompanied on the trip by Mrs. Reed and they visited relatives in several places in New York and New Jersey and saw the sights of the leading metropolis of America.

### HER HANDS BLISTERED.

Miss Milligan injured in fire at J. A. Thieme's Residence.

A fire that originated Friday afternoon about 3:20 o'clock from a sulphur fumigating candle in a closet on the second floor of John A. Thieme's residence, at 519 West Berry street,

resulted in a total loss of several hundred dollars and injuries to Miss Milligan, a nurse in the home, who had her hands badly blistered as she opened the door of the closet. The fire practically gutted one of the bedrooms, completely destroying every piece of clothing there. The loss is covered by insurance.

Detective Sergeant Pappert arrested Albert Kramer and Harry Manier today on a charge of burglary and they confessed to entering the Mont Fair warehouse at Hayden and Francis

streets on Tuesday night. Manier formerly worked there and had a key. The outer door of the safe was open and they pried out the strong boxes and rifled them, securing 50 cents for their trouble. Kramer was arrested a short time ago for the theft of a number of bicycles and has been in the industrial school at Plainfield.

upon the design submitted by Prof. Hermann Hahn.

Nine sculptors competed, the others being M. Jagers, of New York; M. Schuler, of Baltimore; Hugo Lederer, of Berlin; C. A. Berman and Hubert Netzer, of Munich; George Werba, of Dresden; O. Schimkowitz and O. Hanowak, of Vienna. All nine designs will be executed for the principal cities of the United States in case the other municipalities express a wish to so commemorate the German poet.

The winning model is fifteen feet high and shows the lightly draped figure of a young man who, with one foot resting on a block of marble, is holding an eagle on his knee. Just above the pedestal is a portrait in relief of Goethe.

HEROIC DOSE CURES LOCKJAW.  
Antitoxin Administered in Enormous Amount is Successful.

Millwaukee, Sept. 17.—What is believed to be a world's record was made in the cure of a case of lockjaw here when 112,500 units of antitoxin serum were injected into the body of Gerald A. Sullivan, aged 17, a senior at Marquette academy. Hitherto, it is said, the largest amount ever administered was 100,000 units, a dose being 300 units, or three teaspoonfuls. The case grew out of young Sullivan's running a silver three inches long into his big toe while in a foot race barefooted on Aug. 24.

## THE FIRST ATTRACTION AT THE FORT WAYNE FAIR

# "The Grand Forest Park Boulevard" "Florida Drive"

AND

## "Forest Park Addition"

Do not fail to visit this attractive part of the city on your way to the

## County Fair

Remember---Streets are being paved, sewers are complete, every modern convenience will be furnished.

# LOUIS F. CURDES

Phone 622

218-19-20 Shoaff Bldg.

### BOYS ENTERED WAREHOUSE.

Had a Key and Got 50 Cents Out of the Safe.

Detective Sergeant Pappert arrested Albert Kramer and Harry Manier today on a charge of burglary and they confessed to entering the Mont Fair warehouse at Hayden and Francis

### SELECT HAHN'S DESIGN.

International Jury Picks Memorial for Chicago Park.

Berlin, Sept. 17.—The international jury chosen by the German societies of Chicago to select a design for the Goethe memorial to be erected in Lincoln park in that city, today decided

# WALL PAPER

During Fair Week we will discount all grades of Wall Paper 20 per cent. for cash--besides we will sell you our regular combination grades at the following prices:

All 25c for - - - 15c  
All 20c for - - - 12½c  
All 10c for - - - 6c

All 6c for - - - 4c  
All 5c for - - - 3c

# KEIL & KEIL

926 Calhoun Street

## "CRIP" REFUSED TO TAKE AN OUTING AT LAKE

**Budmeyer Says He Was Surrendered by Osborne and Arrested.**

William "Crip" Budmeyer stated in the city court today that because he refused to go out of town on a fishing trip with Ben Osborne he was surrendered on his bond last night and locked up. Judge Mungovan let him go this morning on his own recognizance.

He stated that he thought it was a scheme to get him out of the city to one of the lakes north of Fort Wayne and prevent him from appearing as a witness against Osborne at his hearing Monday morning when he will be tried for selling liquor last Sunday.

"Ben came to me and said he wanted me to go to one of the lakes and I told him no, I wanted to be here for court Monday. He said he would give me up and he did." He promised the judge he would be in court when he was wanted on Monday and the judge trusted him.

**The Other Cases.**  
Louis Dittion, a lad who came here from Columbia City recently, was let go under a suspended sentence of ten days and a fine of \$10 for embezzlement. He collected \$10 for Mrs. Hicks of Webster street, and bought himself some clothing. The clothing was returned and the money refunded and given back to the owner.

Clarence Lewis, who was parading the streets a night or two ago without trousers, was back again on a charge of drunkenness and was fined \$5 and costs.

Of four vagrants picked up by Detective Sergeant Pappert two were let go and two held by the court for investigation. Frank Spano, whose jail term expired on a charge of assault and battery, was re-arrested on a charge of grand larceny and held until Monday under a bond of \$500.

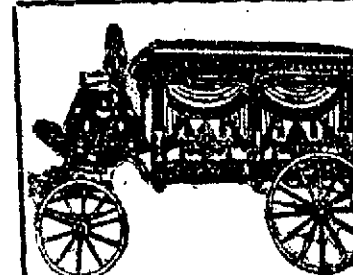
Phil Schramm, arrested for assault and battery, had his case continued until Sept. 23.

Of the drunks Dan Thomas was fined \$10 and costs, Harry Fitzgerald \$5 and costs and William Jacobs and Jack Doyle \$1 and costs each.

## Schone & Ankenbruck



**COR. BERRY & BARR**  
**BOTH PHONES**  
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**ELASTIC TRUSSES**  
**FITTED**  
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Gross Pharmacy, cor. Bar and  
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Dr. K. L. Seaman, 312-313 Shoaff  
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Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and  
Bowels a specialty. Children's diseases  
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## EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Little Ads. for Thoughtful Buyers  
from the Daily Mart  
of Trade.

Watch this Column. There's  
Always Something Interest-  
ing That Will Pay You to  
Know About.

### AUTOMOBILES.

We are offering the following list of Automobiles at Bargain Counter Prices:  
One BUICK TOURING CAR.  
One POPE-TOLEDO TOURING CAR.  
One POPE-TOLEDO RUNABOUT.  
One CADILLAC CAR.  
One PRIMAER CAR.  
One SMALL ELECTRIC CAR.  
The Fort Wayne-Auburn Auto Co., 255  
East Columbia St.

### ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Say! The next time you have any kodak pictures to develop take them to Clear or telephone 2306 and I will send for them. CLEAR, the Photographer, 704 Calhoun Street.

### BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES

Why does an "Indian, R.S. or Thompson" motorcycle always win every event where entered in a hill-climb or race? There's a reason. Indiana Bicycle & Supply Co., 111 West Washington Blvd., corner Calhoun St.

### BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

Athy Sanitary Weather Strip, the only one keeps out all the dust and cold. J. M. Stouder & Co.

### CLOTHING CLEANED—PRESERVED.

We clean, press and repair garments for ladies and gentlemen. Prompt. Reasonable. Louis H. Meier, Tailor, 1025 Broadway.

### DRUG STORE WANTS.

Everything a drug store is expected to have you'll get at Clyde E. Jones, 626 Harrison St. Cheaper than most places in price.

### DRUGGISTS.

Not one remedy leaves our store unless we have absolute faith in its efficacy and purity. That's why we built this business and the way it prospers. Dr. J. B. R. Noll, 110 East Columbia St.

### ELECTRICAL REPAIR WORK.

All kinds of Electric Motor repairing and rewinding. Rapp & Zollinger Electric Co., 461 East Columbia St. Home phone 1708.

### PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS.

If you're down town waiting for the car or shopping and feel tired or worn out, try one of our surpassing sodas. Bradley Bros., 627 Calhoun St.

### RESTAURANTS.

There is nothing so distasteful as to sit down to a meal in hot unsanitary environments. Here everything is cool, homelike and clean. Take your lunches here when in town. Weinand Bros., 711 Court St.

### SANITARY CLOTHES CLEANING.

As a "Summer Special" we will thoroughly dry clean and press men's two-piece suits for \$1.00. Kid gloves cleaned, 6 cents. Regis French Dry Cleaning Co., 2265 Calhoun St. Phone 338.

### SPORTING GOODS.

Never mind what it is—it is in the Sporting Goods line we've got it and its right in price and quality. John Trautman & Son, 221 East Main.

### SCHOOL OF LANGUAGE.

Class now being formed for fall term. Miss Elizabeth Shiller, 515 State St. Phone 2130-blue. 5-121

### SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

PAY CASH for all kinds of household goods. Phone 2231. L. Tomkinson, 1213 Calhoun St. 6-9-17

### RENOVATING AND CLEANING.

BARGAINS LADIES' LONG COATS AND GENTS' SUITS CLEANED AND PRESERVED. NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE COATS REFINED. ANTHONY DRY CLEANING CO., 1312 Lafayette St. Phone 1353. Union Tailor Shop. L. F. FEIST, Tailor, C. W. Feist, Cleaner.

### AUCTION SALE.

AUCTION 190 ACRE FARM AND 6 IMPORTED PERCHERON MARES. Tuesday, October 4. Six miles Northwest of Lafayette, Ind., a city of 25,000 inhabitants. Also Purdue University. Interurban stops at farm. 170 acres in cultivation and 20 acres in blue grass pasture and timber. New 6-room house, large barn and good fences. 6 imported registered Percheron and Belgium blood mares, 75 hogs, 38 cattle, grain and implements.

For full information, address Wright & Son, Auctioneers, Lafayette, Indiana. 9-16 day 51 wk 11

### ROOMS

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping; 115 West Washington. 9-16-17

FOR RENT—Four unfurnished rooms. Call 1209 West Washington after 6:30 p. m.

FOR RENT—Furnished room; all modern conveniences; suitable for one or two gentlemen. 312 East Berry St.

FOR RENT—Suite of four office rooms. 110-112 West Wayne St.; rent \$20.00 per month. Apply Sentinel office. 8-1-17

WANTED—Three unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping, in central part of city, by lady and daughters. Address N. B. Stenographer, Sentinel office. 16-21

FOR RENT—Aldine Lodge Room Thursday nights. Best, largest and most room in city. Banquet room attached. Foster Furniture Company. 9-5-eod-101

FOR RENT—Two brick store rooms, 1102 and 1104 Broadway; office rooms lately occupied by Dr. Hall, 325 East Berry St. Schrader & Wilson, Main and Court Sts., first floor. 9-1-17

FOR RENT—Modern 4-room flat, centrally located. Inquire 123 W. Wayne St.

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Telephone 6533.

We pay particular attention to the quality and individuality of our homes. Each one is carefully planned for itself in our architectural department. Besides the quality of material which our broad facilities enable us to obtain, we give special care to ventilation, drainage and sanitary conditions. We have high-priced workmen and demand the best, and we not only make the houses compact and labor-saving, but also good in color and outline and in conformity with their surroundings. We sell on the cash or payment plan.

One house of six rooms and bath, furnace, lights, brush brass chandeliers, hard wood floors, papered walls, hot and cold water to kitchen and bath, cement cellar with laundry convenience. This house has cement walks, fruit and shade trees and hedges, and is a most attractive home. \$2,700.00.

One house of seven rooms and bath, with interior of cherry, finished in dark mahogany. The color scheme in this house is good and it is cozy and convenient and completely modern home. \$3,500.00.

Another house of seven rooms and bath, with interior of cherry, finished in dark mahogany. The color scheme in this house is good and it is cozy and convenient and completely modern home. \$3,500.00.

Has the same conveniences and sells at the same price of \$3,500.00.

## MEDICAL EXPERT ON STAND IN THE HEARING

**Physician Says Croy Dropped in Tracks When He Was Shot.**

(Special to The Sentinel.)

Auburn, Ind., Sept. 17.—Dr. Louis Geislinger, of this city, was placed on the stand in the Herman Miller murder trial today to prove that theory of the state that Marshal Columbus Croy, of Woodburn, fell at the point he was struck by the bullet that ended his life and that he was dragged along the sidewalk to where his body lay when the citizens found it.

The physician stated that the impact of a shot from a forty-four caliber bullet would knock a man down and that if it passed through his heart he would die before he could get to his feet. He also said that if a man shot under the conditions described in the case had a revolver in his grasp it was placed there by someone after death.

This testimony took a great part of the day at the trial and was introduced in support of the theory that even if Herman Miller was a member of a party that committed a robbery in the Faulkner saloon the shot was fired by some person other than one of the men who broke into the saloon.

John Baker's rigid cross examination was finished up this morning and he did not depart materially from the evidence he had previously given. One point made by the defense is that Mrs. Jennie Johnson testified that the map she saw enter the Faulkner saloon had a mustache. Photographs of Baker were obtained and introduced in evidence. He said they were taken a short time before the murder and they show that he was smooth shaven.

John Stout is too ill to appear on the stand. He is in the jail here, but has not eaten anything and his illness will cause some delay. Judge R. K. Erwin, chief counsel for the defense, stated that he would probably have all his testimony in by Tuesday night in event Stout is able to appear in Monday morning.

### CITY BREVITIES.

Mrs. Herman Kratsch, of 1004 Erie street, is ill at the Lutheran hospital. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Frame, corner of South Harrison street and Wildwood avenue, a son.

George Ankenbruck, of the Peoples Store, and Fred Potthoff, of the First National bank, are spending a week's outing at Silver Lake.

Mrs. S. W. Smith, of Pierceland, is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Meek, 2426 South Calhoun street, caring for the children while Mrs. Meek is at the hospital, having recently undergone a surgical operation.

Henry Friday, 302 Brandriff street, purchased a new horse yesterday and while leading it home, the animal became frightened along Fairfield avenue, near the Pennsylvania tracks and jumped to one side, knocking Mr. Friday to the street. The animal trampled him, inflicting a compound fracture of the leg. Mr. Friday was removed to the Lutheran hospital.

### FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Furnished, modern 8-room house on West Berry St. Address P. O. Box 34, City. 15-61

FOR RENT—We keep a rent list and are prepared to sell you a house for a small payment cash, balance like rent. W. E. DOUD, 3d Floor Shoaff Bldg. 1-16-17

FOR RENT—A beautiful 7-room house furnished; all modern conveniences; furnace, electric light, bath, etc., seven blocks from court house in finest residential part of city. Parties going south for winter. Address Z, care Sentinel. 17-31

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping; 115 West Washington. 9-16-17

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### WANTED.

WANTED—Boy, 15 or 16 years of age to learn the cigar business; good chance for right boy. At Hazard. 9-15-17

WANTED—Two single farm hands; wages \$25.00 per month. Apply Red Line Co., 709 Court St.

WANTED—Four machinists; helpers; wages 17 1/2c per hour. Apply Red Line Co., 709 Court St.

WANTED—Twenty young men to sell refreshments at the fair grounds; good pay. Apply Fruit stand, Wayne and Calhoun Sts., at once. 16-31

WANTED—Four boys to deliver packages; also a few boys for after school and Saturdays. White Star Line, 505 Harrison St. 15-31

WANTED—Three young men for night work; wages \$2.00 per night; steady work. Apply Red Line Co., 709 Court St.

WANTED—Boy 14 or 15 years of age to answer telephone, make collections and do other office work. White Star Line, 505 Harrison St.

WANTED—Twenty men for team grading and cement building work; wages \$2.00 per hour. Apply Red Line Co., 709 Court St.

WANTED—MEN—Learn automobile business. We teach by mail. Get you \$25 weekly job. Rochester Auto School, 235, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Teamsters; wages, 17 1/2c to 20c per hour; good work for the mill; wages 17 1/2c to 20c. Apply Red Line Co., 709 Court St.

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WANTED—Salesman—Steady employment; salary or commission; season just opening. Graham Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y. 17-21

WANTED—BRIGHT YOUNG MEN for Government R. Mail Clerks. Immediate action necessary. We can fit you in time. For thorough preparation, address I. S. C., Box 1065, Cleveland, Ohio. Sept. 15 to 30

WANTED—SALESMAN—Experienced in any line to sell general trade in Indiana; unexcelled specialty proposition with BRAD NEW FEATURE. Commission with \$35.00 weekly for expenses. The Continental Jewelry Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED—SALESMEN. WANTED—Salesman with established line on commission. Ready seller, groceries, markets, restaurants. W. H. MILLIAN & CO., BALTO., MD. 12-17

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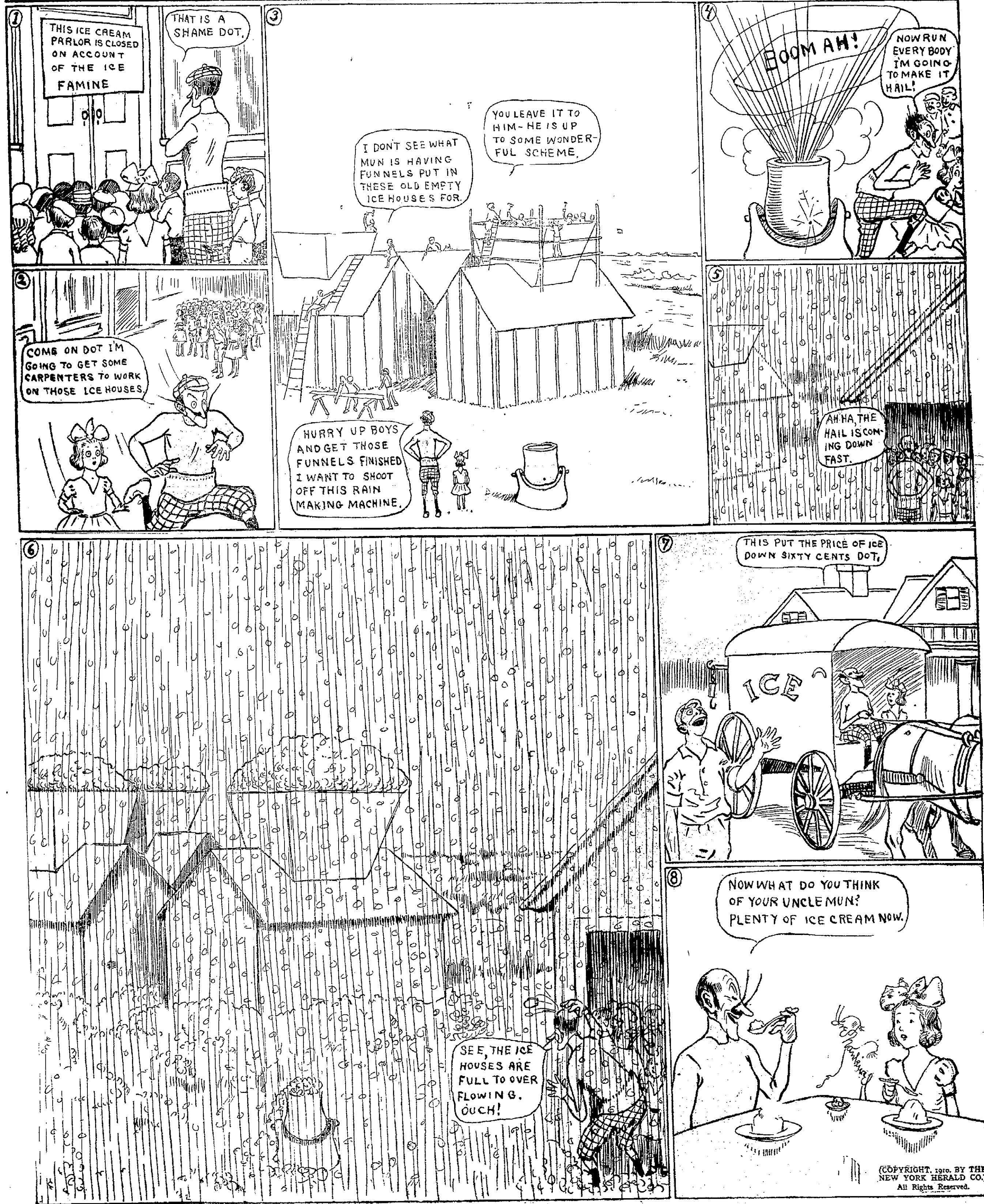
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## UNCLE MUN







# SKIBBY KINKS THE SPELLING CLASS

By William Chester Estabrook

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LITTLE Dominick Limani wanted that great American perquisite—an education. And he wanted Walter Skibbons to help him to get it!

Just as soon as he heard that Skibby had entered the Princeton street school he came to the Skibbons home to see about it. "Skib, you learn to book now; maybe you teach me to read and da write?" he asked eagerly. Skibby promised at once that he would and the very next night Dominick came with an old reader and a speller that he had been started in some years ago at a distant settlement school.

Dominick and his brother Frank were orphans who lived with their old Italian grandmother in a remote tenement district. Their father, who had been an organ grinder, had taught them to play the concertina and the fageolet and also to manage the monkey that had been his chief business accessory. The boys belonged to that constantly moving juvenile which is everywhere the despair of the truancy officer. Day after day they nudged the city, playing for the contribution which the monkey was trained to collect. God knows what had stirred in little Dominick's breast that he should have wanted to learn more of "da read and da write!"

He already had learned to read his old second reader and the writing of a few easy words, so that Skibby's task was not as tedious as it might have been. Helping Dominick had two distinct advantages for Skibby—it made him feel that, little book earning as he had, there were others still worse off than he, and that if he was to teach somebody else he must watch his own p's and q's.

It hadn't taken Skibby very long to appreciate something of what "do knowledge works" means to a boy. His one great regret now was for those seasons he had wasted the truancy officer. He had thought of school then only with contempt. Now he was determined to make up for it.

It was only a few days after his experience with the panic in Miss Laremond's room, where he had prevented the children from rushing out to the narrow, dangerous staircase, that he began to feel more at home in the big Princeton street school. Fairchild, the member of the Board who had threatened to have him expelled and who had expected to make much out of the lad's juvenile Court record, found suddenly that he had got hold of the unpopular end of the proposition, and for that reason quietly dropped it. His boys, who had bullied Skibby into a light, were now eminently respectful toward the conqueror. Miss Laremond was a little more amiable and the attitude of the school had changed wonderfully since then.

To complete his contentment, he felt that in helping the little Dominick he was passing a good thing along. It gave him a deal of satisfaction to know that he was giving what he himself had so long missed.

Sometimes Dominick, when he came to the Skibbons for his lesson, brought his brother, Frank, with him and once the two of them came accompanied by their monkey, Jocko, which had appeared in juvenile Court with them that time the Arab servant had tried to make the Judge believe the monkey had stolen a hat. "I teach Frank da read and da write," Dominick said, and Frank, grinning mischievously, added, "And I teach da monkey!"

On this particular night Dominick came by himself. Seated at the kitchen table opposite Skibby, he began to read slowly and laboriously from his old book—

"This is a warm doughnut; step on it."

Made It a Worm.

"Hully Gee, Nicky! Dat don't sound right! Dat don't sound like de book words!" Skibby protested, coming around and looking over Nicky's shoulder. He grinned good naturedly when he saw that what Nicky had tried to read was—"This is a worm; do not step on it."

Nicky was visibly embarrassed. "Don't let a little break like dat rag re," Skibby said reassuringly. "I makes 'em worse'n dat over to de school, but I don't mind de gaff dey shoots into me!"

After he had finished the half page that concerned itself with the worm Nicky plunged hopefully into the little "nature" poem which followed it—

"The lark is up to meet the sun,  
The bee is on the wing,  
The bee is on the wing,  
The bee is on the wing."

Skibby was puzzled, too, for an instant. "Aw, it's dis yere way, Nicky," he said, suddenly brightening. "It means dat de bee is on de bike! See?"

It seemed difficult, however, for Nicky to disentangle the wing and the bee and the "bike." It was still bothering him when he took his departure, and Skibby, whose building tenacity showed in his instruction as in everything else, went with him as far as the Bristow grocery in his efforts to explain the mystery.

While he was trying to convince Nicky that the bee could be on the wing as well as the wing on the bee the Bristow twins, Harley and Farley, suddenly rounded the corner.

They had been up street to see a friend, they said, and were just getting home. To Skibby's surprise Harley, who was the more talkative of the two, took a pound box of chocolate from his coat pocket and invited Skibby and Nicky to help themselves.

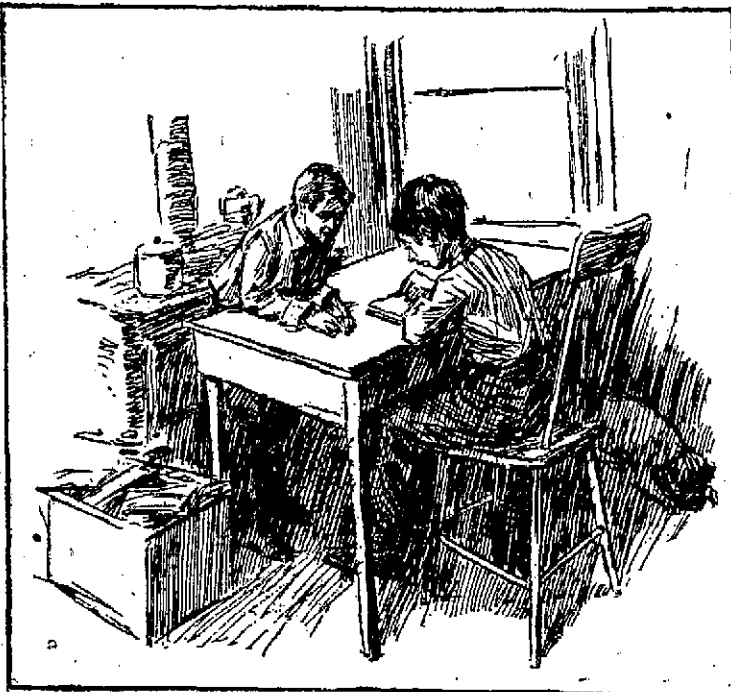
"We found 'em in the alley at the side of Keough's," they explained. "Somebody must have dropped them there." It was very late, and after a minute of inconsequential talk they entered the side

yard which led back to the Bristow house, and Nicky and Skibby bade each other good night and departed, each in the direction of his home.

Not till he was well on his way to school the next morning did Skibby have occasion to think of that box of chocolates. A boy who lived near Keough's Kandy Kitchen called across the street and asked him if he knew that the place had been burglarized the night before. The unexpected news was like a dash of cold water in Skibby's face. Instantly he thought of the Bristow twins. Had the little rascals, who had been on the verge of trouble so often, actually tumbled over the edge at last? His informant said, however, that as yet suspicion had attached to no one. Mrs. Keough, the owner of the candy store, had no clew whatever to the thieves; but that it was a boy or boys could not be denied. They had effected an entrance over the rear door by breaking the glass and squeezing through the iron bars behind it. Only a small boy could have gone through.

There was only one thing that favored the eventual landing of the thieves. Mrs. Keough kept a small establishment and the twenty boxes of chocolate creams that had been stolen represented her first attempt to put her candy up in "fancy" shape. She had not placed any of those particular creams on the market yet and was just getting her new stock ready for the morning, when she expected to make a display of that special box. Each cream was wrapped separately in a paper that bore her name. Since she had not yet sold any of the new stock a person in whose possession it was found might have had work to explain himself.

The Bristow twins had had just such a box. Yet Skibby argued to himself that candy was a strange thing for the twins to take. Their father had a whole showcase full of it in his grocery and they had free access to it always. True, he didn't carry expensive candies like Mrs. Keough's new stock, but they were plenty good enough to satisfy the demands of the average boy. Besides, Skibby thought it queer that the twins, coming directly from a deed like that, should be silly enough to treat the very first people they met. Still, he knew that a boy usually made a fool of himself the min-



"This is a warm doughnut; step on it."

ute he attempted to cover a theft. But, weighing everything over and over, as he had done those other times the twins were threatened with serious trouble and yet had proved their innocence, he was inclined once more to give them the benefit of the doubt. Nevertheless he was figuratively on pins that morning, expecting every minute that the police, who had been immediately put on the case, would unearth something that would implicate his little friends.

## The Fate of the Twins.

To his vast dismay it was the expected that happened. At the morning recess a cop sauntered into the Princeton street school yard and, making his way to where the Bristow twins were playing, quietly indicated that they were to go with him. And before the crowd of children could recover from their astonishment he had the little fellows each by a hand and was leading them away, their sobs and futile protests sounding dolefully.

Skibby, who had witnessed the proceeding, wondered if the cops hadn't muffed their work again. They had blundered three times already where the twins were concerned!

When he went home at noon all kinds of rumors were rampant among the children who thronged the streets. One man had seen Skibby and Nicky talking to the twins before the Bristow grocery late that night. He had started the rumor that all four must have had a hand in the burglary. Another tale which gained credence, because of its sheer fascination, was that both the Limanis and their monkey had taken part in the affair, the monkey climbing in between the bars and handing the candy out after the boys had smashed the glass. All this wild implication and accusation fairly set Skibby on his head. He knew that the Limanis were innocent and he believed the Bristow twins were, too. He was frantic to see things set right.

"It's kids that did the job all right. I'm willing to bet on that," his father declared when he was told of it. "Twenty boxes! Well, that's going some! And it won't be long till they're eating it. When a kid swipes tobacco he'll smoke it if it kills him, and when he swipes candy he'll eat it if it busts him. Them's two things a kid swipes and don't try to sell. So keep an eye out for jaws that's wagging on the side."



Pussy Foot, coming back for the candy, saw him and gave the alarm.

know if you'd corroborate what my boys told me about meeting you last night."

When Skibby reached the schoolroom he was not surprised that some of his classmates eyed him a bit curiously, if not with some of their old suspicion. Miss Laremond let them know at once by her attitude toward him that she had taken no stock in the report that connected his name with the Keough affair.

His desk was in the middle of the rear row. By merely turning his head he could see all the other seventy-four pupils in the room. The cops had said that Keough's had been robbed by kids who went to the Princeton street school. If that were true, he argued, the thieves were as likely to be in Miss Laremond's room as anywhere else. The last remark of his father stuck persistently in his mind. "Keep an eye out for jaws that's wagging on the side." Almost unconsciously he found himself lifting his eyes from the page to glance furtively around the room at the many backs before him.

He was trying very hard to keep his mind off the Keough affair and to put it squarely on his spelling lesson. Spelling was hard for him. He couldn't understand what business the "silent" letters had in a word. What was the use of "c" in "cat," of "n" in "nugget," of "g" in "guard?"

Suddenly his mind drifted toward the robbery. What if—Instantly he brought it back to the spelling lesson. Then his faculties seemed to mix the two. "Hully Gee! Now there was that name Keough! Did it have an 'e' or an 'o' or a 'u' or two of them or all of them? Often as he had seen the name he couldn't have felt sure about spelling it. He only knew that it sounded as if spelled "Co."

He wondered why the Keough family had ever crowded in all those extra letters. Then he bent again to his spelling lessons. Suddenly the boy sitting in front of him squirmed deep into his seat and peered into his desk as if searching for a book. He straightened immediately, holding the book close to his face. A moment later Skibby saw that he was industriously rolling something about in his month.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have paid no attention whatever to the incident. Some of the children are canny in school despite Miss Laremond's sharp eyes and her orders to the contrary. Especially was it difficult under any circumstances to attach suspicion to Leonidas Meigs, the boy in front.

It may be that you and the little Dago kid will have to appear as witnesses. Bristow went on, "and I just wanted to

about the room and the playground that the pupils had long ago forgot "Leonidas" and substituted "Pussy Foot" in its stead.

Pussy Foot's father was an undertaker and his mother was a moral force in the community, spending much more time on other people's affairs than she did on her own. To hope to find a sweeter, more modest boy than Pussy Foot Meigs was like hoping to paint the lily!

And yet Skibby, sitting there behind him, became convinced within twenty minutes, and much to his astonishment, that Pussy Foot would bear watching. At regular intervals Pussy Foot's hand would busy itself with something that rustled gently in his pocket. Then Pussy Foot would lean forward and peer into his desk. Then his jaws would resume their slow, cautious movement. At the side of his inkwell Skibby had already noticed a brand new eraser in place of the worn one that had been there the day before.

The youngest Fairchild boy, who had helped his big brothers bully Skibby into a fight the week before, sat three rows to the left of Pussy Foot Meigs. Once when Miss Laremond's back was turned, he twisted about and winked significantly at Pussy Foot. His "cheeks looked like something was stowed away in them."

Young Fairchild and Pussy Foot, with three larger boys in one of the upper grades, "trained" together. They spent their vacations together, they attended shows together, they did everything together. Only that afternoon Skibby had heard Pussy Foot say that if the next day, which was Saturday, was as warm as they expected it they'd all go for an afternoon's swim at Bain's Bend, a famous swimming hole down the river.

The longer Skibby watched the two boys the more convinced he became that they had their pockets full of candy. And yet, what if it? he asked himself. They could afford to buy candy if they wanted it. It wasn't necessary for them to steal it. Then he recalled the dozens of cases he had seen tried in the juvenile Court in which boys whose parents were respectable and wealthy had stolen things of the most trivial value. Why, there was that nephew of old "Turkey" Givens, the wealthiest man in town, who had confessed to stealing a neighbor's silverware!

No, strange to say, the fact that a boy's parents were respectable and wealthy had nothing to do with his conduct.

A half dozen questions began to tease such a thing seemed at first utterly absurd. There was still a chance that they were Keough's new chocolates that might not be guilty, a chance that the real culprit had given them some of the stolen candy. That Fairchild and Pussy Foot

she said, "we'll try it; it can't do any harm."

The recitation in spelling came immediately after recess. Miss Laremond hurried through the regular lesson. She then gave them a little talk on keeping their eyes open to the spelling words which they encountered every day of their lives. For instance, how many could spell the names of the firms whose places of business they passed continually? She didn't believe that any one in the room could spell correctly five of the business names known to all the community. If there was any one who could do it, she would excuse him from study the remainder of the day!

Little hands went up in protest. A score or more were eager to accept her challenge. In a few minutes each pupil had his note book out, his pencil in hand, ready.

"Campbell Brothers," Miss Laremond began, and waited for the labored scratching to cease. "Wilson" came next, followed in turn by "Crockett" and "McClellan."

"Keough" came last and was greeted with a sigh that filled the room. When they were all through Miss Laremond gave the correct spelling of each name and then asked for correct lists. There were none. Then for all who had spelled Campbell correctly. Then Wilson, followed by McClellan and Crockett.

"Was there any one who spelled Keough correctly?" she asked, while Skibby listened with his heart in his ears.

Fairchild and Pussy Foot rose instantly. Miss Laremond inspected their papers. The two boys were next to Skibby, the worst spellers in the room, but they were the only ones to correctly spell Keough!

Miss Laremond looked significantly toward Skibby. He wasn't surprised, however. When she had pronounced "Keough" he was watching Pussy Foot's every move, and he caught sight of the soft brown paper which showed just for an instant in that youngster's half closed palm. Keough, he knew, was plainly enough written on that paper. And he knew also that that paper could have come from but one place!

Miss Laremond was tremendously wrought up over the confirmation of Skibby's suspicions. That there should be any one of her little charges capable of doing such a thing seemed at first utterly absurd. There was still a chance that they were Keough's new chocolates that might not be guilty, a chance that the real culprit had given them some of the stolen candy. That Fairchild and Pussy Foot

Pussy Foot Meigs? He determined to find out about that candy. He wasn't going to let any chance slip to clear himself and the Limanis and the Bristows from the suspicion that had been put upon them. If it was Keough's new candy that Fairchild and Pussy Foot were eating he expected to find out where and how they got it.

## The Recitation.

At recess when all the other pupils fled down to the playground, he remained with Miss Laremond. He didn't want to make false accusation against anybody and yet he wanted to find out about that candy without exciting suspicion. He had a plan which he thought would work, and Miss Laremond couldn't help smiling at its originality when she heard it. "Yes,"

"If ye'll just wait till Monday, Miss Laremond," Skibby said, after school. "I think dey's one more trick to catch 'em. Dey two little kids didn't do it by themselves. I bets dey big kids had a hand in it. If ye'll wait till Monday I believe we'll cop de whole bunch." And to that she finally agreed.

The next day was one of those blazing days that sometimes interject themselves into the placidly comfortable weather of early autumn. As noontime approached and the mercury went crawling up and up Skibby's spirits rose correspondingly. It was a splendid day for a swim, and swimming days from now on were likely to be few and far between.

After an early lunch, during which he held a consultation with his parents, he boarded an Interurban on Harlan street that ran far out into the country and within a half mile of Bain's Bend.

He went prepared for business. A thin flannel shirt, light weight trousers and a pair of running shoes borrowed from Buck Rader constituted the chief part of his attire.

He left the car when opposite Bain's Bend and approached the place by a roundabout route. The boys had not yet arrived, and he hid in a bunch of willows and waited for them. He had overheard enough of their plans to know that only bad weather could prevent their coming.

## The Swimming Hole.

In the days before the Municipal Bath House that had been built by the efforts of Judge Dugano Skibby had been a frequent visitor at the Bend. Only the boys who could afford the car fare now came out to the place. It was an ideal swimming hole. For a hundred yards both sides of the river were lined with dense willows. The river bottom was as smooth as a bathing bench.

When the next car stopped the five boys Skibby expected alighted and started for the river. The three large boys were in front. Upon reaching the water, they all immediately stripped and plunged in, tossing their clothes back on the clean grass that stretched like a lawn just outside the willow screen.

Skibby had gone swimming there often enough to know just what Pussy Foot and his mates would do. They would swim straight down the river to the limit of the curve. He waited till the voices sounded fifty yards away and then slipped quickly out and approached the clothes. The little boys had come in their shirt sleeves; the larger ones wore coats. Skibby examined the coats. In a pocket of each was a box of Keough's chocolates! The trousers pockets of the smaller boys were packed with loose creams.

Skibby rolled the three coats under his arm and slipped back to his hiding place. It would be a half hour before the next ingoing car, and he didn't want to start across the open meadowland to the tracks before he was assured of the refuge the car would afford him.

The next twenty minutes seemed an age. The boys had turned and were coming back. From Skibby's position one could see the car when it attained the crest of the hill two miles away. He kept an anxious eye on his dollar watch. The voices were getting nearer. "Say, kids," one suddenly called out, "here's a peach of a diving log. Let's stay here and use it awhile. Pussy, you chase back to the ducks and get a couple of boxes of the tubakillers."

Skibby peered anxiously out for the car. It was just rounding the curve of the hill. He clutched the clothes with a renewed grip, pulled his cap close and leaped from his hiding place. He hadn't gone fifty feet till Pussy Foot, coming back for the candy, saw him and gave the alarm.

The larger boys scrambled out of the water and started across the meadow in pursuit. Naked as Indians they came after him, shouting for him to drop the clothes or they'd beat him up. But Skibby wasn't the sort that "dropped." He ran as fast as he could without winking himself too greatly. It all depended on his getting in the vicinity of the car on time. He knew that naked as his pursuers were they would never dare come near the car. They saw the distant car and made a desperate sprint to overtake him. Skibby had reserved his strength for just that moment. His feet fairly danced the ground. The three boys knew the damning evidence that was in their coats and they knew what use Skibby would make of it. Like the wind they came after him, gaining perceptibly at every bound. Skibby looked back at the short distance that separated him from them, and his heart sank. Would that car ever come!

Suddenly a few rods ahead, in the country road that led to the Bend's little shelter station, a picnic wagon of country girls came into view. With a triumphant whoop Skibby made for them. A minute later the Interurban slid down to the shelter station and he jumped aboard. Looking back over the meadow, he saw three naked forms prostrate in the grass.

He took the clothes directly to Special Officer Conlon of the juvenile Court. Conlon left for Bain's Bend on the next car. Two hours later he brought the five boys into court. They confessed to the burglary of the store, but since it was their first offense they were put on probation, their parents settling for the stolen goods. Miss Laremond, to whom Skibby had immediately went with the news, was glad that he had not been caught. He had been a pretty badly scared boy, he didn't want to get into any more trouble.

"His education is sure great stuff," Skibby remarked when he had told him about getting a kink in the spelling class. "Get yer book now and let's have our call a review. And let's see when we come to dat warm lesson, don't ye bet dat worm into a hot sinner!"

That Fairchild and Pussy Foot

# SALLY PRUE WINS OUT



He regarded me with utter astonishment when I refused a bloom that he offered.

BY ELISE WILLIAMSON.

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AWOKE that morning with the feeling that something delightful was about to happen—something perfectly delightful that was just waiting around the corner until I should come out so that it might happen.

I opened the upper inside blinds and flooded my room with early morning light. Small my room undeniably was, but no longer a hall bedroom and there were personal touches upon the dresser and in the selection of pictures upon the walls that made me think in returning to it that I was coming home.

As was my custom I arose at seven o'clock and allowed myself three-quarters of an hour for my toilet and a half hour for breakfast, this leaving me fifteen minutes' time in which to walk to my work, for I must be at the shop by eight-thirty sharp and without fail, since the girls in the workroom were dependent upon my supervision—so important had I become!

It was now four years to the day since I had begun work in Marie Maynard's exclusive waist and lingerie shop. I had begun as one of the sewing girls at \$5 a week, a salary which increased by slow degrees as I learned thoroughly each particular bit of the work, from the simplest task to that requiring the most delicate skill. I had begun by busting, just simply putting things together for fitting and the making of corrections after the fitting. I learned to tuck and to gather, both by hand and machine. I learned to "buttonhole," to make sleeves and to put them in properly, not so simple a feat as it may sound. I learned to cut and to fit. At different times I took the place of each of the girls in the shop until I had mastered her individual line of work. Then I was given the supervision of the sewing room at a salary of \$60 a month.

It was just a year before that I had acquired that post of honor, since then my duties had increased and I had gradually relieved Miss Maynard of many minor responsibilities. I now did all the special shopping, selecting and matching fine laces, a task which demanded taste and a knowledge of the different qualities and their corresponding values.

I also helped Miss Maynard with the designing of garments, and, discovering that I had something of a gift for this work, she had grown to depend on me almost entirely. Then, too, I assisted her in receiving the customers and in giving them estimates upon trousseau or odd pieces ordered.

For these services I received, in addition to the \$60 a month salary, a half of the net profits on every order.

The shop was near Fifth avenue. Thither I now bent my steps, walking briskly and going over in my mind some of the important things I had planned for the day's work. I was too busy to remember that something perfectly delightful was going to happen to me, but only felt singularly contented way down deep.

It was summer time—rich, warm summer—but a pleasant breeze was blowing and the cool of the morning was like a refreshing draught to drink.

Remembering that it was the anniversary of my coming to Miss Maynard, I stopped to buy some lovely pink roses whose like had tempted me for days.

The florist was a young Greek who stood patiently by while I selected each blossom with the utmost care, for the buying of roses was a ceremony indeed not to be lightly conducted. He regarded me with utter astonishment when I refused a bloom that he offered because I did not like its expression! I have wondered since if he credited that idiosyncrasy of mine to the nation at large or merely deemed me mentally unsound.

"But it does not make the least bit of difference what he thinks," I told the roses. "You are perfect beauties."

And then I sighed, though not very sorrowfully, to be sure. "Ah, me! Sally Prue, you will never be rich; not though you live in this bustling town two thousand years. I shrewdly suspect that you are going to earn a lot of money and spend a lot. Which is, after all, perhaps a very good way, so long as you spend it for the right things. Eh, my pretties?" And the roses nodded their pink heads wisely.

I had now come to the shop. It always gave me just the mite of a thrill of pleasure to open the door into that reception room—the sight was so satisfying. The room was oblong and done in Colonial style and there was an illusive charm about it, something that was truly Colonial. A suggestion of oldtime grace was there. It was small, yet it suggested so much one might almost call it a fragment, as of a poem of which all but a few lines are lost. And this an exclusive Shirt Waist Shop!

It was this curious intermingling of the commercial and the artistic that made the place so pleasing to the ultra-fastidious customers who purchased there. And the shop but bore the impress of its mistress.

## The Lingerie Shop.

Whatever were Miss Maynard's pretensions to birth I do not know. She maintained a discreet silence in regard to the matter and I respected her reserve. But the "outward and visible sign" was of a Grande Dame—hardened a bit perhaps by rude buffeting with the world, but the mould was undeni-

"Do you think that you could be an errand girl?" I asked doubtfully. "We rarely take a girl without experience."

Oh, how easily the words came! My mind went swiftly back to a time not so long since when I had been the one to seek work, and I remembered how bitterly the phrase had rung in my ears. Yet it must of necessity be said, I owed consideration first to Miss Maynard in the selection of working girls. They must be competent to fulfill the orders that she had contracted to send out to her customers by a stated time. These obligations could not be overlooked. This seemingly unimportant post of errand girl must be carefully filled. Should a stupid girl be engaged she could cause untold delay, a loss of money and an even more serious loss of patronage to the shop. This girl must be capable of finding her way about in various parts of the city and usually on foot, unless time was at a premium. Only once in a blue moon was she given car fare.

She must know the bigger shops, for it would fall to her lot to match ribbons of impossible color, ordinary

day. I shall keep mine for after work hours. It is a perfectly fascinating surprise, too. You wait and see."

## The Premonition Again.

I vaguely recalled my premonition of the morning. Now began the real work of the day. I went into the sewing room and saw that the work was cut out and each girl given her individual share.

Here was a crooked seam that must be corrected. There a "dart" was to be taken in. I must change the design on this waist that looked quite different now that it was worked up from what it had appeared on paper.

Miss Maynard called me to help her with three designs which I had copied from models in Broadway shops, which with a slight change made here and there and a few individual touches added were to be later "our exclusive models."

The errand girl now returned. She had been away scarcely twenty-five minutes. She handed to me the parcel. The match was perfect. I happened to glance at the check slip and saw the name.

"I went there first," she explained, "and I knowed they had more. They keeps it up stairs, ef youse knows de girls."

I had no more misgivings about her ability to make good, and promptly set her to work in earnest.

There were several accounts to be made out (I had acquired at least the rudimentary knowledge of book-keeping), but I was interrupted by the advent of our most cherished customer, a portly dame done up in the height of fashion and reeking with diamonds. She was enormously wealthy, and after she had bought everything that she could possibly think of for herself she began to look about to see who else she could clothe.

She had any number of nieces for whom she pur-

Poor little comic child! I knew the fear that shook her—that she had not made good. I, too, had known it.

"How soon a little prosperity teaches us to forget," I thought, and I put my hand under her chin and lifted the small, round, freckled face of Mug until her eyes looked into mine.

"I certainly do want you to come back, Mug. You are the best errand girl we have ever had in this shop."

Oh, what a miracle a few words of just praise may work! A look of pure joy swept her face, like sudden sunlight, that positively beautified it for the moment.

"Be here by eight-thirty in the morning, child. Good night!"

"Good night," she answered softly, and stole away.

"And now for the secret!" cried Miss Maynard, emerging from her "private office." "I know you have been just dying to hear, and of course I have been just dying to tell you. Sit down and listen."

I obeyed, and oh! what a fascinating secret, perfectly fascinating. I am sure my face wore much the same look of joy that had swept Mug's a moment since.

## The Second Surprise.

Then friends came for Miss Maynard in an automobile. She was going out to dinner, so I made her take the roses to wear. I closed the shop and strolled down the street in a dream of perfect content, from which I was rudely recalled by the sudden consciousness of a wildly gesticulating figure in an approaching taxicab. At first I thought my absentmindedness had led me into danger and I glanced about fearfully, but soon recognized the waving figure to be Mary Maxwell, dear old Mary, who was ever utterly oblivious of the crowd and only intent upon the person or thing that interested her at the moment. I went to her. She pushed open the cab door and dragged me inside.

"No, you can't go home for anything. You must come with me. I have something to tell you, some wonderful news, and if I wait five minutes longer I will burst."

"Drive to Riverside," she commanded the chauffeur.

Dazed and acquiescent, I settled back to hear her news. It came with great dramatic force.

"I have signed for three years to play leads! Oh, Sarah Prue, isn't this just the most delicious world! I'm so happy I could die!"

She talked steadily until we had reached 123d street, and when I thought she had about run down she exclaimed:

"And that isn't all of the news—oh, my, no!—it's only just begun. You and I are going to sublet a little apartment. The people who own it are going abroad. It's very swell and furnished. And we can have our own breakfasts at home. Just think of that, Sarah Prue! We will have a real home and we won't shut out all the fuss and the noise and just be—oh—and there it is now."

She halted her torrent of words long enough for the chauffeur to stop at a restaurant, where she dragged me, despite my protest, into the summer garden.

"Oh, we are going to celebrate! Your hair looks perfectly lovely—it isn't a bit-ruffled. Besides, no one is here to see at this hour. We are going to have a niceiced supper, and I will just have time to get back to the theatre."

When the waiter had finally departed with the order she turned to me again her sweet, glad face. It was now my turn.

"And that isn't all the news—oh, my, no!—it's only just begun," I smiled. "I leave in ten days from today to do my buying in Paris." In the middle of October Miss Maynard is to be married and she turns the management of the shop entirely over to me!

"Oh, Sarah Prue, I am glad! I'm gladder even than I was. And you will enjoy Paris so!"

"Yes, isn't it lovely? Do you know I have the queerest feeling that I shall be perfectly at home in Paris. Jorous, free Paris, where the Louvre is," I added, almost solemnly.

Mary Maxwell looked at me keenly.

"Sarah Prue, you have the great love for painting. I believe you are an artist in embryo," she declared. I laughed and shook my head.

"Now, you shan't make an artist of me, Mary Max-



"I certainly do want you to come back, Mug. You are the best errand girl we have ever had in this shop."

able. And I am inclined to the opinion that had "the inward and spiritual grace" been wanting the mould had not been so perfect. So I make bold to state that Marie Maynard was a lady in the old meaning of the term, which is, perhaps, better expressed when one says a gentlewoman.

Standing there in her Colonial reception room she presented that most modern of modern spectacles—a woman of gentle birth, mistress of a most artistic shop, who is not only capable of earning her living but of making her business pay.

However, it was only in my mind's eye that I beheld Miss Maynard so standing on this particular morning. On the contrary, a most pathetic little figure greeted my vision. An overgrown girl of some twelve years, awkward, stoop shouldered and distressingly thin. Her eyes were round and of the palest blue, with the appearance of having been continuously washed by senseless tears. Her hair was nondescript in color and her face, surprisingly round, was covered with butter cake freckles, of which the entire area of her little button nose was the largest. She was absurdly comical, yet something caught in my throat at sight of her.

"Good morning," I said.

"Mornin'," she nodded half heartedly. "Are you Miss Maynard?"

"No, Miss Maynard is not in, but if it is a matter of business you may speak to me about it."

She took to the situation with a deliberate and judicious air; then, as if satisfied that some authority really was vested in my person, she spoke.

"I'm an errand girl. Maddum Frere, on Thirty-third street, said as how youse wanted one."

"Have you been working for Mme. Frere?"

"No, ma'am. My sister, she works for Maddum. I ain't had no chaunt to work. The 'Crucifix' got me. I had ter go ter school."

She turned a griefed eye upon me.

laces, bits of embroidery and materials. She must be possessed of discretion and the power to think for herself, since obviously she could not waste an hour in coming back to ask advice as to purchasing elsewhere when she had failed to find the article required in a certain shop. In a word, she must be competent, otherwise she would be a clog in the wheel of the workshop and not to be tolerated.

I was learning daily that bitter lesson that there is no room in successful business for sentiment. For kindness, yes, but not for sentiment. I was gaining day by day a better knowledge of that solemn truth that Herbert Spencer has called the law of the survival of the fittest.

I gazed upon the specimen before me, wondering if she could be a possibility, and was just about to explain to her what would be the nature of her duties when she spoke.

"I can do errands. I done some of Maddum's onct for Katie when she wuz talkin' wid de policeman in de park. I done 'em goder'n Katie."

I could not help but smile.

"You will do, I think. It will also be your duty to set the shop to rights in the evening," I explained.

"We will pay you \$2 a week."

That arrangement proved satisfactory, so I gave her a sample of embroidery to match. I named some of the shops for her to try. She took the sample and sallied forth without more ado.

I turned my attention to dressing the shop window with alluring pieces of feminine apparel, trusting to brighten the satiated eyes of those who spent money as a pastime.

The roses I arranged in a tall vase and placed them so that they might greet Miss Maynard on her appearance. I felt sure of her appreciation, and I was not disappointed.

"Oh, what beauties," she cried at sight of them.

"But you are not the only one with a surprise for this

chased, selecting with an utter disregard for anything but her own taste (which was, alas! deplorable), and the inevitable estimate that must be furnished exactly.

"I want as much lace as you can get on for the price," she invariably told me. And woe betide the niece that did not want to be thrilled, for thrilled she should be!

She had come in this morning to complain of a bill which was for \$30, when the estimate had been \$275. In vain I explained that the larger changes she had required in materials had occasioned the slight difference in price.

She argued until she was blue in the face. But when Miss Maynard finally corrected the bill for the sake of peace she smiled like a May morning, promptly bought two waists for \$50 apiece and departed content.

I was busy, busy, busy all day long, my brain working even faster than my fingers, because I needs must think ahead for the girls in the workroom. I tried to teach them to think for themselves, but I dared not trust them too much, for they found it so much easier to be dependent wholly upon orders.

The little errand girl proved a treasure in this respect. She required less direction than any of the others. Her tear washed eyes beamed the spirit that thrived within. And the sight of her comic little face grew to be a comfort. I knew that she would accomplish if possible what she set out to do without waste of time or words.

When once she returned with a bit of ribbon unmatched I promptly laid that ribbon aside.

"She is the city's own child," I thought. "She knows instinctively how to battle for her bread. The spirit of combat is born in her."

She confided to me her name. It was Mug Mullas. At last the day was over. Mug, under my direction, was setting the shop to rights. When all was done and the draped shade discreetly drawn over the window I told Mug that she might go.

She glanced at me with a fleeting glance of something that resembled pain in her eyes.

"Does youse want me ter come back in de mornin'?" The words came stammeringly and all in one tone. Her voice trembled.



We raised our glasses and drank off our wine solemnly.

well. I am just an everyday girl, but I have an immense appreciation."

"That's a great gift, too. Oh, Sarah Prue, isn't it just too splendid for words to succeed?"

I agreed that it was. We talked and laughed and watched the river and enjoyed our iced supper.

That wicked Mary Maxwell had ordered champagne. She laughed softly at the sight of it sparkling in her glass, but when the waiter had departed with the check and we were again alone, suddenly her eyes grew deep and grave and very tender.

"It is a fine thing to succeed," she said, "but it is a finer thing to be kind and loyal and true." She looked earnestly into my eyes. "Sarah Prue, let us always remember those bitter days and the long, lonely nights when we were struggling just to live—and let us be kind always and merciful."

We raised our glasses and drank off the wine solemnly.

"I know of one thing much more wonderful than to succeed," I said to Mary Maxwell; "it is to have a friend."

Mary Maxwell smiled. "Perhaps it is only wonderful to succeed because we have a friend," she said. "Come, let us go back to the struggle, Sarah Prue, it has only just begun."

# THE VASTNESS OF THE VINEYARD

**GROWING** Grapes for Gain in the Great Belt Along the Shore of Lake Erie

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

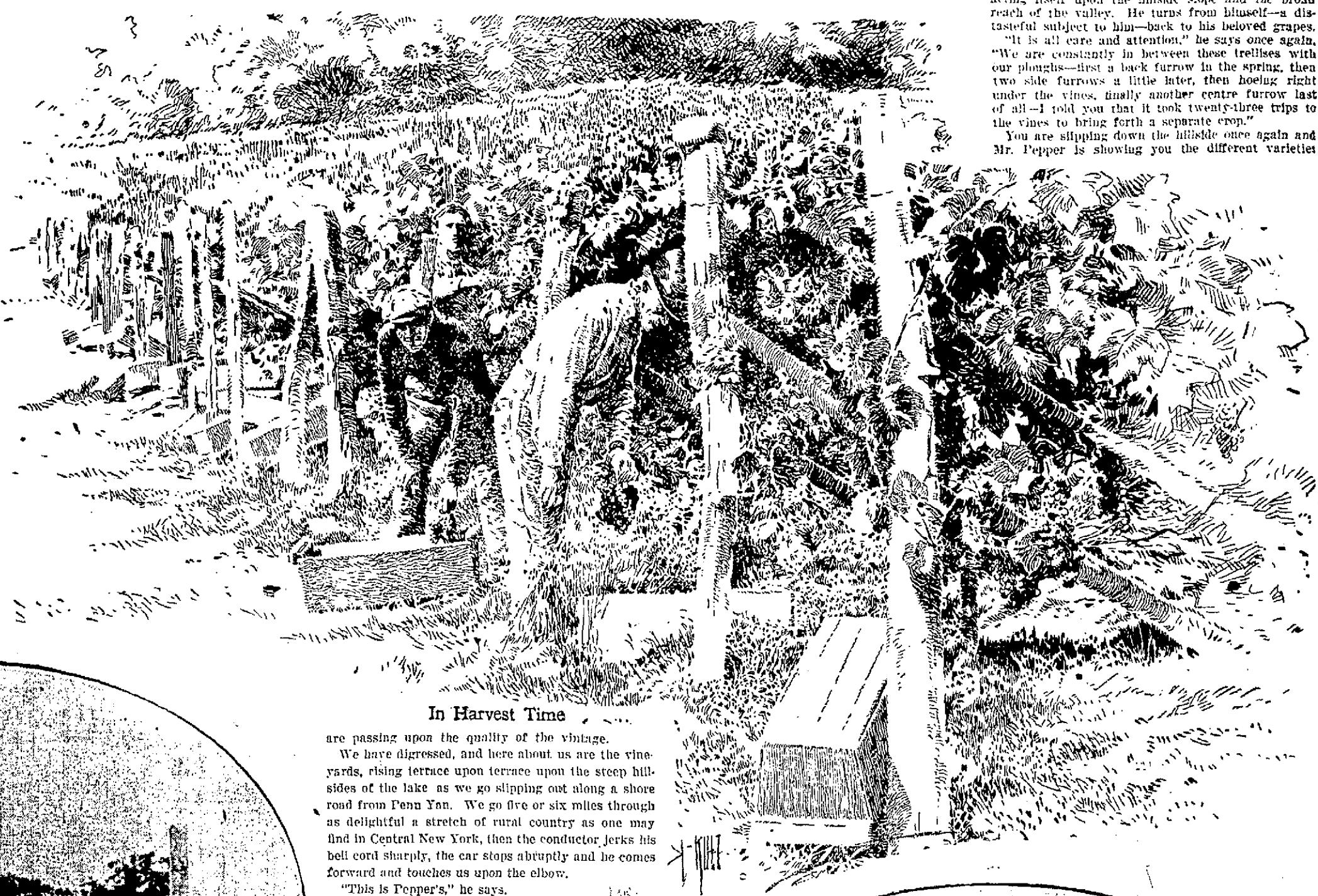
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God gave the sunny southern shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario to be the proving ground of the grape. He made other great vineyards to blossom on the steep slopes of the well named Finger lakes of Central New York. But the largest of the single vineyards—wherein the growers figure their product by the tons, in hundreds and in thousands—stretches along the south shore of Lake Erie from a point close to the city limits of Buffalo straight to the Pennsylvania line.

The greater portion of that abundant grape district lies in Chautauqua county, and Chautauqua county finds abundant pride in the fact that it is the only strictly agricultural district within the State of New York which has shown a distinct and continued population growth within the last few years.

From that Chautauqua grape belt—about fifty miles in length and never more than three or four miles in width—7,500 carloads of grapes were harvested last year. Those refrigerator cars formed into trains would make more than a hundred of the fast freights; put close together they would stretch from New York to Rhinecliff, a distance of some ninety miles.

A single concern at Fredonia with eight hundred acres sold its crop last year at a figure known to be close to \$125,000. That concern, naturally enough, kept its net profits to itself, but they have been rough-



In Harvest Time

are passing upon the quality of the vintage.

We have digressed, and here about us are the vineyards, rising terrace upon terrace upon the steep hillsides of the lake as we go slipping out along a shore road from Penn Yan. We go five or six miles through as delightful a stretch of rural country as one may find in Central New York, then the conductor jerks his bell cord sharply, the car stops abruptly and he comes forward and touches us upon the elbow.

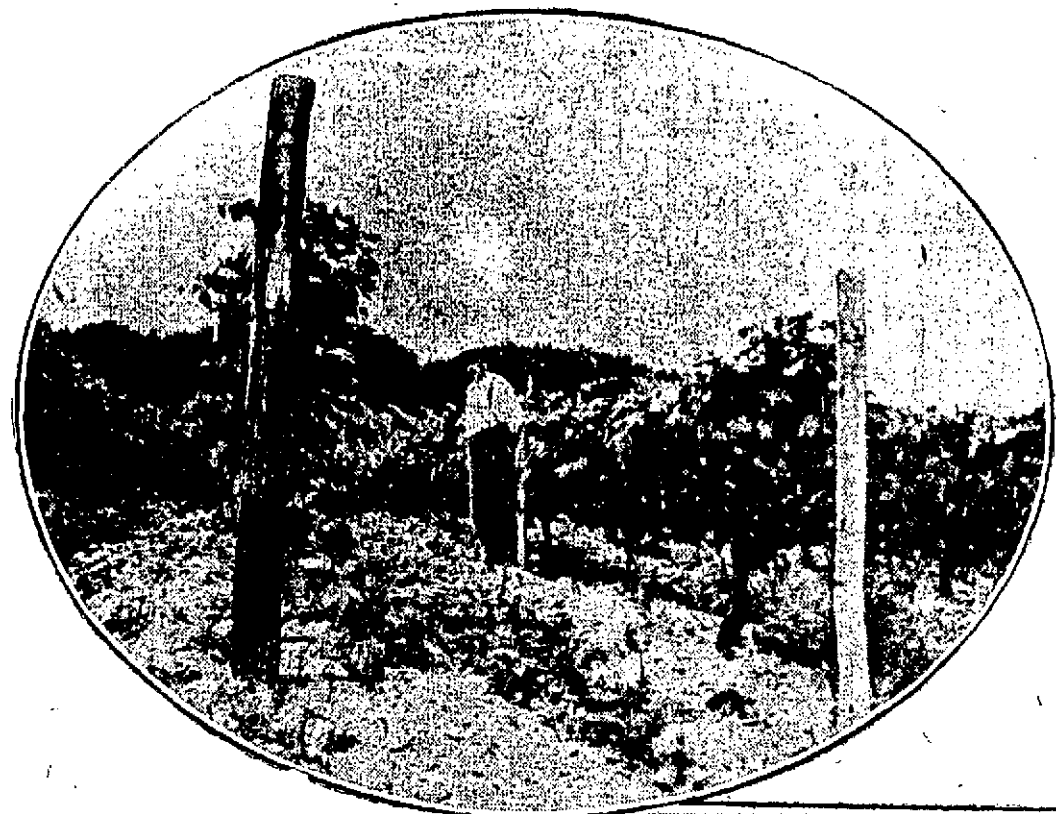
"This is Pepper's," he says.

## The Case of James Pepper.

We find ourselves standing in the middle of a stretch of country highway, its long vista arched as far as the eye may see with graceful maples. In front of us, at the first start of a mighty hillside and setting back in a shady lawn, stands a modern house. There is a young girl in smart attire lounging in a hammock under the trees, and on the porch, reading his daily paper, James Pepper.

"I always had a hankering to own this place," he tells you, "because some years ago I was a farm hand upon it."

That, then, is this man's life story. It is the story of a man who began with nothing save the competence of his own mind and hands and who had won some-



Mr. Pepper in His Vineyard

is estimated by growers and buyers at more than fifty per cent. That fifty per cent tells its own story—the story of the gain that grapes may spell for the thrifty husbandman. The profit is a sort of self-regulating thing at that. For when the crop is below the normal—as is decidedly the case this year—prices advance so that the husbandman's increased profit on his reduced production closely balances his lesser profits in the "bumper years."

Take the case of Sherman Lowell, at Fredonia. Mr. Lowell is a native of Chautauqua county, a scientific husbandman in the bargain. The Lowell farm has been in the possession of the one family for ninety-eight years. For more than half that time it plugged along as an ordinarily successful general farming proposition. Half a century ago Lincoln Fay first showed the Chautauqua county growers how to grow grapes. When Mr. Sherman Lowell was twelve years old his father gave to him an acre of the farm to do with as he pleased. It was all his, that acre, and the boy set it out in grapes. Those sturdy vines still hug the trellises and bear bountifully. They repay in solid measure the loving care that a man has spent upon them throughout the entire span of his active years.

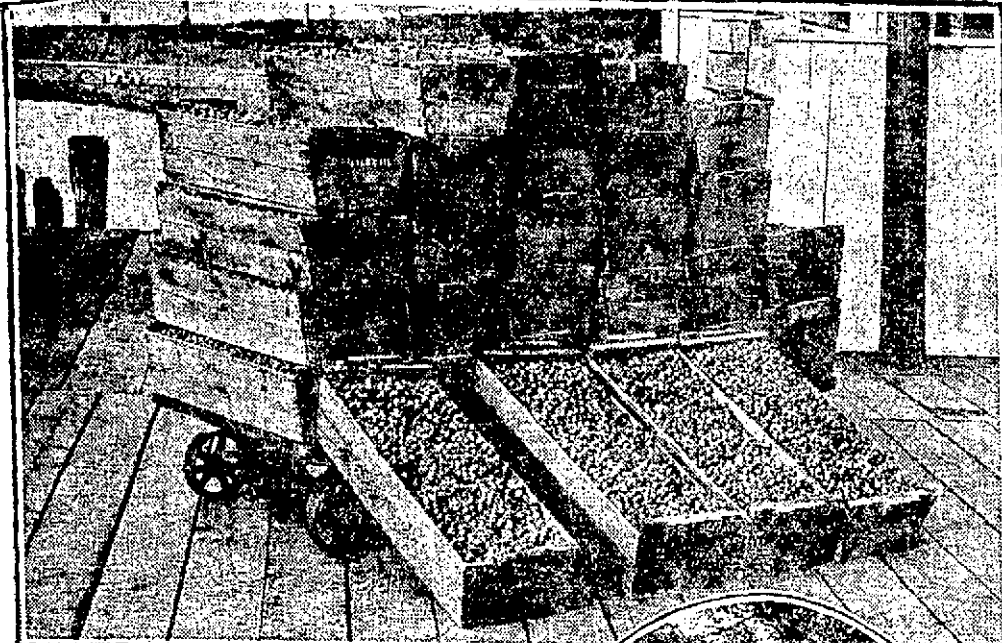
"Some of the grapes here, along our street," he adds in the quaint fashion of the farmers at the far west end of New York, "have been doing well for fifty years, and I have no reason to believe that vines with care and attention may not bear profitably for a full century. Care and attention are the requisite things. A man with twenty acres of grapes should find them bringing him in a profit of from \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year, a comfortable living from a property that is giving him his food and bed all the while."

Grape land, undeveloped, in Chautauqua county may be bought all the way from \$40 to \$80 an acre, depending largely upon its accessibility to large towns and railroad shipping facilities. The grapes come into their bearing in three years. A few clusters will be shown the second year and the heavy bearing should begin in the sixth year. A developed vineyard is worth all the way from \$200 to \$400 an acre.

## The Protecting Lake.

"The lake is a great protection to us," Mr. Lowell will tell you. "We have never known it to go below zero here in the grape belt, while twenty miles to the south of here, on the shores of Chautauqua Lake, they think nothing of the mercury dropping to forty below zero in the intense cold of a normally hard winter. Because of this protection we are not often disturbed by frosts. Ours is a natural grape belt."

You put the Chautauqua grape belt behind you, with its pungent odors stealing through the open windows of the railroad cars and the boys coming through the train in early autumn selling the little baskets of the fresh, luscious fruit, and turn east toward the steep hillsides of Keuka Lake. It is a day's ride, travelling much of the way by local trains and making many connections and changes of cars, but before dusk you will come either to Penn Yan or Hammondsport, the guardian towns at either end of the wonderful lake of the grapes. At either of these towns you are in the atmosphere of the vineyards—the talk you gather on the cars or in the hotels is the gossip of crops and of markets—predictions as to the vintage. For here at Keuka Lake, where the output in tons is less than that of the Chautauqua district, they make a keen



Grapes by the Ton

specialty of their wines. The cellars and the sub-cellars multiply upon those steep hillsides; the market, for American champagnes is growing steadily year after year.

The champagne process is of itself worth detailed attention. The white or colorless grapes are gathered and grouped together—so many of this variety, so many of that. The blend changes from year to year—for the grapes are never exactly the same two years in succession. The blend is a matter of constant and careful tests—there must be so much sugar, so much acid, not too much of either—and the making of that blend is the great secret of the champagne business.

Once the blend is made the grapes are pressed in the great vats and the wine is drawn and bottled. The bottles are laid away with much care on racks and the long and tedious process of making that year's successful vintage is well begun. The bottles are placed upon their sides—hundreds of thousands of them on the long racks—and every little while the workers in the cellars turn them, with a quick, nervous, adept twist. As they twist the bottles they also raise them almost imperceptibly each time, but at the end of a twelve-month each is standing straight upon its head.

Throughout those twelve months a slight sediment has been gathering in each bottle of the champagne. To rid the bottle of that sediment is the final great problem of the champagne making and the reason for the constant turning and changing of the bottle's position. When it finally stands upon its head the sediment rests against the cork. It is not a quarter of an inch thick, but still it must be removed. They have finally solved the problem of its removal after many years of experimentation.

The bottles are sunk neck deep into long troughs and their heads solidly frozen. The sediment becomes a mere frozen capsule of foreign matter. After that it is only dexterous work to uncork the bottle and remove that frozen capsule. The bottle is filled to the cork with champagne once again, a drop or two of brandy added, and then it goes for a long rest of four or five years in the cool, dark cellars before it is ready for the market and expert lips



The Trolley Car Comes to Mr. Pepper's Farm—and Is His Servant

thing dangerously like success—his own free holding, a place of some distinction in the community, a home that any city man might be glad to own, position for his family, and forty acres of a single vineyard stretching from the back door of his house to the high crest of that twilight hill.

It is a mighty hill. You start from Mr. Pepper's house confidently to go to the back of his farm. Before you reach it you are gasping for breath—unless you are something of an athlete. You have hardly gone a quarter of a mile, but the smoke curling chimney tops of the husbandman's house are a good three hundred feet below you. Still, there is a reward for that stout tramp, and that reward is a rarely lovely wooded ridge, and beyond it a white streamlet is making stately progress down that arm, and your eye quickly surveys its path until it is lost in the willows that grow at the entrance of Penn Yan Inlet—you can see the church spires of that little village rising above the tree tops.

But you came here to see grapes, not the view, and Mr. Pepper is loyally with the trellised vines. "There is something that no grape grower can afford to forget, and that thing is the fact that these vines require constant attention. I have figured out that I must make twenty-three visits to every vine during the course of a single season. In the springtime we begin by cutting out the underbrush and rank growths, and then everything must be put in thorough shape for the season's growing. The trellises are tightened and made fast for the solid tons of grapes that they must bear by fall and the vines made fast to them by ties. We tie them at the bottom with willow slips, and on the top wires with little ties of rye straw.

Then follows the pruning—a matter for care and judgment. Dead ends and even canes of more than a year's growth must be clipped and carried off.

"The more a grape grower gets into the business the more he thinks of the pruning. The old fashioned folks were more than half afraid to cut their vines; nowadays we realize that it is the very best thing we can do for them. We have got to keep a pretty even balance between the 'wood,' as we call the stalks, and the fruit. If we let a vine go all to fruit in one year it may bring some records that year, but it will be some summers after that before it is worth its salt. Such an abnormal yield saps its growth."

"On the other hand," the grower by neglecting the use of his pruning knife may grow a vine that runs its strength into wood rather than fruit. There is a balance, and a fairly delicate balance at that. That is where the business needs care and skill of a certain sort."

You interrupt Mr. Pepper and ask him about himself. He is level headed and reticent. He would far rather talk about the grapes, but finally he points down across the valley to a distant vineyard of some forty acres lying there in the snug embrace of a sluggish hill. His face lights up.

## Frost and the Grapes.

"They say the hillsides are a better protection against frost," he tells you, "but last year those grapes down in my vineyard there stood a nip that caused a lot of havoc up here on the uplands."

You bring him back to the point of issue. That, then, is also his vineyard, and the story slowly unfolds. Mr. Pepper's father was an Englishman who came to this country about the time of the civil war. He wanted to make a living out of farming, and so he headed for Central New York, just then in its golden age of successful agriculture. But it was hard even in a land of milk and honey, of fat and prosperity, to get started without capital. He found it hard, but he stuck it out—manfully. He lived to see a fair measure of success for himself—to see his boy, Jim, striking out on a pretty broad path toward success.

James Pepper has already told you that he once worked in that hillside vineyard as a farmhand. Perhaps he then dreamed that some day those rich acres would all be his—farmhands do dream those very dreams sometimes. He must have laughed himself out of those dreams—Farmer P.—who owned that place, was hardly likely to let so fine a vineyard out of his hands.

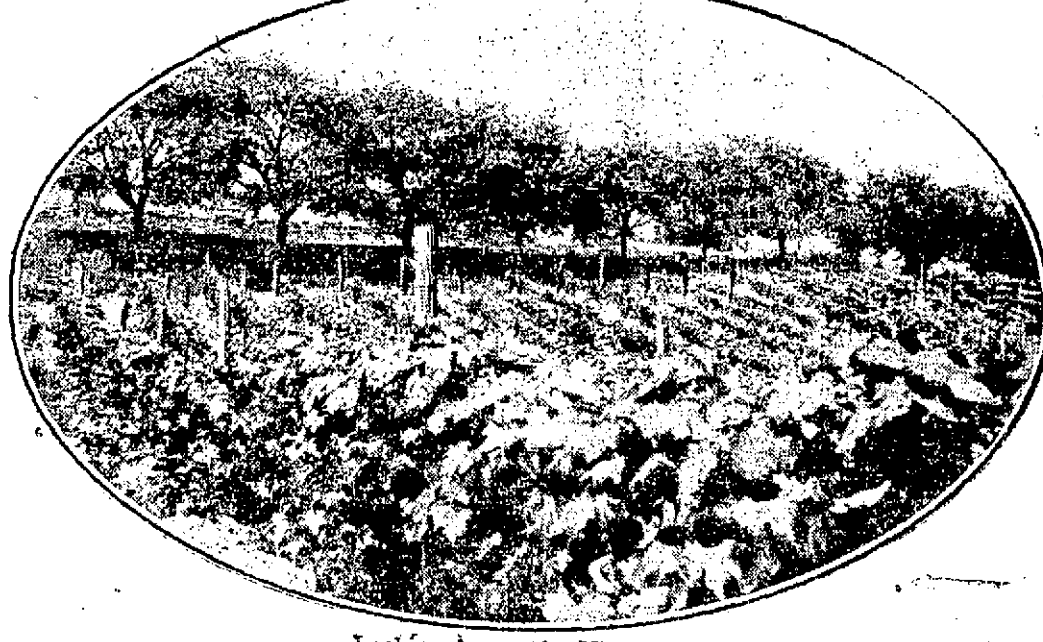
But after a little success had begun to come to Mr. Pepper's hands, and he was established with his brothers there in the bottom of the valley he heard great news about the vineyard on the hill. Farmer P.—had got religion, religion of the John Alexander Dowie sort. Farmer P.—had an invalid wife, ill and crippled with rheumatism, and the saintly John Alexander was promising her complete health. To that rainbow she appealed. Dowie beckoned them toward Chicago. So it was that Farmer P.—sold that glorious vineyard, the homestead of the generations before him, and put the money in Dowie's lace factories. He took his wife and started for Chicago. When the crash of Zion City came they were only two out of hundreds who said goodbye to the rainbow—the skies grew suddenly black.

One man's loss, one man's folly, is sure to be another's gain, and in a twinkling Mr. Pepper found himself owner of the hillside that he had coveted. He built a modern house; he put money, labor, brains into his vines. He spread the trellises, the output of the place began to multiply and still he says that he has not yet done. He has come down into the valley and built the vineyard there—his farm is a great, growing thing, stretching over crossroads and blan-

keting itself upon the hillside slope and the broad reach of the valley. He turns from himself—a distasteful subject to him—back to his beloved grapes.

"It is all care and attention," he says once again. "We are constantly in between these trellises with our ploughs—first a back furrow in the spring, then two side furrows a little later, then hoeing right under the vines, finally another centre furrow last of all—I told you that it took twenty-three trips to the vines to bring forth a separate crop."

You are slipping down the hillside once again and Mr. Pepper is showing you the different varieties



Looking Across the Vineyards

upon the trellises—Delawares, Catawbas, Concordes, Salesms—these are the standard and popular varieties of the Keuka district. He stops suddenly and lifts a cluster to your glance.

## The Great Niagara.

"The Niagaras," he says, "My, what a furor they made when first they came out. They were patented, just as a man will patent a harvester or a binder or a trolley car or any other sort of machinery. They would snatch off a man's head if they caught him trying to propagate the plants, and as a safeguard they made him send every one of the cuttings back to them. You see it was a hard thing to patent that grapevine, for it will grow like a willow from a cutting, and the Niagara people had their own troubles. Nowadays it's as free as air and a mighty good grape to grow."

The busy season for these husbandmen at Keuka comes close to the first of October, when the grapes come into the fullness of their bearing. First frosts of winter are sure to come close to the twentieth of that autumn month, so that there is no time to be lost. The grapes are brought down in great shallow trays to the packing house at the foot of the hillside as fast as they can be cut from the trellises, and there other help, mostly women and young girls, fill the familiar little four pound wooden baskets that you see at your corner grocer's.

You stand at the door of Mr. Pepper's packing house and listen idly to the rumble of the trolley car as it goes humming down toward Penn Yan. The husbandman tells you that right there is a trolley road that is worth the interest on its securities. "It struck its rails right out into a territory that was remote from steam railroad facilities," he explains, "and it has been broad gauge enough to realize that what we farmers needed was for it to be a freight as well as passenger feeder to the steam cars."

Then he explained in detail. It was a pretty thin territory for a trolley line to make a living by passenger trade alone. But a trolley which could serve a farmer a long freight-haul with his team, particularly over the rough winter roads of that hilly country, bid fair to become a winning proposition. So that little ten mile feeder was built strong enough, and with easy enough grades, for handling freight cars from the steam railroads. Track connections were made with the through steam railroad routes at Penn Yan, electric freight locomotives purchased and sidings placed at every crossroads along the route.

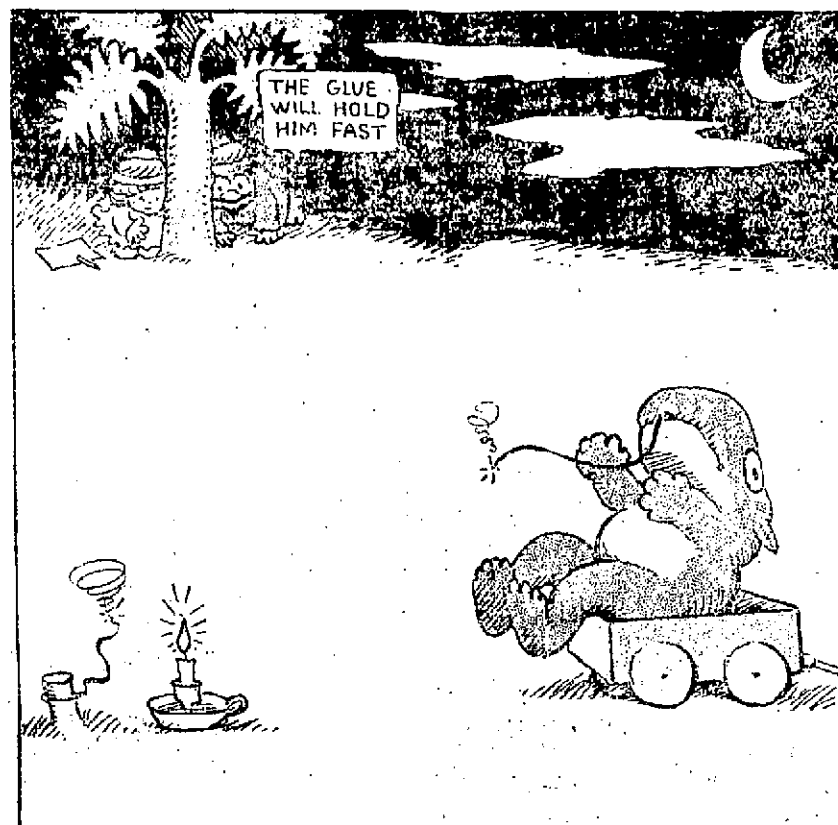
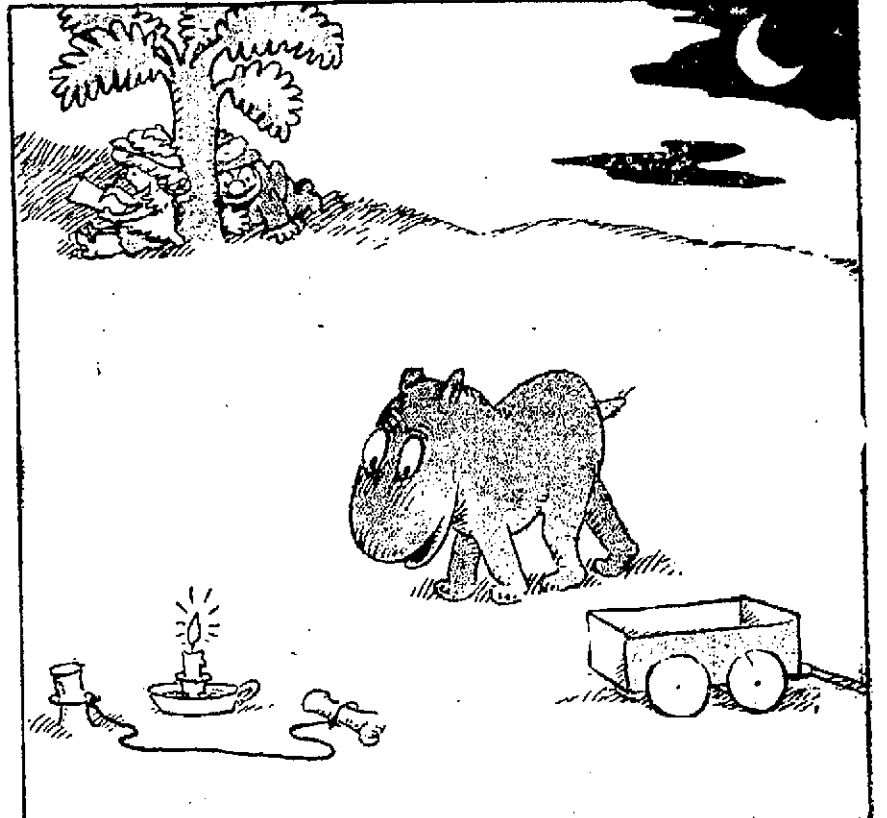
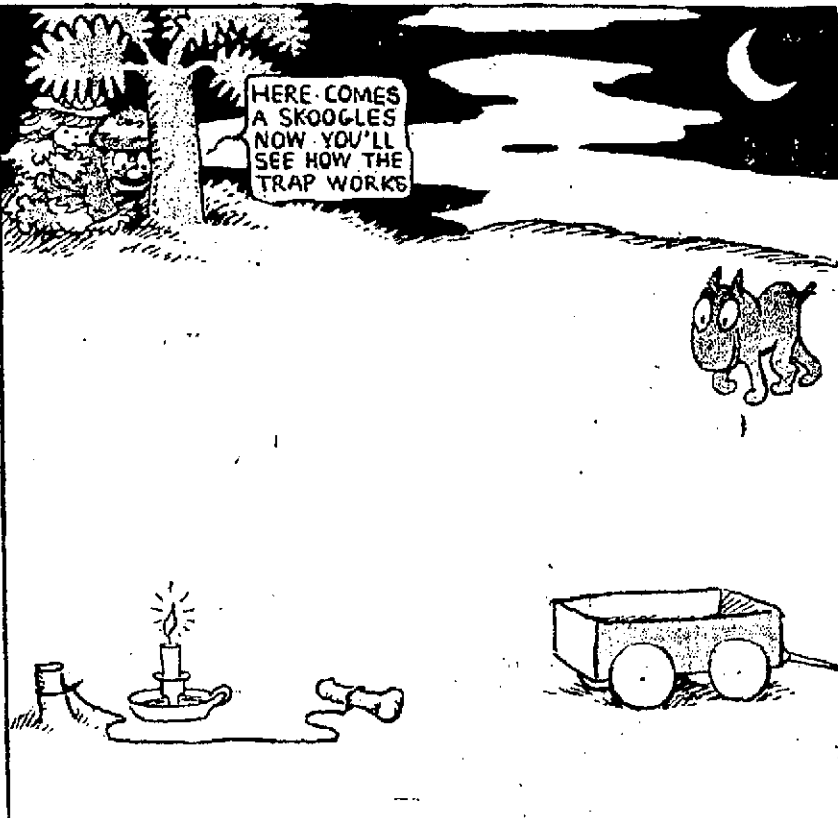
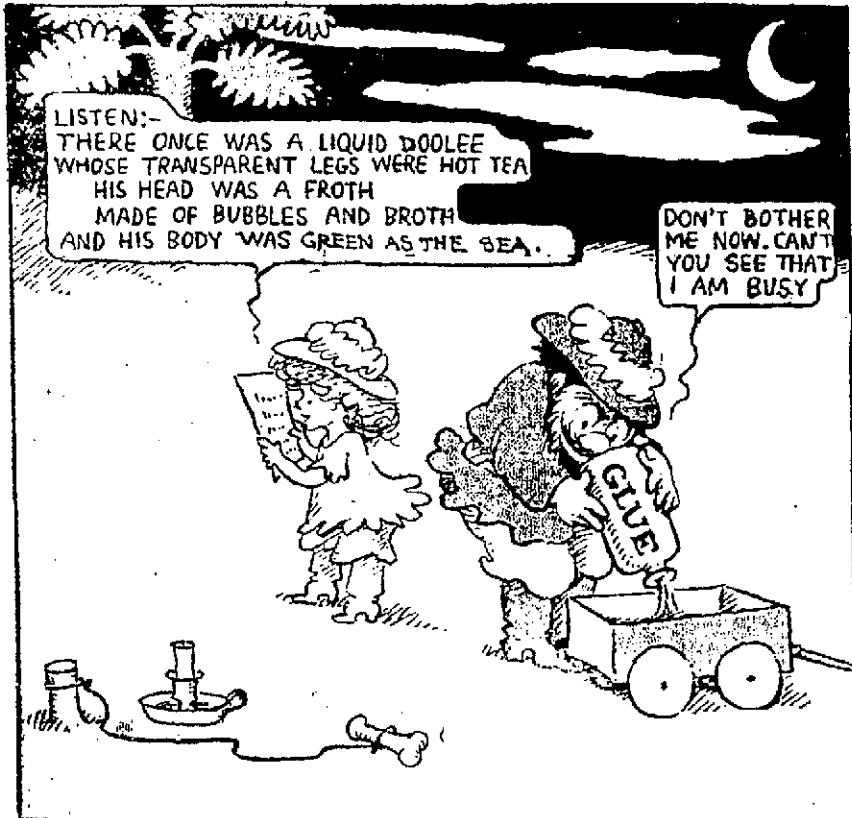
The result is that today the husbandmen of Yates county no longer have the long, hard haul into Penn Yan. Refrigerator cars, food and ready for packing, are shipped into those crossroads sidings, and the farmers hardly have to haul their product beyond the limits of their own estates. There is an economic possibility of the rural trolley line that has been all too little realized—an infinite possibility to go hand in hand with the agricultural renaissance of the State of New York.

"When my crop is ready," Mr. Pepper told us, "the trolley people stand a car right here at my barn door. Their headway is flexible enough so that they can give me the car for a full half hour, without disturbing their passenger schedules, and if our farm crew couldn't load a box car in thirty minutes I wouldn't feel that they were entitled to any medals at all."

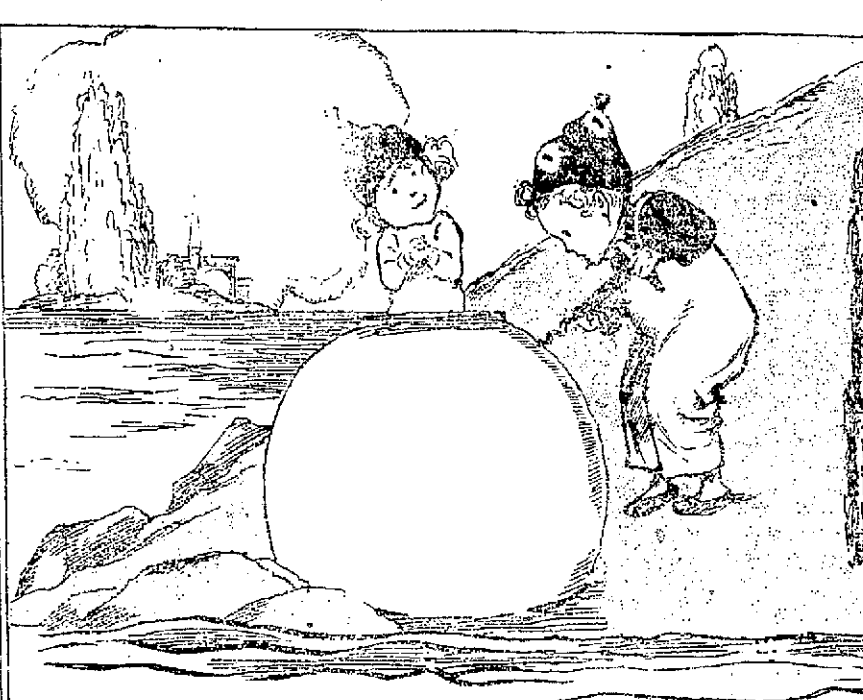
When we slipped out of the trolley car at the far end of the lake, that night, a man on the dinky train added to our information on grapes.

"They are going over on the hillsides about Dansville, all through Steuben county," he explained, "and buying land at \$40 to plant to grapes. Don't let them tell you this business is far from its beginnings. It has hardly really begun."

# THE LOONY LYRICS OF LULU



# JACK and JILL in FAIRYLAND



1.—When Jack and Jill fell down the hill on a certain memorable occasion they tumbled right onto the howl that the Three Wise Men of Gotham used to go to sea in. Goodness only knows what it was doing there.

2.—Well, Jack had a gimlet in his pants. He was ready for anything, was Jack. Said he to Jill, "We'll bore a hole Right in this bowl, with water fill!"

3.—Well, when the Three Wise Men of Gotham went out to sea, of course the water commenced to come in. Serve them right for sailing in such a crazy boat! "Then the—"

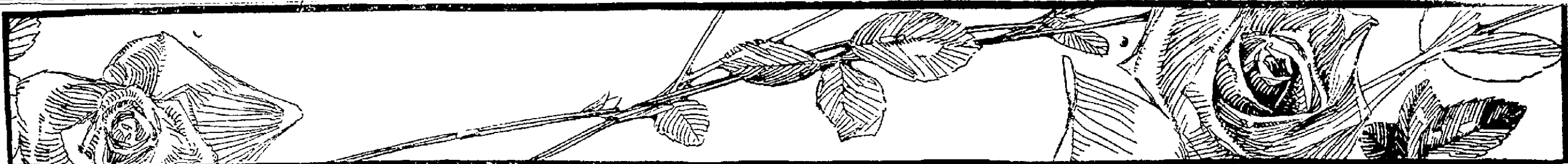


4.—Bowl sank, just as Jack and Jill had intended. Why, I'm sure they'd have drowned if the whale that Simple Simon was always fishing for hadn't happened along. He was a kind old whale.

"I guess I'll help them out," says he, As kind, as kind, as kind can be.

5.—So off they went for a ride on a whale, A-sailing the ocean without a sail!

6.—Then, suddenly, the whale saw Jack and Jill on shore. "I'll show them a trick of my own," he said, And started a-spurting clear out of his head. All over Jack and all over Jill, And I'm pretty sure that they're running still!



# THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West • Drawings by W. H. Loomis

1.—A pretty scene, a gorgeous scene, a scene exceeding gay.  
The boys of the Athletic Club were having "Ladies' Day."  
And none of the assembled guests beneath the summer skies  
Was fairer, sweeter, neater than the charming Widow Wise.

2.—The athletes, youths of mighty brawn, were out that day in force  
To win the many medals for events upon the course;  
But each appeared to think one prize alone was worth the while—  
A sweet word from the Widow and her fascinating smile!

3.—Especially was this true of two—the one young Billy Strong,  
A stalwart youth, a handsome youth, with sinewy limbs and long,  
And Jimmy Brawn, a Hercules of mighty arms and chest—  
These two as rivals for her smiles outdistanced all the rest

4.—In every test of skill and strength to do their best they tried,  
And when he rested each would seek the lovely Widow's side,  
And each, beneath the summer sun that fiercely beat above,  
Had managed in these intervals to tell her of his love.



5.—Here was another quandary. "Which shall I choose?" thought she,  
When circumstances rose to end the matter speedily;  
For, tied in field day honors, it was soon announced about  
The two would meet with five ounce gloves to box the matter out.

6.—The ring was pitched upon the lawn, and in a front row chair  
The Widow sat, with bated breath, to see the great affair.  
They met, shook hands, and each in turn cast one fond look at her.  
The referee called "Time!" and things began at once to whirr.

7.—Bang! went the glove of Billy Strong, and Jimmy's eye turned black.  
Biff! Jimmy launched an upper cut, and Billy's head went back.  
They fought like fiends, and then, at last, there rose a startled shout.  
For one lay flat upon his back, knocked most completely out!

8.—The victor, with one optic closed, lips cut and forehead bruised,  
Looked to the Widow for reward, but she to glance refused.  
She turned away in high disdain, contempt in her bright eyes.  
"I'D RATHER MARRY BRAIN THAN BRAWN!" exclaimed the Widow Wise.

# Donning Ball and Chain

By Elizabeth Jordan

IT was at one of Henrietta Twombler's receptions that Jessica and I were privileged, for the first time, to gaze upon the intellectual countenance of Mrs. Warburton and to listen to the words of wisdom that fell sweetly from her lips. That we experienced more pleasure in the indulgence of the second privilege than in that of the first was due to the existence in us both of an almost abnormal love of beauty and to the presence in Mrs. Warburton's face of several features that at first sight painfully repelled us. Her eyes, to begin with, protruded to a degree which gave her an expression of chronic surprise; that they were so brown, and at times of a really extraordinary brilliancy, were but meagre aids to reason for checking our recoil. We objected, also, to her mouth, which had a trick, highly unpleasant to Jessica, of smiling on one side only, thus suggesting a half-mouthing heartiness more than half depressing. In time, I admit, the incongruity of this phenomenon fascinated me, but Jessica's prejudice against Mrs. Warburton's smile remained violent and unreasoning. She shunned the contemplation of it to a degree bordering on rudeness, and passed the early part of the evening lurking behind portieres and potted palms that they might blot it from her view. Thus, though frequently within sound of the soothing ripple of Mrs. Warburton's contralto voice, Jessica missed many of the choicest gems of thought with which that eminent person favored us. Pursuing my individual researches, however, I was enabled not only to hear these, but to discover that the lady, though still further handicapped by an insignificant and characterless nose, had as compensations an admirable complexion, beautiful teeth, a superb carriage, and a really surprising amount of magnetism, to which both men and women promptly and happily succumbed. So great was this last, indeed, that she was soon surrounded by her fellow guests, who, after reluctantly yielding themselves to our beaming hostess for the introduction, remained chatting easily with the lioness of the evening for a few moments, and then, with expressions of artless surprise and relief, attached themselves permanently to her circle. Accustomed as I was to similar assemblages where the guest of honor stands in a corner supported by the hostess and one or two intrepid friends, while the remaining guests remain aloof, feverishly seeking within themselves sentiments worthy the ears of a celebrity, I was naturally much impressed by the phenomenon before me. I approached, I joined the circle, and I listened.

Mrs. Warburton was holding forth, as was expected of her and in response to the rather too obvious leads of the hostess, but doing so so artistically, so subtly, with such a charm of individual appeal to that one of her listeners, that they proved the accuracy of her shots like targets which ring when the bull's-eye is struck. One or two even had the temerity to disagree with her, and this apparently delighted her so much that her brown eyes seemed to pop out of her head with excitement and interest as she laughingly met the issues they raised. I saw Jessica's blond head shining among the draperies of a window not far away, and under cover of the focussed interest I imperatively motioned her to approach. She came with reluctant feet, and eyes, as it were, turned inward.

"You're missing everything," I explained to her in a reproachful aside. "She's holding them all. George Everett has left his gum shoes in the hall and settled at her feet for the evening, and Professor Olivier, who, to my certain knowledge, has played solitaire in a corner at each of the last five receptions he has attended, is glued to her side. She appears to be fascinating them."

Jessica's delicate brows arched higher. "Fascinating them—with that smile?" she murmured disdainfully. "With it—or notwithstanding it," I retorted. "I don't pretend to have analyzed the thing at this early stage. It's a condition I'm mentioning—not a theory. Look at her now."

Jessica looked, and looked intently. Almost in the instant Mrs. Warburton caught her eye. "Miss Belden agrees with me on this point, at least," she exclaimed, nodding toward my friend. "She said the same thing before I thought of it, in her second book. It interested me then, but did not quite convince me. Afterwards I discovered its truth."

Neither Jessica nor I had the faintest idea what especial point she meant, absorbed as we had been in our own exchange of confidences, but Jessica swayed forward, as I subsequently explained to her, like a fascinated bird under the eye of the calculating serpent.

"Unquestionably we are right," she smiled, "if we agree. Who dares dispute us?" She was still on the outside of the circle as she spoke. Mrs. Warburton made two quick steps forward from the centre, and with a touch, surprisingly cordial, intimate yet dignified, drew her within.

"Professor Olivier dares," she explained, "and you shall hear me down him. I must make the most of our agreement this time, for I know very well that you will never agree with me again. You are so conservative, and I—let me tell you—am so extreme!" There was a chorus of courteous protest in which the voice of Professor Alphonse Olivier rose loud and clear. He had in my hearing, but a fortnight ago, denounced Mrs. Warburton's latest magazine article as the vapourings of an hysterical woman, lacking literary style, logic and fact, and of actually immoral tendency, but he seemed to have reversed this severe judgment now as he stood beaming upon her with his near-sighted gray eyes.

A prolonged sigh at my left ear drew my attention from this pleasing picture of masculine subjection. Turning, I recognized Griffing, a clever young artist, dragged by an intellectual mother to this and similar gatherings where he made no secret of his gloom and isolation. He openly approved of me, however, finding my conversation, he gratefully explained, wholly free from "theories and ideas, don't you know?" Sympathetically I withdrew with Griffing to a distant corner, where we sat down side by side. I, too, was a little tired of theories and ideas.

"What does she write about, anyhow?" demanded Griffing, gazing keenly at his shoes. "You know I never read women's things, but I've got a general idea that hers are worse than the average. Wants to revolutionize society, doesn't she, and elect women Presidents, and put babies out to farm, or something like that?"

I hastened to turn the sunshine of an optimistic mind on this cold gray cloudiness. "Not a bit. Your course in art has not taught you to draw conclusions," I explained with brisk severity. "All she wants is entire equality for women and men. Men don't give their lives to domestic service and the care of children; and she thinks women should not, unless they consider it their special voca-

tion. Certain women who like children should be trained to care for them all, she says, leaving their mothers, not thus determined to the task, free to enter the arts and professions if they choose. She thinks, too, that women should not wait to be wooed. They should go a-wooing, if they care to. According to her theory, for example, no shrinking maidenly modesty should prevent me from asking you here and now to—"

But with a gulp of alarm young Griffing had fled, leaving a train of stammered excuses in his wake. Subsequently I caught sight of him lurking in the shadows of the outer hall, from which safe shelter he made frantic signals to his mother, conveying his filial readiness to escort her home. To such of these as she saw that strong-minded lady made no response. Once during her ponderous passages through the rooms she stopped for a few words with me, and in the course of these I caught over her shoulder a glimpse of her son's white, stricken face turned on us from afar. I knew he imagined I was asking her for his hand, and the reflection led me to prolong the interview to a degree which evidently caused Mrs. Griffing much surprise and gratification. I learned, incidentally, several interesting facts about Mrs. Warburton. She was a widow, and childless—a condition in which even the loyal soul of Mrs. Griffing seemed vaguely to see a providential hand. "Her husband didn't live long," explained Mrs. Griffing, simply. "My son thinks she killed him with her ideas, but, of course, it wasn't anything she did—it was pneumonia."

She drifted away after this handsome vindication of her friend; and with a sudden realization that the night was advanced I again sought Jessica. I found her wearing the expression of alertness her face takes on only when she is intensely interested.

"She's really worth while," she conceded, dropping on a convenient divan, tucking a small cushion comfortably behind her back, and pulling me down beside her with the obvious intention of talking it all over,

as often as she permitted me.

The evening opened auspiciously. Unhindered into my bedroom to take off her wraps, Mrs. Warburton commenced at once and rapturously upon the rising-sun quilt made by my great-grandmother during a proper appreciation of which is indispensable in guests in our home. She also said fitting things about our Delia and brasses, and recalled the antiquity of the Japanese prints on our dining-room walls. Moreover, she lunged in rapier over Hedwig's mayonnaise, and mentioned casually that "The Walkerie" was her favorite opera. I melted to a degree which imperilled the firmness of the frozen punch, while even the editor, frankly prejudiced against her as "a menace to the community," turned on her a momentary kindly gleam. We had reached the salad before Jessica fired her toward her hobby, which Mrs. Warburton needed no urging to mount. She leaped into the saddle with a bound. Once there, if I may be pardoned an abrupt departure from metaphor, she rested her elbows on the table, buried her chin in her hands, and turned on us the effulgence of her brown eyes.

"You're such an inspiration to me, you two women," she began, with a long-drawn breath. "You would repudiate my convictions with your last breath, both of you, yet you are living them—a great many of them, at least—every moment of your inspiring lives."

I opened my mouth, but Jessica spoke first. She usually does. "Dear lady," she said, suavely, "what you call our 'inspiring lives' is really a difficult and painful scramble for the accumulation of an income large enough to live on in this expensive city. There is nothing inspiring about it."

"But your professions—your splendid work—your books, your lectures, your influence over the tender minds of your pupils!" began Mrs. Warburton.

"We loathe 'em all," explained Jessica, with great calmness. "If there's anything we loathe more than

"No," she said, considering. "I won't say that. I should not want a dozen at a time, and I certainly should object to twelve squalling at once. But eliminating myself from the question, I can only say I firmly believe the woman who brings children into the world, supplies a home for them, trains them properly, and makes her husband happy, is worth fifty independent spinsters and their influence over young men."

The editor applauded, for these sentiments were much to his liking. Mrs. Warburton rose impulsively from the table and walked around the dining-room, beating her hands together.

"Oh, blind, blind!" she murmured, almost chokingly. "You're all blind, and the blind are those who should see most clearly. That's the biggest stumbling-block in my path—that I can't make the unmarried women, the professional women, the working women, realize their glorious freedom and opportunities. Wives and mothers see it fast enough; they often tell me they feel their burdens; they'd follow me if they could—lots of them. But you free and childless women—each of you, every last one of you, have hidden in her sentiment—a tradition—whatever it is, that makes her hanker for the ball and chain."

She sank down again in her place as she spoke, her eyes dim. In none of us at that moment was there the slightest doubt of her absolute sincerity in her grotesque point of view.

"What—er—is your exact idea of the ball and chain, Mrs. Warburton?" asked the editor, with interest. "Do they represent to you matrimony and maternity?"

Mrs. Warburton straightened herself.

"Not necessarily matrimony and maternity in themselves," she told him, composedly. "But the abuses to which they lead—the shifting of all the domestic burdens on to the woman's shoulders. My creed is very simple: I have set it forth many times: A woman and man should marry if they love each other, and they should continue faithful to each other. But—the partnership should be an absolutely equal one. The woman should be as free from the responsibility for the home and children as the father. She should be as free as he is to do her work out in the world, have her interests and her friends, live her individual life. The home-making and the child-training should be done by women hired for the purpose and who have chosen these as their special fields. No intellectual woman should be degraded by waiting on a man."

The editor looked pained.

"But if she loves him," he objected, feebly. Mrs. Warburton's voice took on its platform note. "Ah, there you are again," she cried, "with the truly masculine theory. If she loves him she must wait on him. The proof of women's love, in men's eyes, is servitude."

Jessica's glance met mine, and we rose and led the way into the drawing-room.

"Only the other day," murmured Mrs. Warburton, softly, as she walked beside me, "I saw an exquisite woman, fitted for the highest duties, sewing buttons on one of her husband's garments. I cannot tell you how inexpressibly the sight pained me."

"But it would have pained him a lot if she hadn't sewed 'em on," murmured the editor, sulkily. It was obvious that the conversation was getting on his nerves. Seeing this, Jessica tactfully led him to a little alcove, whence the smoke of his cigar soon curled forth. Mrs. Warburton, sinking into a great chair before the open fire, surveyed it with a sternly disapproving eye.

"Oh, how can you?" she sighed. "How can you let him smoke in these exquisite rooms—so fresh, so virginal?"

"Dear Mrs. Warburton," I pleaded, "we'll never, never think alike on any of these things. But we like you very much, and surely we can be friends and still hold our own opinions, can we not?"

Mrs. Warburton pressed my hand and sighed again.

"Oh yes," she said, "of course we can, and we will. But I'm disappointed. I wanted you both under my banner." Then, with the tact that usually distinguished her, she turned the conversation to Jessica's latest educational text-book, and the discussion of woman and her ball and chain was over for that evening.

Our acquaintance with Mrs. Warburton, thus auspiciously begun, ripened by slow degrees into a really pleasant friendship. We saw much of her as the months passed, and even as the intimacy grew so grew our admiration for this gallant leader of a cause already lost. She had many qualities none too common in this disappointing world. She was frank, she was loyal, she was honest, and she revealed occasionally the artless simplicity of a little child. Moreover, she was also busy, and she had the worker's respect for the time of other workers. She lectured, wrote, lent her presence to such assemblies as she felt might help her mission, and yet found leisure to drop in upon us with delightful informality and enjoyment equally delightful because so obvious. Once we attended a reception in her apartment far uptown, but we never repeated the experience. With a charity far broader than our own, Mrs. Warburton threw open her home to extremists of every type, who, in turn, were attracted to her by her radical views. On this occasion I fell into the hands of a woman anarchist whose yearning for the blood of somebody, anybody, was as strong as it was ungrammatically expressed. She was short-haired and unmanicured, and altogether objectionable, but she held me fast in a corner for almost an hour. I subsequently learned that during this period Jessica was favored with the views of a languorous youth whose immediate conviction that his was his affinity was unshaken by the presence of a wife and a little brood at home. We both drew a long breath as we emerged into the outer air.

"Ugh!" groaned Jessica, "how can she, with her dauntless, endure them? For she is as dainty mentally as she is physically, though she doesn't know it. How can she tolerate these creatures in her home? Really, we'll have to drop her if she keeps it up."

We did not drop her. We merely dropped her receptions, and, under plea of excessive work, urged her to come to us when she could, and forgive our failure to return the visits. This she did with the utmost good nature. She seemed to have a genuine liking for us, and her frequent fierce arguments with Jessica were evidently highly stimulating to them both. Our housekeeping was also of interest to her, and the steadfast glitter of our metal belongings filled her with awe.

"How do you keep them so?" she once asked, curiously. "Surely you don't debauch yourselves by cleaning them?"

We hurriedly mentioned our incomparable wait-

ress. Mrs. Warburton's face shone again.

"Ah, surely," she said, graciously, "you hire it done by an intellectual inferior. That is right. That is what I do. Only," she added with unconscious pathos, "mine doesn't clean things after I've hired her."

It was plain that she did not. Our visit to Mrs. Warburton's home had taught us that.

Toward spring she came to us less frequently, and finally did not come at all. In June we had a hurried note from her, explaining that she was leaving town for the summer, regretting that time would not permit a farewell call, and referring vaguely to a rumormongering in the autumn when she returned to the city. Jessica and I looked at each other.

"She's offended," announced Jessica, positively, "but at what, in Heaven's name? Have you done anything, Helen?"

I hastily disavowed the tact charge.

"You, perhaps, with your blunt speeches?" I suggested.

Jessica smiled in her most superior fashion.

"My blunt speeches?" she repeated. "Grace Warburton has said more brutal things to me in one evening than you and I could think of in a month if we put our minds to it. That was one of her charms," she added, reflectively.

I sighed, for this was true. No amount of plain speaking would hurt Mrs. Warburton, and I recalled now that our last evening together had been unusually harmonious.

"Have we begun to bore her, do you think?" I hazarded. Jessica turned upon me an expression made up, in equal parts, of human exasperation and Christian forbearance.

"How could we bore her?" she demanded, tersely. "She has read our text-books and she thinks we're literary." To this retort a reverential silence seemed the only fitting tribute, and I gave it.

We discussed Mrs. Warburton's letter further for a few moments; even, casually, for a few weeks. Then, leaving town ourselves, our mental picture of her faded into a dim background, in the darkest recesses of which lurked mysteriously a ball and chain.

It was not until the following November that Mrs. Warburton emerged from the obscurity in which, so to speak, she had been enveloped. We were back in the city, and our editor friend casually mentioned, during a call one afternoon, that the distinguished apostle of sex equality had married. We gasped in unison.

"Whom? When?" we demanded.

Our guest confessed that the details had escaped him.

"It was done pretty quietly, I fancy," he hazarded. "It would have to be, wouldn't it, in the circumstances? Wouldn't she be grieved a lot, and all that, for going back on her colors?"

We pointed out that matrimony did not necessarily include the change of Mrs. Warburton's convictions.

"Probably her husband is in sympathy with them, and will conduct himself accordingly," Jessica explained. "But it's odd she didn't tell us. I'd like to see her again."

The wish evidently lingered in the mind of our editor, for a fortnight later he presented us with Mrs. Warburton's new address, which he had secured from her publishers.

"I forgot to ask her present name," he admitted, cheerfully, "but here's where she lives, and they'll know there, of course, who she is."

Jessica and I hesitated a week more over the little slip of paper.

"I suppose we really ought to keep away," I murmured at last. "And yet—With any one but Mrs. Warburton this silence would naturally suggest a willingness to be deprived of the delights of our society. But with her it may mean a dozen other things—poverty, a fear that we will misunderstand her, or some such reason. On the whole, I think we ought to look her up."

We did, the next day, choosing the late afternoon for our call. It was not difficult to find—East Sixty-fourth Street, which proved to be an extremely unpretentious apartment house with rows of fire-escapes zigzagging dizzily down its front. The janitor, who opened the door and promptly wiped his hand on the side of his trousers after doing so, knew where Mrs. Warburton lived.

"Up three flights, first door to the left," were his terse directions. We followed them. A knock at the door brought forth presently the sound of uncertain footsteps on either side.

"But one moment," said a familiar voice. "Ah, mon Dieu, your darknesses!" The doorway opened, and the subdued light of the hallway fell on the round pink face of Professor Alphonse Olivier. It flushed deeper for a moment, then beamed upon us. Both his hands came forth in eager greeting. Excitedly, delightedly, with many congratulations and much speech, he ushered us in.

"My wife she prepare ze supaire," he then explained, happily. "Zen she come to us, oui? If I tell hat you are here, something burn, certainment. Ze first days all burned—everything. But I teach hair, and she improve—mon Dieu, on zat woman improve! It was ze miracle, certainment."

We sought to leave, explaining that we would come again, but he would not hear of this. He led us into a tiny "parlor," in which, among other things, we recognized the dim brass of the samovar in Mrs. Warburton's former home. Some effort had been made to brighten it up. There were several brazen flushes on its cheek.

"We have no fire," explained our host, with artless candor. "My wife she do all—everything. She cook, she wash, she scrub. It is her wish. I teach hair. We have not much of ze American dollaire maintenance. Later ze come, oui?"

He continued to beam upon us, his slippers feet resting comfortably on a hassock before him, his shabby smoking-jacket unbuttoned for greater comfort. The pipe he had put down at our entrance lay on the floor, smelling horribly. From the kitchen, at the end of the hall, came the clatter of dishes, the brisk opening and closing of stove-doors, the sound of swift footsteps moving to and fro. An odor of boiling onions was wafted to our nostrils, together with the unmistakable scent of something burning. Our host's jaw dropped as this last was borne in.

"It burn—something," he murmured; "it always burn—something. But she improve, oui, oui, she improve."

Mrs. Warburton—no, Madame Olivier henceforth—came to the door at this moment, and, beckoning us, stood there for a transfixed second. She was enveloped in a huge calico apron; a cap was on her head, and she vaguely held a kitchen towel in her hands. Suddenly dropping it, she came forward, turning first to one and then to the other of us, her radiant brown eyes and her queer crooked smile.



STOOD THERE FOR A TRANSFIXED SECOND.

then and there.

"She's wrong about everything, of course; I never knew a woman whose conception of the universe was so consistently upside down. But she's diabolically clever about it, and she has persuaded herself that she's sincere. I really believe she thinks she's right. For the rest, we must cultivate her. Thank Heaven, we've both reached the stage where we don't care what people's opinions are, if only they don't bore us. Whatever Grace Warburton may do, she'll never do that. I've asked her to come to dinner Tuesday night."

"Has she the privilege of bringing her smile along?" I asked without enthusiasm. I am never as enthusiastic as Jessica over the prospect of guests—possibly because I do the marketing and because Jessica's criticism of my efforts is often painful to my sensitive nature.

Jessica surveyed me disapprovingly. "I think I can say one or two things that will remove it if she has it with her," she remarked with conviction. "I let everything go tonight because this was really no place to argue." She launched into an animated monologue on Mrs. Warburton's fallacies, during which I succeeded in enjoying a brief but restful nap. I had not yet felt the force of the lady's personal appeal to the degree Jessica had.

Mrs. Warburton arrived promptly at eight the following Tuesday evening. In a gown whose attractions brought a light into our world-weary eyes. It was one of her good points, hitherto unacknowledged, that she dressed superbly and with sympathetic understanding of her own type. We had invited only one other guest, Jessica remaining firm in her faith that the occasion warranted a presentation of her views as well as those of Mrs. Warburton. The fourth member of our little party was a newspaper editor, rather yellow as to his journalism, but of great personal charm, and with a brain whose strength even Jessica humbly acknowledged. As for me, I openly sat at his feet and quoted his opinions

our professions, it's those innocent young minds you mention, and if anything could be worse than the young minds, it's the possessors of them—the pupils."

I hurriedly interrupted. Jessica was well under way. If she were permitted to continue she would say much more than she meant and then fiercely insist upon its truth, as was her impulsive way. "You mean," I said gently, "that we are free to live our lives as we choose, and that, aside from our professions, we have no heavy cares or responsibilities?"

"Yes, yes. And you have this charming home, and are so happy in it," gushed Mrs. Warburton.

"Of course we're happy," remarked Jessica, gratefully. "If happiness is gained by a certain amount of material comfort. We are happy as a cat is happy, stretched before the fire. But the nearest thing to an emotion Helen ever experiences is when she grieves for days over the breaking of a Beltek cup; and as for me, the only one I ever have is when she does something more than usually mad and I am able to relieve the mental congestion of months by telling her in one glorious *quart d'heure* what I really think of her. Do you call that happiness?"

"She never used to talk like that," I explained, sadly. "It's the effect of age creeping on apace. I noticed it first twenty-six years ago last April—a tendency to crabbedness and waspishness."

But Mrs. Warburton was pursuing her own thoughts. She brushed aside my feeble interruption and leaned toward Jessica, her brown eyes alight.

"Don't tell me," she cried, with tragic emphasis, "that you think you'd be better off if you were nursing a dozen squalling babies all at once. Don't say that."

The editor devoted himself hurriedly to his ice. For an instant even Jessica was dashed but only for an instant.

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NEXT  
WEEK

TIME TURNS NOT BACK

BY  
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD





# THE GIRL AND THE THREE-BAGGER

BY JOHN N. WHEELER.

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"EDDIE" ROLLINS was kicking off his baseball shoes in the Insurgents' Club house. He was whistling a tune softly as he prepared for a dash under the shower. "Slats" McManus, the long southpaw, came up and slapped him on the back with a towel. "Nice hit, old boy!" he chorled gleefully. "You saved me that game, and it still keeps us one ahead of the Dubs."

"Slim" Ford, the high salaried first baseman and captain of the Insurgents, yelled at him as he passed on to the shower:—

"You had the punch, kid!"

John McCaw, the manager, came up to him.

"Nice hit, boy!" he said. "That's the way to fight and pull 'em out."

"He broke one over the outside," was Rollins' laconic comment as he rushed under the shower, jesting and exchanging repartee with the other players. The Insurgents were in a merry mood. They had pulled one out in the ninth.

As Rollins was dressing he realized unconsciously that he loved it all—the good natured rally of the other players and the admiration and hero worship of the fans. He still whistled a catchy tune. Yet the situation was not an unusual one. With one out in the ninth and one run needed to win he had tripled with a man on first base. Many another game had this young hard hitting second baseman of the Insurgents saved with his timely wallop.

As he was riding down town with Ford he felt that he was very much at peace with the world and very well pleased with his lot. He was a latter day idol. He had a share of that which men have sought since the beginning of all things, fame. The passengers pointed at him and whispered in tones that could be heard all over the car, "There's Rollins, of the Insurgents."

He did not mind. He was used to it. He was not surprised when he got off the train and heard the newsboys crying the many hued sporting extras still wet from the presses.

"Rollins wins game for Insurgents!" they yelled. "Sporting extra! Insurgents win in the ninth! Here yer are! Paper!"

He was a little pleased. But it was the usual for Rollins. Once when he had first joined the Insurgents, just after he had finished college, he had started to keep a scrapbook containing all the nice and other things the newspapers had said about him. It had grown slowly at first because for six months he had sat on the bench assimilating the fine points of the game as it is played in the big leagues. Then once when the regular second baseman had been hurt he got a chance. He was never taken out. "Whisk" Fanchier warned Rollins' seat on the bench after that.

Two days later at the Insurgents' Park, during the preliminary lumbering up before the game, he discovered "Bill" Lee, a friend of his college days, and Rollins went over to shake hands. He had not noticed that Lee was with a girl or he probably would not have gone to his box.

"Miss Donaldson, this is Mr. Rollins," said Lee, introducing his companion, and Rollins was aware that she was a very pretty girl, with attractive blue eyes. He blushed and acknowledged the introduction. He always had a wholesome awe of the apron string.

"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Rollins," she was saying. "I have read and heard so much about you. Won't you ride down town with us in the motor after the game?"

Rollins was plainly embarrassed. The bell calling the players out on the field was all that saved him from going down and out for the count. He had just time to stammer his acceptance and hurry off to his place at second. Almost as soon as he had accepted he was sorry. He knew that he would be embarrassed.

## The Girl.

But after the game he enjoyed the ride down town. She did not tell him he had made a bully play and say she thought he swung his bat so beautifully, as other girls had in the past. After the first few minutes the girl put him entirely at his ease, and he was sorry when they reached the other end of the park, where they left him at home. She said she hoped she would see him again soon, and Rollins sincerely echoed her hope to himself. After dinner he began to wonder who the girl was. Surely she was not the daughter of John P. Donaldson, the banker. He fretted a little. He wondered what was the matter with him.

When he saw The Girl at the park two days later again with Lee he had almost forgotten about her. But he did not hesitate to go up and speak to her. She put him at his ease at once by asking him who was going to work. He guessed there would be some jockeying before the "old man" finally decided because he wanted to work Curtis, his left-hander, against Leader, the Sox's southpaw, while the Sox's manager was fired by an overwhelming desire to save his left-hander to go against a certain gentleman on the Insurgents named "Rickey" Jones, who threw with his right arm.

After the game he rode home with her again. Every day she was at the ball park now. Once or twice when she was absent Rollins felt as if the game ought to have been called on account of darkness. Each afternoon she rode back in her car through the park and home. Lee was no longer one of the party. The Girl came out alone and had her own field box. Often she called for Rollins before the game and took him to the grounds.

There was also a perceptible change in Rollins and it resulted in his taking a lot of good natured bantering from the other players. He began to cultivate haberdashery establishments in the mornings, and each afternoon saw him arrayed in some new sartorial creation modeled along the lines of up-to-date architecture. This aesthetic desire usually found its outlet in neckties and shirts.

Rollins had made another discovery. The girl was the daughter of old John P. Donaldson, the heavy hitter of finance. It had awed him a little at first, but the girl had invited him to her home frequently to dine, and the first little nervousness about meeting the leading "stickler" of Wall street had faded away five minutes after the introduction. The conversation, instead of bearing on stocks and their vicissitudes and hitting averages, had a tendency toward a discussion of the manner in which "Cy" Cobb was hitting the league batting quotations. The "Old Man" was a fan. That was one common interest between the two. Then the important discovery was made that Mr. Donaldson and Rollins had each

shared in the learning dispensed by the same alumnus. Still closer were the ball player and the financier brought together when it developed that they each wore the same fraternity pin. Proofs were immediately forthcoming in the way of badges and grips. Saturday afternoon found the "Old Man" in a box, with Nan Donaldson at the ball park and cheering vociferously.

And it was not long until Rollins had abandoned the "Miss" and was calling the girl "Nan." The correspondence was copious during the first Western trip of the Insurgents. Young, good looking, college bred, it was little wonder that the ball player attracted this product of finishing schools and Europe.



He climbed over the front of the box to the field.

very strongly. He was different from the men she knew. He did things. He was the idol of the big city.

The first of July found two things definitely established in the affairs of Rollins. One, and the most important he thought, was that he had signed up to play a dual engagement with The Girl for the rest of his life. The other was that the Insurgents were leading the league by the delicate and fragile margin of two games, with the Dubs almost treading on their heels. He wasn't sure which pleased him more. He was doing the same old rushing business at saving games for his club that he always had maintained at the old stand. And, surreptitiously, The Girl had started to compile a scrap book with Rollins as the hero of this illustrated bit of fiction.

## Not So, Say They.

But when the mother and the father were told of the engagement the harmony and the quiet of the scene were at once dissipated. Rollins had insisted that he would tell The Girl's parents, although he admitted to himself that he would rather go to the bat any day with the bases full and "Four Fingered" Frown, with "everything" on the ball, pitching. "Old John P." made no very vigorous protest, but Rollins soon discovered that it was harder to solve the delivery of the Missus than for him to hit a curve ball breaking over the inside corner, and everybody knew that was "his groove."

"But I can't let my Nan marry a ball player," was the first pitched ball that she delivered with little regard for Rollins' feelings. He said afterward he felt then as if the umpire should have given him his base on the ground that he was hit by a pitched ball.

"You don't realize my social position," she went on. Rollins stepped into that one.

"But, Mrs. Donaldson, I wanted to marry Nan. And then another weakness of yours which you may not fully realize is that she would like to marry me."

"She'll never marry you as long as you are a ball player," was the ultimatum that she issued.

Rollins was not a little surprised when he told The Girl about the interview to find that as a matter of course she had expected him to give up baseball as a profession.

"Why, of course, father'll give you a position," she said. "You can play ball if you feel like it on the summer nine at Bar Harbor when we open our house. They really have some bully games down there, and you'll enjoy that. All the boys play and you can get just as much fun out of it."

Rollins didn't try to explain to The Girl the difference between Bar Harbor ball and the brand played in the large leagues. But he fretted all that night over the unpleasant turn his affairs had taken, and the next day he didn't get a hit. He loved The Girl, but she and her family were taking his very life away from him. Of course, he would have an easy position in the financial world at a single bound that many young fellows had spent years striving for and probably would never attain. But there would be little credit to him in it. The mystic word "pull" would be the universal verdict.

He went to see The Girl that night, and he gave up. He agreed to abandon the next Western trip of the Insurgents, which was to begin in two days. He was, so they decided, to start work in the Donaldson bank after a week end rest at the Donaldson country place.

If it had seemed hard to break the news of his engagement to Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, Rollins realized the next day that it was like battling against a bush leaguer compared to telling McCaw that he intended to quit the team. He went to the ball park with a heavy heart and alone. When he had told the "old man" all the wily manager crossed Rollins. Instead of attempting coercive tactics he simply said:—

"I'm sorry, Rollins. I need you, and it may cost me a pennant, but in the end it probably will be better for you. It's one of the breaks of the old game that you never can tell about, and I'm used to them by now. But always remember that you are not suspended, and if you want to come back any time you're under contract. Goodbye and good luck." And the "old man" gave him the grip that goes between men and his bronzed face cracked into a smile. That afternoon Fanchier played second base and incidentally lost the game. The next day the Insurgents left for the critical Western trip. The newspapers and the fans had not treated Rollins as delicately as McCaw, and both heaped on his head coils of fire. He was called a quitter, a backslider and other less complimentary names. Rollins was far from being comfortable when he entered the bank on the following Monday to break into the big leagues of finance. Even the "newsies" down town pointed at him in derision.

## Off His Game.

Rollins found himself hitting considerably below the three hundred mark. During the first week he had more errors to his credit than he had made the whole season at second base on the Insurgents. He found the confinement of the office irksome. He was, however, idolized by the employees of the bank, more because he was "Eddie" Rollins, formerly second baseman of the Insurgents, than because he was the "old man's" prized son and was going to marry his daughter. So when he got some banking problem that took a bad bound, there were always veterans of the game to help him field it.

But for two reasons he stuck. First, because it was his nature not to quit, and second, because he thought that he would rather have Nan Donaldson than anything else in the world, and this was the only means to the end. Outside of the banking hours he was very happy, although he missed the games and the worship formerly accorded to him by an army of fans—so quickly is an idle hero forgotten.

Every afternoon after business Nan called for him in her car and he always insisted that they drive past the bulletin board so that he could see what the Insurgents were doing.

"You can't forget the game," The Girl had said to him one night after dinner.

"I care more for you than all the games in the world," he replied appropriately enough, and thought that he meant it.

She reached over and took his hand. "And after we get to Bar Harbor you can play ball all you like," she comforted.

He said nothing to this. Eventually the Insurgents returned home, but not in first place. The Dubs were now leading them by two games and were showing a disagreeable tendency to increase this advantage unless "Mac's" men took an abrupt brace. The Western clubs were beginning their Eastern invasion. The Dubs were scheduled to play a series with the Insurgents at the local grounds that the newspapers declared would do much to de-

termine on whose flag pole the pennant would ultimately be raised.

The first game of the series was played on Friday and the Insurgents lost it. Rollins could hardly wait for the Saturday contest. He was there before the preliminary practice began, with Nan Donaldson in a field box. The box was near the Insurgents' bench. There was "Piker" Price, with his customary horse play to amuse early comers. He had to make the most of this time, as he seldom got a chance to perform after the game was really under way. "Slats" McManus slipped past the box with a sweater over his arm. He got a great hand.

"Hello, Eddie," he said as he stooped down and began to maul over the bats for one to lumber up with. One by one the players passed the box and spoke to Rollins. Some stopped and shook hands. "Slim" Ford chatted for a moment.

"What's the matter with the bunch?" asked Rollins. "I don't know," replied "Slim" mournfully. "They're just breaking bad for us," he added in the parlance of the ballplayer. The expression means much to the profession and covers a multitude of sins of omission.

"Ain't the pitchers right?" asked Rollins. "They seem to be going pretty good, but signals are being crossed and nothing breaks where you want it. Every time we've tried the hit and run in the last five games we've hit into a double play."

The bell sounded and Ford hurried over to first base for the infield practice. Rollins had an inexorable longing to go, too. He had almost forgotten The Girl at his side while he watched the team warm up.

"They ain't playin' together," he muttered to himself as he watched.

"What?" asked The Girl, but Rollins was again lost in his watching and did not reply.

The stands were filling rapidly and every unusually brilliant catch elicited his measure of applause. "Slats" McManus was working out with "Jiggs" Riley, the catcher of the Insurgents. The Cheerless Leader was warming up a southpaw, too, for the Dubs. "Jack" Sleister was making the ball do all sorts of tricks while he pitched them in to "Johnnie" Sting before the game.

"The batteries for to-day's game," announced the umpire as a hush fell on the vast crowd, "will be Sleister and Sting for Chicago and McManus and Riley for New York. Play ba-a-a!"

The fans slid forward to the edges of their seats as "Scissors" Kelly came up first for the Dubs. Rollins was tense. He forgot everything besides the game. The Girl might as well have been an extra chair.

The Dubs got a run in the fourth inning when McManus gave the Cheerless Leader a base on balls. He stole second by sliding under Fanchier. Rollins was playing the game with his team now. He was coaching.

"Hold him up! Hold him up!" he shouted to Riley, as McManus began to wobble. "Make him pitch, Jiggs! Stick to it, 'Slats, old boy! We're all behind you. That's the boy," as "Slats" slipped a strike over the plate.

Rollins' voice could be heard above the general babel. Watching closely, he caught the Cheerless Leader's signal for a hit and run. Rollins himself had always been an adept at getting his opponents' signals.

"Watch out for a hit and run!" he shouted, but too late for McManus to pitch out. He had already wound up and the Cheerless Leader started to run. Hoffman hit the ball straight at Fanchier, and that athlete opened his legs and let it proceed on through as if it had a season pass. Rollins groaned and was partly out of the box. This error resulted in the first run of the game, and the telegraph instruments clicked out the information to be posted on bulletin boards all over the country. Hoffman was caught stealing, and the Insurgents came in to their bench.

"Ed, you are making a show of yourself," said The Girl, but Rollins paid not a whit of attention. He had not heard her.

"See the way they're breakin'," commented "Slim" Ford as he passed Rollins.

"Why didn't 'Slats' pitch out?" asked Rollins. "With two and nothing on Hoffman a blind man would look for the hit and run from the Dubs. He had Vance at third by a block or two if he had."

"You sure called the turn, boy," yelled back Ford as he puffed to the bench.

The Dubs got another run in the sixth inning and the Insurgents had not yet scored. The perspiration was running off Rollins.

"He might have known better than to break a curve over for Binker," lamented Rollins as that athlete singled, bringing home Kelly. But in the eighth Sleister weakened and the Insurgents bunched three hits with a base on balls. The result was two runs and the game tied up. The Cheerless Leader walked out to the pitcher's box and took the ball away from Sleister, sending him to the bench. He beckoned "Four Fingered" Frown in from the outfield, where he had been warming up. This

exponent of the efficacy of curves pitched over the allotted five balls for practice and, with a man on second, "Slim" Ford stepped into the batter's box. He raised a high fly to left for the last out and the inning was over. But the score had been tied and the fans had gone crazy.

The ninth inning showed no change in the arithmetical standing of the two teams. In the tenth, with two out, Frown had passed two men. The crowd was stampeding. Sting and Vance walked up to Frown and tried to settle his nerves.

"Play ball!" yelled the crowd. "Make him pitch." "Slats" Moore was at the bat, and Rollins, a past master himself at jockeying around the plate for a base on balls, was imploring him to wait.

"Make him pitch to you!" yelled Rollins. But Moore was impatient and a little nervous. With the count two and one, he hit under a curve and raised only a feeble fly to Binker, the short stop, and another opportunity had gone to seed.

When Fanchier let an easy grounder impelled by Binker, the first Dub up in the eleventh, roll through his legs the crowd moaned. But McManus faunted the next two batters and Binker was out stealing.

Rollins had now completely forgotten The Girl at his side. She might as well have been motorizing in Europe. He had forgotten the vast stamping, cheering, whistling, sweating, nervous, excited crowd. He didn't hear their shouts or their moans. He never did when he was on the ball field. He was playing the game now. That was all that he could see. His whole being longed to take part in the fight.

The bat box came out from the Insurgents' bench with a note for Rollins while the home team was at bat in the eleventh. It was from McCaw, brief but to the point.

"Will you go to the club house, slip into your uniform and bat for us if we need a pinch hitter? You are still under contract," it read, scrawled in pencil.

## Rollins at the Bat.

As the weary laborer returning from his day's work in the field thirsts for his glass of beer, as the battub outlet gurgles pitifully for the last drop of water, so Rollins at that moment was longing for just such an opportunity. He did not think of The Girl. He hesitated not a minute, but wrote just one word:—

"Sure."

He climbed over the front of the box to the field. He heeded not The Girl's protest. He did not hear her. He only wondered unceremoniously how long the game would run on; whether one side or the other would win before he could get dressed. He slipped along beside the bleachers and off the field, every nerve tense, with his ears strained for the telltale shout and the hubbub that meant the end.

In the club house he found his suit in his old locker. Quickly he dressed. He ran onto the field with his shoes unlaced and buckling his belt. No dreamer ever did a faster job. The Insurgents were just taking the field for the twelfth inning when he got to the bench.

"Go out to second," said the "Old Man" laconically without a word of greeting.

"Rollins playing second base instead of Fanchier," announced "Hank" O'Shay, the umpire.

Rollins ran out on the field. First the crowd was silent, surprised, then jubilant and sceptical all in a breath.

"But he's out of shape," said one to another.

Then a mighty cheer went up. It made Rollins' blood tingle as it had not jumped for a month. The next minute he had forgotten the howling crowd as "Slim" Ford rolled him a few on the ground. He threw the ball around the diamond and he felt good, better than he had felt for a long time. He made a one hand stop of a loose throw and again the crowd cheered. He threw to "Slim" Ford and it was the same old game.

"Play ball!" yelled "Hank" O'Shay.

McManus wound up to pitch to the Cheerless Leader, who was at the bat.

"Keep it on the outside," counseled Rollins. "That's the boy. We're all with you. Stay with it. Stick, old boy."

It was certainly good, he thought. The next moment he had picked off Vance's liner over second base with one hand. The crowd let loose a shriek, a roar, and the thousands were on their feet. The shriek settled into a prolonged howl and then a stamping of feet and whistling and shouting.

"Fanchier wouldn't have come within three blocks of that," was the general verdict of the bleachers.

"Nice boy, Eddie," said Ford.

It surely was good. He had forgotten The Girl, who was staring at him from the box stunned, unbelieving. Not a Dub passed first base in the twelfth. The Insurgents trotted in to their bench.

"Nice work," said McCaw to Rollins.

McManus was talking to McCaw. Rollins heard him.

"I don't think I can go another inning," he said.

"I hope you won't have to, old boy," replied McCaw. Frown passed Moore, the first man up in the twelfth. The crowd began an unbroken, ceaseless, rhythmic stamping of feet, shouting and whistling, which, as a great wave rises to its crest and breaks, broke into a tumult of sound with every ball that Frown pitched. The bedlam was calculated to rattle the Sphinx, but the Sphinx wasn't pitching.

Ford tried to lay the ball down for a sacrifice, but Frown pounced on it and forced Moore at second by a fast throw. When "Chippie" Deane, the left fielder, went up to bat Rollins started to maul over the sticks. His turn was next.

"Your old one's there, boy," said McCaw. Rollins found it. It was the sensation experienced in meeting an old friend again after a long separation. Then he picked it up and looked at it tenderly to see that it was still all right. Then he started to swing it with another oom as he walked toward the plate. After wasting two strikes on long drives that fell just outside the foul lines Deane struck out. Rollins threw the other bat back toward the bench.

"This is the game we want!" yelled the "Old Man" above the noise. Rollins heard him as he knocked the dirt out of his cleats and stepped up to the plate.

"Hit it out, Eddie!" yelled one. "Knock the cover off it!" advised another. The noise, if anything, increased. Ford was taking a big lead off first base. Frown smiled a cynical smile. Here was a joke. A man who had not faced a pitcher in a month expected to beat him! He wound up. The ball whizzed past the outside corner.

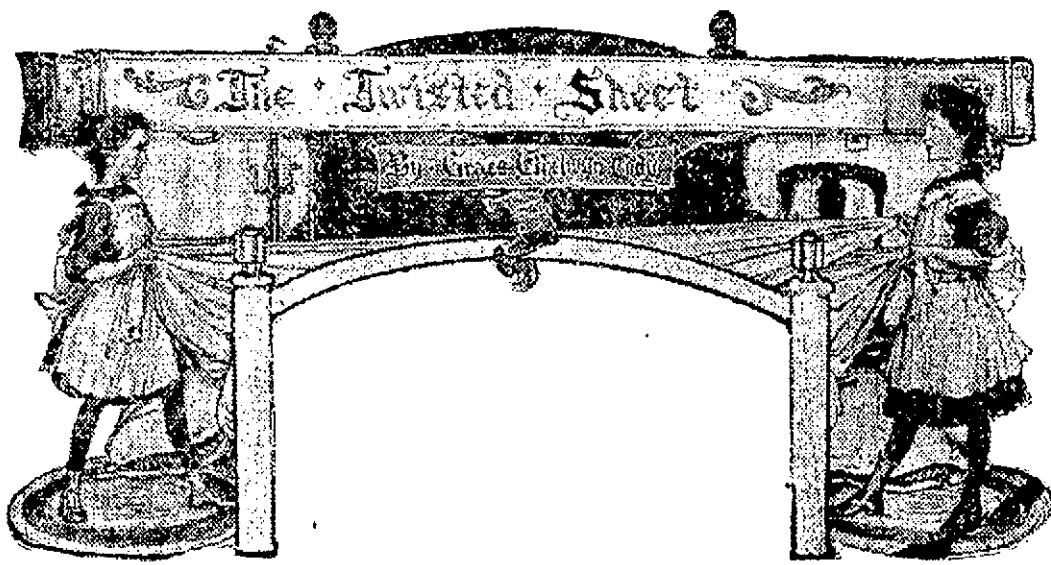
"Ball!" yelled "Hank" O'Shay.

Rollins reached down and patted his hands in the dirt. Frown wound up again. Rollins watched him closely, his head cocked slightly to one side. He saw a telltale twist to Frown's wrist just as he let go of the ball and instinctively from long practice knew that he had pitched a curve that would break over the outside corner. He stepped forward and up. He swung. There was a crack, and it felt as if he had beaten against something solid. It sounded good. Rollins did not stop to look. He dug his spikes in for first base. As he rounded the bag he took one flash and saw the left fielder running toward the fence. Faintly he heard the roar of the crowd. On he went until Simmons, coaching on third, stopped him with open arms.

"You broke it up, kid!" he shouted. Then the crowd was surging on the field. A thousand hands reached for Rollins, and twenty grasped him. He was lifted on their shoulders. Again he was a hero. As far as he could see there was nothing but a cheering mass, madly hurling cushions and bats. He realized that he liked it all—that it was his life.

Then for the first time he thought of The Girl. He looked back. She was standing up in the box alone, conspicuous in white. For a bare moment their eyes met. There were love and wealth and a life of ease. Then he looked back at the crowd—his crowd—and he was borne away on its shoulders. She knew that he had gone forever. A great feeling of emptiness filled her being as she stood there. She felt that she was the most lonesome person in the world. She had lost him.

As he was borne away on the shoulders of the crowd he knew that he would play ball until they cut the uniform off him. At last when he was dressing in the club house he whistled a tune, as of old, and joshed with the players. He would never give it up again. The game was his life's blood. That night he sat in a game of poker with "Slim" Ford, McManus, Moore and "Rickey" Jones.



"All in the world you have to do is to let go," said Marian, standing very straight, and speaking in her wise-grandmother tone.

"I'll never let go as long as I live!" declared the blue-eyed girl on the opposite side of the bed, and she clutched the two corners of the sheet with a firmer grip as she said it.

"But the younger one ought to give up," Marian remarked in that superior voice which always started a raging in the breast of her younger sister.

Lucie snapped her lips together. She had been giving up for ten whole years, and Marian had had her own way all that time. There ought to be a change. Marian was only twelve, herself. Besides, if Marian would let go her side of the twisted sheet, it would come right side up, just as it ought to.

"You know, yourself, Marian, the hem of the upper sheet ought to turn over on the top, and it would if you'd let go," she said at last, trying to be as cool as her sister. "And I'll tell you one thing: this time—I am—not—going—to—give—up."

Marian laughed softly. "Seems if I'd heard that before. You weren't going to give up, the time I set the basket of eggs down in the path and ran off because you wouldn't take hold of the handle the way I told you to, but I notice 'twas little Lucie that went back and got them, after all. You might as well let go that sheet, first as last, so that we can make this bed."

"Oh!" Lucie burst out. "If you weren't my sister, I'd—I! You stand there with your braids all smooth and your eyes quiet, and you get me just blazing, and then you're satisfied! I haven't forgiven you yet about that perfume bottle, Marian Galbraith, and I tell you I won't give up, this time. I won't—if I stay here till doomsday—so there!"

"Mercy me, child!" said Marian, shifting to an easier position as if she meant to stay till doomsday, too. "I'm not such a baby as to keep up a quarrel about a little thing like a perfume bottle. You can call that bottle with the square stopper yours, if you want to. I told you all the time you could."

"Call it mine—it is mine! It's—oh, you can be the meanest! I just hope Uncle Ben will remember, when he comes to-night, which one he gave you, but, whether he does or not, you know as well as I do that the bottle with the square stopper was mine and you never thought of saying it was yours until the one with the round stopper got broken. It isn't the bottle I care about, either, and you know that. I just want you to give up when you're wrong, and you never do!"

"Sh-sh, Lucie," said Marian reprovingly. "You'll disturb your sick mother, talking so loud."

Lucie fairly ground her teeth. She was a gentle girl, but Marian's unrelenting superiority roused all the wrath there was in her, and, for the last ten days, since their mother had been shut up in the quiet room with the trained nurse on guard, there had been no getting on at all. It came to Lucie now, as never before, that the time had arrived when she should assert her rights; so, after drawing her breath in sharply through her teeth, and darting one furious glance at her sister, she shut her lips again, and leaned against the head of the bed.

For ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, they stood there, silent. Occasionally Lucie glared at Marian, meeting always the same cool dark-eyed glance. At last, without a word, Marian, still holding to the corners of the sheet, sat deliberately down on the floor. After a few moments more, Lucie followed her example and sat down too.

Their faces were hidden from each other now, but both felt the pull of the sheet, and each knew that the will on the other side of the bed was firm. A full hour passed. Then the bedroom door opened and a broad, good-natured face peeped in.

"So that's where you are—eh?" cried Nora. "I've been huntin' all over the house. Lunch is ready. Sure, I thought you had this bed made long ago. What's the matter, anyhow?"

"I don't care for any luncheon, Nora, thank you," Marian responded, with a large amount of dignity, considering that she was seated, Turkish-fashion, on the floor.

"Neither do I," added Lucie, craning her neck to look over the bed at wondering Nora.

"Not care for lunch, when I've pancakes and maple syrup for you!" Nora exclaimed, advancing into the room.

"This sheet is twisted, and Miss Lucie has an obstinate fit and won't let go so that I can straighten

it out," Marian exclaimed with a patient air that maddened Lucie.

"Lucie—obstinate!" came the indignant echo from the other side of the bed. "I guess there's somebody else obstinate besides Lucie, Nora."

"Well, now, I'll settle all that for you in one minute," declared the warm-hearted Irish girl, laying hold of the sheet, but she dropped it again suddenly, at sight of the unwonted flash in little Miss Lucie's blue eyes.

"Don't touch that, Nora!" she commanded. "This is between Miss Marian and me."

"Yes, go and leave us, Nora. You may clear with her mother's own manner. You may clear the table. We'll not be down to luncheon."

Bewildered and unwilling, but somehow compelled, Nora turned and went grumbling out of the room. Silence fell again. A long silence. Lucie was seized with an unconquerable desire to peep under the bed and see what Marian might be doing. Cautiously, without loosening her hold on the sheet, she lowered her head and looked. There was Marian doing the same thing at the same instant, and, like a flash, both girls jerked their heads up and sat shaking in silent, exclusive mirth. Not for worlds would either have let the other know that she was laughing. That would have meant death to the dignity of the quarrel, and, above all things, dignity must be maintained.

Again the door opened, and the immovable face of the trained nurse was thrust in. She looked like an advertisement of fine laundry work, with her crisp blue and white stripes, and the snowy apron, cuffs, collars, and cap.

"Little girls," she said in her stranger's voice. "Nora tells me you won't come to luncheon because you are having some kind of a quarrel. I should think, if you loved your mother, you would try to be good and help her to get well quickly. Don't you know you'll trouble her if you act like this?"

"You haven't been and told her?" Marian demanded, with a shocked note in her voice.

"N—no; but I shall have to, if you keep this up," said the nurse severely, as she closed the door.

"There, Lucie," Marian remarked, lifting her head to peer over the bed reprovingly. "You see what you're doing. You may make mother a great deal worse. Why don't you give up?"

But Lucie crouched out of sight and kept silence. Mother didn't know about it, and she certainly could not worry about a thing she did not know. A sense of power was growing within Lucie. She had never resisted Marian so long in all her life, and, as the time went on, the feeling grew stronger and stronger that for once she would hold out. What joy to make Marian give up—just once! Even in her wildest imaginings, she never dreamed of more than once.

The telephone bell rang, long and loud. "Better answer that, Lucie," Marian suggested gently. "Nora must be down in the laundry, and probably the nurse is busy with mother."

Lucie did not budge, and presently they heard the nurse's voice saying, "Hello!" in a slightly impatient tone. A few minutes later, she pushed open the bedroom door again.

"Little girls," she said, "that was your Uncle Ben calling up, and I told him exactly how you were acting."

"Tollah!" Lucie whispered, letting the word go safely under the bed instead of out into the room where the nurse could hear.

"He's coming out from town early; he'll be here by four o'clock, and he said to tell you that he'd bring a large box of candy for the one that gives up first."

Dead silence was the answer, and after waiting full two minutes, the nurse, in disgust, went back to her patient.

"Doesn't you want that candy, Lucie?" a low voice asked.

"No, thank you; you're quite welcome to it," said another low voice.

"Miss Lucie, dear," came Nora's coaxing voice through the door, "your mother wants you to bring her a glass of water, right away."

Lucie started, and almost let go the sheet, but Marian quailed, and Lucie saw through the trick. Of course the nurse was there to get water for mother. It was just to make Lucie give up.

After that Nora came and pleaded a long time, in vain. It was after three o'clock, now. Nora had hardly gone away when the door opened again—shut this time—and the trained nurse came inside and closed it behind her.

"Little girls," she said, with more sternness than they thought she had any right to use. "I have told your mother how you are behaving."

A sudden involuntary stir on each side of the bed gave notice that this shot had gone home.

"She's very much worried, and ashamed of you both. She wants this room in nice order for your Uncle Ben when he comes at four o'clock. You may throw her into a high fever, acting so. And she says to tell you that the one that loves her best will give up."

Both girls had risen to their knees and were staring reproachfully at the messenger.

"You shouldn't have told her," Marian reproached. "We never meant to trouble her."

"No; you know we didn't, Miss—Nurse!" Lucie echoed, distressed enough to weep.

"I had to tell her," was the stiff reply. "You forced me to."

"Very well," said Marian, coming to her feet suddenly, and letting go the twisted sheet, with a grand air. "You may go back to mother and tell her that Marian gave up."

"No, you may not!" cried Lucie, jumping up too, and dropping her hold on the sheet. "I guess I'm going to give up, myself. You don't love her best, any such thing, and you said, yourself, the younger one ought to give up."

A bell tinkled, and the nurse slipped away in answer, leaving the two girls face to face.

"Shame on you!" said Marian. "To keep up the quarrel when I'm willing to give up! And troubling mother, too!"

"Shame on yourself, Marian Galbraith! You just take that sheet and fix it the way you wanted it. I have given up, I tell you. Here!" Lucie flapped the sheet over, but Marian seized it, and here was presented the amusing spectacle of the two girls with their former positions reversed, each trying now to put on the sheet in the way she did not wish it to be.

"I've given up, and it's going to be on your way. You shan't make out that you love mother best," Lucie insisted.

"No, I've given up and the nurse has gone to tell mother so," Marian maintained,—and, at last, they both sat down on the floor again, too miserable for words.

The door-bell sounded. That was Uncle Ben's voice. He had come. He would find his bed unmade, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Mother would know about it, and it would throw her into a fever.

"Oh, Marian, hurry! hurry!" cried Lucie, scrambling to her feet in an agony of remorse. "I'll have the sheet the way I wanted it. You can be the one to give up, but, quick, let's make this bed!"

And by the time Uncle Ben, big and jolly, came tiptoeing up the stairs to his room, he found two flushed, breathless girls, standing, one on each side of a smooth white bed.

"Hurrah!" he said, under his breath, as he entered. "Somebody gave up. Who was it?"

"It was Marian," Lucie told him, and then, to his dismay, she flung herself across that smooth bed and began to sob as if her heart would break.

"Marian gave up! That's something new," said Uncle Ben, handing a big box to Marian, and then, laying a gentle hand on Lucie's shoulder, "Look here, pet," don't cry like that. Do you feel so bad about losing the candy?"

"Oh, no—no—no! I had to let mother think Marian loved her best. It was the only way."

"Please take back this candy, Uncle Ben," said Marian, just then. "I don't deserve it."

"What's all this?" asked the mystified uncle, while Lucie sat up on the edge of the bed, too much astonished to cry.

"Why, we wouldn't either of us let go the sheet until mother sent word that the one that loved her best would give up, and then I was just bound I'd be that one. So I made Lucie let me give up, but, really, she gave up giving up, just so that mother shouldn't be worried. Give her the candy."

"No," Lucie faltered.

Uncle Ben was looking at Marian with a pleased smile on his face.

"I tell you, Uncle Ben, I've been a perfect pig to Lucie," Marian went on. "I pretended the perfume bottle with the square stopper was mine, when I knew all the time it was hers. Please give her the candy."

"Well, well, I think I'll have to settle this case," Uncle Ben answered, crossing over to the mantel, where he found two china plates. Then, one by one, with the little tongs that lay on the top, he lifted out a piece of candy, putting them first on one plate and then on the other. At the end there was one large chocolate cream left over.

"This plate is for you, Lucie," he said, "because, as Marian says, you did the real giving up—no mistake about that, and I'm proud of you for it. And this is for you, Marian"—handing out the other plate—"because you refused the candy when you could have had it, and acted on the square with your sister, and I'm proud of you for that. And this one"—holding up the huge left-over chocolate—"used to be partial, but one is for me."

He popped it into his mouth, just as the nurse peeped into the open door, with the pretty smile she seemed to wear whenever Uncle Ben came.

"Little girls," she said sweetly, "I told your mother how determined you both were to give up, the minute you got her message, and it made her very happy. She's feeling quite easy now. She's dropped asleep."

"And sure," chimed in the voice of Nora, who filled the doorway, with a broad white-covered tray in her hands, as soon as the nurse passed on. "Sure, Mr. Ben, I'm not forgettin' your likin' for a bit of somethin' about afternoon tea-time."

"Come right in, Nora," said Uncle Ben politely. "What have you on that tray? Three tall glasses of milk and a plate of nutcakes! I shall be pleased to take some of those refreshments if the young ladies here will join me."

"We surely will, Uncle Ben! We're starving."

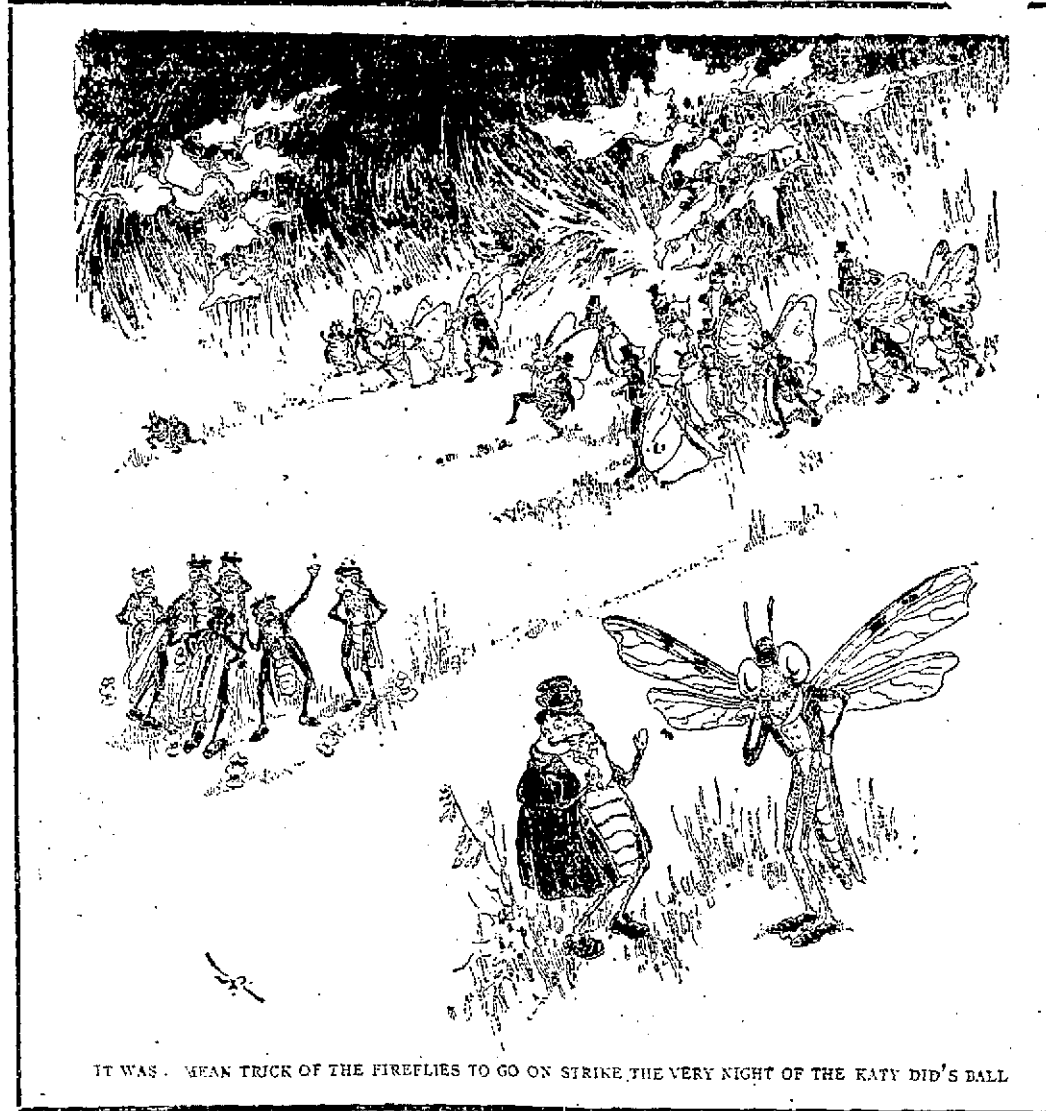


## NATURAL HISTORY

By FLORELLA H. BEANE.

When the snow comes down  
On a winter's night,  
Bunny changes his brown  
For a coat of white.

But little girls like me  
When the snow comes down  
Change our dresses of white  
For a coat of brown.



IT WAS A MEAN TRICK OF THE FIREFLIES TO GO ON STRIKE THE VERY NIGHT OF THE KATY DID'S BALL



The men who tootle in the band,  
They look so big, and fierce, and grand.

That no one dares cry, "Too much noise!"  
As people do to tootling boys.